

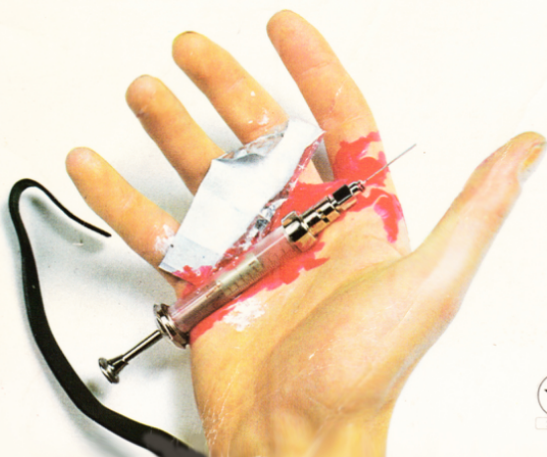
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DEAD FINGERS TALK

William Burroughs



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the heat closing in

I CAN feel the heat closing in, feel them out there making their moves, setting up their devil doll stool pigeons, crooning over my spoon and dropper I throw away at Washington Square Station, vault a turnstile and two flights down the iron stairs, catch an uptown A train—Young, good looking, crew cut, Ivy League, advertising exec type fruit holds the door back for me. I am evidently his idea of a character. You know the type: comes on with bartenders and cab drivers, talking about right hooks and the Dodgers, calls the counterman in Nedick's by his first name. A real asshole. And right on time this narcotics dick in a white trench coat (imagine tailing somebody in a white trench coat. Trying to pass as a fag I guess) hit the platform. I can hear the way he would say it holding my outfit in his left hand, right hand on his piece: "I think you dropped something, fella."

But the subway is moving.

"So long flalfoot!" I yell, giving the fruit his B production. I look into the fruit's eyes, take in the white teeth, the Florida tan, the two hundred dollar sharkskin suit, the button-down Brooks Brothers shirt and carrying *The News* as a prop. "Only thing I read is Little Abner."

A square wants to come on hip—Talks about "pod," and smoke it now and then, and keeps some around to offer the fast Hollywood types.

"Thanks, kid," I say, "I can see you're one of our own." His face lights up like a pinball machine, with stupid, pink effect.

"Grassed on me he did," I said morosely. (Note: Grass is English thief slang for inform.) I drew closer and laid my dirty junky fingers on his sharkskin sleeve. "And us blood brothers in the same dirty needle. I can tell you in confidence he is due for a hot shot." (Note: This is a cap of poison junk sold to addict for liquidation purposes. Often given to informers. Usually the hot shot is strychnine since it tastes and looks like junk.)

"Ever see a hot shot hit, kid? I saw the Gimp catch one in Philly. We rigged his room with a one-way whorehouse mirror and charged a sawksi to watch it. He never got the needle out of his arm. They don't if the shot is right. That's the way they find them, dropper full of clotted blood hanging out of a blue arm. The look in

his eyes when it hit. Kid, it was tasty.

“Recollect when I am travelling with the Vigilante, best Shake man in the industry. Out in Chi—We is working the fags in Lincoln Park. So one night the Vigilante turns up for work in cowboy boots and a black vest with a hunka tin on it and a lariat slung over his shoulder.

“So I say: ‘What’s with you? You wig already?’

“He just looks at me and says: ‘Fill your hand stranger’ and hauls out an old rusty six shooter and I take off across Lincoln Park, bullets cutting all around me. And he hangs three fags before the fuzz nail him. I mean the Vigilante earned his moniker.

“Ever notice how many expressions carry over from queers to con men? Like ‘raise,’ letting someone know you are in the same line?

“ ‘Get her! ’

“ ‘Get the Paregoric Kid giving that mark the build up!’

“ ‘Eager Beaver wooing him much too fast.’

“The Shoe Store Kid (he got that moniker shaking down fetishists in shoe stores) say: ‘Give it to a mark with K.Y. and he will come back moaning for more.’ And when the Kid spots a mark he begin to breathe heavy. His face swells and his lips turn purple like an Eskimo in heat. Then slow, slow he comes on the mark, feeling for him, palpating him with fingers of rotten ectoplasm.

“The Rube has a sincere little boy look, burns through him like blue neon. That one stepped right off a *Saturday Evening Post* cover with a string of bullheads, and preserved himself in junk. His marks never beef and the Bunko people are really carrying a needle for the Rube. One day Little Boy Blue starts to slip, and what crawls out would make an ambulance attendant puke. The Rube flips it in the end, running through empty automats and subway stations, screaming: ‘Come back, kid! ! Come back!! ’ and follows his boy right into the East River, down through condoms and orange peels, mosaic of floating newspapers, down into the silent black ooze with gangsters in concrete, and pistols pounded fiat to avoid the probing finger of prurient ballistic experts.”

And the fruit is thinking: “What a character!! Wait till I tell the boys in Clark’s about this one.” (He’s a character collector, would stand still for Joe Gould’s seagull act. So I put it on him for a sawski and make a meet to sell him some “pod” as he calls it, thinking, “I’ll catnip the jerk.” (Note: Catnip smells like marijuana when it burns.

Frequently passed on the incautious or uninstructed.)

“Well,” I said, tapping my arm, “duty calls. As one judge said to another: ‘Be just and if you can’t be just, be arbitrary.’ ”

I cut into the automat and there is Bill Gains huddled in someone else’s overcoat looking like a 1910 banker with paresis, and Old Bart, shabby and inconspicuous, dunking pound cake with his dirty fingers, shiny over the dirt.

I had some uptown customers Bill took care of, and Bart knew a few old relics from hop smoking times, spectral janitors, grey as ashes, phantom porters sweeping out dusty halls with a slow old man’s hand, coughing and spitting in the junk-sick dawn, retired asthmatic fences in theatrical hotels. Pantopon Rose, the old madam from Peoria, stoical Chinese waiters never show sickness. Bart sought them out with his old junky walk, patient and cautious and slow, dropped into their bloodless hands a few hours of warmth.

I made the round with him once for kicks. You know how old people lose all shame about eating, and it makes you puke to watch them? Old junkies are the same about junk. They gibber and squeal at the sight of it. The spit hangs off their chin, and their stomach rumbles and all their guts grind in peristalsis while they cook up, dissolving the body’s decent skin, you expect any moment a great blob of protoplasm will flop right out and surround the junk. Really disgusts you to see it.

“Well, my boys we’ll be like that one day,” I thought philosophically. “Isn’t life peculiar?”

So back downtown by the Sheridan Square Station in case the dick is lurking in a broom closet

Like I say it couldn’t last. I knew they were out there powwowing and making their evil fuzz magic, putting dolls of me in Leavenworth. “No use sticking needles in that one, Mike.”

I hear they got Chapin with a doll. This old eunuch dick just sat in the precinct basement hanging a doll of him day and night year in year out. And when Chapin

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hanged in Connecticut, they find this oid creep with his neck broken,

“He fell downstairs,” they say. You know the old cop bullshit.

Junk is surrounded by magic and taboos, curses and amulets. I could find my Mexico City connection by radar. “Not this street, the next, right—now left. Now right again,” and there he is, toothless

old woman face and cancelled eyes.

I know this one pusher walks around humming a tune and everybody he passes takes it up. He is so grey and spectral and anonymous they don't see him and think it is their own mind humming the tune. So the customers come in on *Smiles*, or *I'm In The Mood for Love*, or *They Say We're Too Young to Go Steady*, or whatever the song is for that day. Sometime you can see maybe fifty ratty-looking junkies squealing sick, running along behind a boy with a harmonica, and there is The Man on a cane seat throwing bread to the swans, in fat queen drag walking his Afghan Hound through the East Fifties, an old wino pissing against an El post, a radical Jewish student giving out leaflets in Washington Square, a tree surgeon, an exterminator, an advertising fruit in Nedick's where he calls the counterman by his first name. The world network of junkies, tuned on a cord of rancid jissom, tying up in furnished rooms, shivering in the junk-sick morning. (Old Pete men suck the black smoke in the Chink laundry back room and Melancholy Baby dies from an overdose of time or cold turkey withdrawal of breath.) In Yemen, Paris, New Orleans, Mexico City and Istanbul—shivering under the air hammers and the steam shovels, shrieked junky curses at one another neither of us heard, and The Man leaned out of a passing steam roller and I coped in a bucket of tar. (Note: Istanbul is being torn down and rebuilt, especially shabby junky quarters. Istanbul has more heroin junkies than NYC.) The living and the dead, in sickness or on the nod. hooked or kicked or hooked again, come in on the junk beam and the Connection is eating Chop Suey on Dolores Street, Mexico D.F., dunking pound cake in the automat, chased up Exchange Place by a baying pack of People. (Note: People is New Orleans slang for narcotic fuzz.)

The old Chinaman dips river water into a rusty tin can, washes down a yen pox hard and black as a cinder. (Note: Yen pox is the ash of smoked opium.)

Well, the fuzz has my spoon and dropper, and I know they are coming in on my frequency led by this blind pigeon known as Willy the Disk. Willy has a round, disk mouth lined with sensitive, erectile black hairs. He is blind from shooting in the eyeball, his nose and palate eaten away sniffing H, his body a mass of scar tissue hard and dry as wood. He can only eat the shit now with that mouth, sometimes sways out on a long tube of ectoplasm, feeling

for the silent frequency of junk. He follows my trail all over the city into rooms I move out already, and the fuzz walks in on some newlyweds from Sioux Falls.

“All right, Lee!! Come out from behind that strap-on! We know you” and pull the man’s prick off straightaway.

Now Willy is getting hot and you can hear him always out there in darkness (he only functions at night) whimpering, and feel the terrible urgency of that blind, seeking mouth. When they move in for the bust, Willy goes all out of control, and his mouth eats a hole right through the door. If the cops weren’t there to restrain him with a stock probe, he would suck the juice right out of every junky he ran down.

I knew, and everybody else knew they had the Disk on me. And if my kid customers ever hit the stand: “He force me to commit all kinda awful sex acts in return for junk.” I could kiss the street goodbye.

So we stock up on H, buy a second-hand Studebaker, and start West.

The Vigilante coped out as a schizo possession case:

“I was standing outside myself trying to stop those hangings with ghost fingers—I am a ghost wanting what every ghost wants—a body—after the Long Time moving through odorless alleys of space where no life is only the colorless no smell of death—Nobody can breathe and smell it through pink convolutions of gristle laced with crystal snot, time shit and black blood filters of flesh.”

He stood there in elongated court room shadow, his face torn like a broken film by lusts and hungers of larval organs stirring in the tentative ectoplasmic flesh of junk kick (ten days on ice at time of the First Hearing) flesh that fades at the first silent touch of junk.

I saw it happen. Ten pounds lost in minutes standing with the syringe in one hand holding his pants up with the other, his abdicated flesh burning in a cold yellow halo, there in the New York hotel room—night table litter of candy boxes, cigarette butts cascading out of three ashtrays, mosaic of sleepless nights and sudden food needs of the kicking addict nursing his baby flesh.

The Vigilante is prosecuted in Federal Court under a lynch bill and winds up in a Federal Nut House specially designed for the containment of ghosts: precise, prosaic impact of objects—washstand—door—toilet—bars—there they are—this is it—all lines cut—nothing beyond—Dead End—And the Dead End in every face.

The physical changes were slow at first, then jumped forward in black klunks, falling through his slack tissue, washing away the human lines—In his place of total darkness mouth and eyes are one organ that leaps forward to snap with transparent teeth—but no organ is constant as regards either function or position—sex organs sprout everywhere—rectums open, defecate and close—the entire organism changes colour and consistency in split-second adjustments.

The Rube is a social liability with his attacks as he calls them. The Mark Inside was coming up on him and that's a nimble nobody can cool; outside Philly he jumps out to con a prowler car and the fuzz takes one look at his face and busts all of us.

Seventy-two hours and five sick junkies in the cell with us. Now not wishing to break out my stash in front of these hungry coolies, it takes manoeuvring and laying of gold on the turnkey before we are in a separate cell.

Provident junkies, known as squirrels, keep stashes against a bust. Every time I take a shot I let a few drops fall into my vest pocket, the lining is stiff with stuff. I had a plastic dropper in my shoe and a safety-pin stuck in my belt. You know how this pin and dropper routine is put down: "She seized a safety pin caked with blood and rust, gouged a great hole in her leg which seemed to hang open like an obscene, festering mouth waiting for unspeakable congress with the dropper which she now plunged out of sight into the gaping wound. But her hideous galvanized need (hunger of insects in dry places) has broken the dropper off deep in the flesh of her ravaged thigh (looking rather like a poster on soil erosion). But what does she care? She does not even bother to remove the splintered glass, looking down at her bloody haunch with the cold blank eyes of a meat trader. What does she care for the atom bomb, the bed bugs, the cancer rent, Friendly Finance waiting to repossess her delinquent flesh—Sweet dreams, Pan tapón Rose."

The real scene you pinch up some leg flesh and make a quick stab hole with a pin. Then fit the dropper *over*, *not in* the hole and feed the solution slow and careful so it doesn't squirt out the sides—When I grabbed the Rube's thigh the flesh came up like wax and stayed there, and a slow drop of pus oozed out the hole. And I never touched a living body cold as the Rube there in Philly.

I decided to lop him off if it meant a smother party. (This is a rural English custom designed to eliminate aged and bedfast

dependents. A family so afflicted throws a “smother party” where the guests pile mattresses on the old liability, climb up on top of the mattresses and lush themselves out.) The Rube is a drag on the industry and should be “led out” into the skid rows of the world. (This is an African practice. Official known as the “Leader Out” has the function of taking old characters out in the jungle and leaving them there.)

The Rube’s attacks become an habitual condition. Cops, doormen, dogs, secretaries snarl at his approach. The blond God has fallen to untouchable vileness. Con men don’t change, they break, shatter—explosions of matter in cold interstellar space, drift away in cosmic dust, leave the empty body behind. Hustlers of the world, there is one Mark you cannot beat: The Mark Inside.

I left the Rube standing on a corner, red brick slums to the sky, under a steady rain of soot. “Going to hit this croaker I know. Right back with that good pure drugstore M—No, you wait here—don’t want him to rumble you.” No matter how long, Rube, wait for me right on that corner. Goodbye, Rube, goodbye kid—Where do they go when they walk out and leave the body behind?

Chicago: invisible hierarchy of decorticated wops, smell of atrophied gangsters, earth bound ghost hits you at North and Halstead, Cicero, Lincoln Park, panhandler of dreams, past invading the present, rancid magic of slot machines and roadhouses.

Into the Interior: a vast subdivision, antennae of television to the meaningless sky. In lifeproof houses they hover over the young, sop up a little of what they shut out. Only the young bring anything in, and they are not young very long. (Through the bars of East St. Louis lies the dead frontier, riverboat days.) Illinois and Missouri, miasma of mound-building peoples, grovelling worship of the Food Source, cruel and ugly festivals, dead-end horror of the Centipede God reaches from Moundville to the lunar deserts of coastal Peru.

America is not a young land: it is old and dirty and evil before the settlers, before the Indians. The evil is there waiting.

And always cops: smooth college-trained state cops, practiced, apologetic patter, electronic eyes weigh your car and luggage, clothes and face; snarling big city dicks, soft-spoken country sheriffs with something black and menacing in old eyes color of a faded grey ñannel shirt.

And always car trouble: in St. Louis traded the 1942 Studebaker in (it has a built-in engineering flaw like the Rube) on an old

Packard limousine heated up and barely made Kansas City, and bought a Ford turned out to be an oil burner, packed it in on a jeep we push too hard (they are no good for highway driving)—and bum something out inside, rattling around, went back to the old Ford V-8. Can't beat that engine for getting there, oil burner or no.

And the U.S. drag closes around us like no other drag in the world, worse than the Andes, high mountain towns, cold wind down from postcard mountains, thin air like death in the throat, river towns of Ecuador, malaria grey as junk under black Stetson, muzzle loading shotguns, vultures pecking through the mud streets—and what hits you when you get off the Mahno ferry in (no juice tax on the ferry) Sweden knocks all that cheap, tax free juice right out of you and brings you all the way down: averted eyes and the cemetery in the middle of town (every town in Sweden seems to be built around a cemetery), and nothing to do in the afternoon, not a bar not a movie and I blasted my last stick of Tangier tea and I said, "K.E. let's get right back on that ferry."

But there is no drag like U.S. drag. You can't see it, you don't know where it comes from. Take one of those cocktail lounges at the end of a subdivision street—every block of houses has its own bar and drugstore and market and liquorstore. You walk in and it hits you. Bui where does it come from?

Not the bartender, nor the customers, nor the cream-colored plastic rounding the bar stools, nor the dim neon. Not even the TV. v

And our habits build up with the drag, like cocaine will build you up staying ahead of the C bring-down. And the junk was running low. So there we are in this nohorse town strictly from cough-syrup. Amd vomited up the syrup and drove on and on, cold spring wind whistling through that old heap around our shivering sick sweating bodies and the cold you always come down with when the junk runs out of you—On through the peeled landscape, dead armadillos in the road and vultures over the swamp and cypress stumps. Motels and beaverboard walls, gas heater, thin pink blankets.

Itinerant short con and camy hyp men have burned down the croakers of Texas.

And no one in his right mind would hit a Louisiana croaker. State Junk Law.

Came at last to Houston where I know a druggist. I haven't been

there in five years but he looks up and makes me with one quick look and just nods and says: "Wait over at the counter—"

So I sit down and drink a cup of coffee and after a while he comes and sits beside me and says, "What do you want?"

"A quart of PG and a hundred nembies."

He nods, "Come back in half an hour."

So when I come back he hands me a package and says, "That's fifteen dollars—Be careful."

Shooting PG is a terrible hassle, you have to bum out the alcohol first, then freeze out the camphor and draw this brown liquid off with a dropper—have to shoot it in the vein or you get an abscess, and usually end up with an abscess no matter where you shoot it. Best deal is to drink it with goof balls—So we pour it in a Perned bottle and start for New Orleans past iridescent laicos and orange gas flares, and swamps and garbage heaps, alligators crawling around in broken bottles and tin cans, neon arabesques of motels, marooned pimps scream obscenities at passing cars from islands of rubbish.

New Orleans is a dead museum. We walk around Exchange Place, breathing PG and find The Man right away. It's a small place and the fuzz always knows who is pushing so he figures what the hell does it matter and sells to anybody. We stock up on H and backtrack for Mexico.

Back through Lake Charles and the dead slot-machine country, south end of Texas, nigger-killing sheriffs look us over and check the car papers. Something falls off you when you cross the border into Mexico, and suddenly the landscape hits you straight with nothing between you and it, desert and mountains and vultures; little wheeling specks and others so close you can hear wings cut the air (a dry husking sound), and when they spot something they pour out of the blue sky, that shattering bloody blue sky of Mexico, down in a black funnel—Drove all night, came at dawn to a warm, misty place, barking dogs and the sound of running water.

"Thomas and Charlie," I said.

"What?"

"That's the name of this town. Sea level. We climb straight up from here ten thousand feet." I took a fix and went to sleep in the back seat. She was a good driver. You can tell as soon as someone touches the wheel.

Mexico City where Lupita sits like an Aztec Earth Goddess

doling out her little papers of lousy shit.

“Selling is more of a habit than using,” Lupita says. Non-using pushers have a contact habit, and that’s one you can’t kick. Agents get it too. Take Bradley the Buyer. Best narcotics agent in the industry. Anyone would make him for junk. (Note: Make in the sense of dig or size up.) I mean he can walk up to a pusher and score direct. He is so anonymous, grey and spectral the pusher don’t remember him afterwards. So he twists one after the other.

Well the Buyer comes to look more and more like a junky. He can’t drink. He can’t get it up. His teeth fall out. (Like pregnant women lose their teeth feeding the stranger, junkies lose their yellow fangs feeding the monkey.) He is all the time sucking on a candy bar. Babe Ruths he digs special. “It really disgusts you to see the Buyer sucking on them candy bars so nasty,” a cop says.

The Buyer takes on an ominous grey-green color. Fact is his body is making its own junk or equivalent. The Buyer has a steady connection. A Man Within you might say. Or so he thinks. “I’ll just set in my room,” he says. “Fuck ’em all. Squares on both sides. I am the only complete man in the industry.”

But a yen comes on him like a great black wind through the bones. So the Buyer hunts up a young junky and gives him a paper to make it.

“Oh all right,” the boy says. “So what you want to make?”

“I just want to rub up against you and get fixed.”

“Ugh—Well all right—But why cancha just get physical like a human?”

Later the boy is sitting in a Waldorf with two colleagues dunking pound cake. “Most distasteful thing I ever stand still for,” he says. “Some way he make himself all soft like a blob of jelly and surround me so nasty. Then he gets wet all over like with green slime. So I guess he come to some kind a awful climax—I come near wiggling with that green stuil all over me, and he stink like a old rotten cantaloupe.”

“Well it’s still an easy score.”

The boy sighed resignedly; “Yes, I guess you can get used to anything. I’ve got a meet with him again tomorrow.”

The Buyer’s habit keeps getting heavier. He needs a recharge every half hour. Sometimes he cruises the precincts and bribes the turnkey to let him in with a cell of junkies. It get to where no amount of contact will fix

him. At this point he receives a summons from the District Supervisor:

“Bradley, your conduct has given rise to rumors—and I hope for your sake they are no more than that—so unspeakably distasteful that—I mean Caesar’s wife—hrump—that is, the Department must be above suspicion—certainly above such suspicions as you have seemingly aroused. You are lowering the entire tone of the industry. We are prepared to accept your immediate resignation.”

The Buyer throws himself on the ground and crawls over to the D.S. “No, Boss Man, no—The Department is my very lifeline.”

He kisses the D.S.’s hand, thrusting the fingers into his mouth (the D.S. must feel his toothless gums) complaining he has lost his teeth “inna thervith.” “Please Boss Man. I’ll wipe your ass, I’ll wash out your dirty condoms, I’ll polish your shoes with the oil on my nose—”

“Really, this is most distasteful! Have you no pride? I must tell you I feel a distinct revulsion. I mean there is something, well, rotten about you, and you smell like a compost heap.” He put a scented handkerchief in front of his face. “I must ask you to leave this office at once.”

“I’ll do anything. Boss, *anything*.” His ravaged green face splits in a horrible smile. “I’m still young, Boss, and I’m pretty strong when I get my blood up.”

The D.S. retches into his handkerchief and points to the door with a limp hand. The Buyer stands up looking at the D.S. dreamily. His body begins to dip like a dowsers’ wand. He flows forward.

“No! No! ” screams the D.S.

“Schlup—schlup schlup.” An hour later they find the Buyer on the nod in the D.S.’s chair. The D.S. has disappeared without a trace.

The Judge: “Everything indicates that you have, in some unspeakable manner uh—assimilated the District Supervisor. Unfortunately there is no proof. I would recommend that you be confined or more accurately contained in some institution, but I know of no place suitable for a man of your caliber. I must reluctantly order your release.”

“That one should stand in an aquarium,” says the arresting officer.

The Buyer spreads terror throughout the industry. Junkies and agents disappear. Like a vampire bat he gives oil a narcotic

diluvium, a dank green mist that anaesthetizes his victims and renders them helpless in his enveloping presence. And once he has scored he holes up for several days like a gorged boa constrictor. Finally he is caught in the act of digesting the Narcotics Commissioner and destroyed with a flame thrower—the court of inquiry ruling that such means were justified in that the Buyer had lost his human citizenship and was, in consequence, a creature without species and a menace to the narcotics industry on all levels.

In Mexico the gimmick is to find a local junky with a government script whereby they are allowed a certain quantity every month. Our Man was Old Ike who had spent most of his life in the States.

“I was travelling with Irene Kelly and her was a sporting woman. In Butte, state of Montany, she gets the coke horrors and run through the hotel screaming Chinese coppers chase her with meat cleavers. I knew this cop in Chicago sniff coke used to come in form of crystals, blue crystals. So he go nuts and start screaming the Federáis is after him and run down this alley and stick his head in the garbage can. And I said, ‘What you think you are doing?’ and he say, ‘Get away or I shoot you. I got myself hid good.’ ”

We are getting some C on RX at this time. Shoot it in the mainline, son. You can smell it going in, clean and cold in your nose and throat then a rush of pure pleasure right through the brain lighting up those C connections.

Your head shatters in white explosions. Ten minutes later you want another shot—you will walk across town for another shot. But if you can’t score for C you eat, sleep and forget about it.

This is a yen of the brain alone, a need without feeling and without body, earthbound ghost need, rancid ectoplasm swept out by an old junky coughing and spitting in the sick morning.

One morning you wake up and take a speed ball, and feel bugs under your skin. 1890 cops with black mustaches block the doors and lean in through the windows snarling their lips back from blue and gold embossed badges. Junkies march through the room singing the Moslem Funeral Song, bear the body of Bill Gains, stigmata of his needle wounds glow with a soft blue flame. Purposeful schizophrenic detectives sniff at your chamber pot.

It’s the coke horrors—Sit back and play it cool and shoot in plenty of that GI M.

Day of the Dead: I got the chucks and ate my little Willy’s sugar

skull. He cried and I had to go out for another. Walked past the cocktail lounge where they blasted the Jai Lai bookie.

When they walked in on me that morning at 8 o'clock, I knew it was my last chance, my only chance. But they didn't know. How could they? Just a routine pick-up. But not quite routine.

Hauser had been eating breakfast when the Lieutenant called: "I want you and your partner to pick up a man named Lee, William Lee, on your way downtown. He's in the Hotel Lamprey. 103 just off B way."

"Yeah I know where it is. I remember him too."

"Good. Room 606. Just pick him up. Don't take time to shake the place down. Except bring in all books, letters, manuscripts. *Anything* printed, typed or written. Ketch?"

"Ketch. But what's the angle—Books."

"Just do it." The Lieutenant hung up.

Hauser and O'Brien. They had been on the City Narcotic Squad for 20 years. Oldtimers like me. I been on the junk 16 years. They weren't bad as laws go. At least O'Brien wasn't. O'Brien was the con man, and Hauser the tough guy. A vaudeville team. Hauser had a way of hitting you before he said anything just to break the ice. Then O'Brien gives you an Old Gold—just like a cop to smoke Old Golds somehow—and starts putting down a cop con that was really bottled in bond. Not a bad guy, and I didn't want to do it. But it was my only chance.

I was just tying up for my morning shot when they walked in with a pass key. It was the special kind you can use even when the door is locked from the inside with a key in the lock. On the table in front of me was a packet of junk, spike, syringe—I got the habit of using a regular syringe in Mexico and never went back to using a dropper—alcohol, cotton and a glass of water.

"Well well," says O'Brien—"Long time no see eh?"

"Put on your coat, Lee," says Hauser. He had this gun out. He always has it out when he makes a pinch for the psychological ciTect and to forestall a rush for toilet, sink or window.

"Can I take a bang first, boys?" I asked—"There's plenty here for evidence."

I was wondering how I could get to my suitcase if they said no. The case wasn't locked, but Hauser had the gun in his hand.

"He wants a shot," said Hauser.

"Now you know we can't do that, Bill," said O'Brien in his sweet

con voice, dragging out the name with an oily, insinuating familiarity, brutal and obscene.

He meant, of course, "What can you do for *us*, Bill?" He looked at me and smiled. The smile stayed there too long, hideous and naked, the smile of an old painted pervert, gathering all the negative evil of O'Brien's ambiguous function.

"I might could set up Marty .Steel for you." I said.

I knew they wanted Marty bad. He'd been pushing for five years, and they couldn't hang one on him. Marty was an old-timer, and very careful about who he served. He had to know a man and know him well before he would pick up his money. No one can say they ever did time because of me. My rep is perfect, but still Marty wouldn't serve me because he didn't know me long enough. That's how skeptical Marty was.

"Marty! " said O'Brien. "Can you score from him?"

"Sure I can."

They were suspicious. A man can't be a cop all his life without developing a special set of intuitions.

"O.K." said Hauser finally. "But you'd better deliver, Lee."

"I'll deliver all right. Believe me I appreciate this."

I tied up for a shot, my hands trembling with eagerness, an archetype dope fiend.

"Just an old junky, boys, a harmless old shaking wreck of a junky." That's the way I put it down. As I had hoped, Hauser looked away when I started probing for a vein. It's a wildly unpretty spectacle.

O'Brien was sitting on the arm of a chair smoking an Old Gold, looking out the window with that dreamy what I'll do when I get my pension look.

I hit a vein right away. A column of blood shot up into the syringe for an instant sharp and solid as a red cord. I pressed the plunger down with my thumb, feeling the junk pound through my veins to feed a million junk-hungry cells, to bring strength and alertness to every nerve and muscle. They were not watching me. I filled the syringe with alcohol.

Hauser was juggling his sub-nosed detective special, a Colt, and looking around the room. He could smell danger like an animal. With his left hand he pushed the closet door open and glanced inside. My stomach contracted. I thought, "If he looks in the suitcase now I'm done."

Hauser turned to me abruptly. "You through yet?" he snarled. "You'd better not try to shit us on Marty." The words came out so ugly he surprised and shocked himself.

I picked up the syringe full of alcohol, twisting the needle to make sure it was tight.

"Just two seconds," I said.

I squirted a thin jet of alcohol, whipping it across his eyes with a sideways shake of the syringe. He let out a bellow of pain. I could see him pawing at his eyes with the left hand like he was tearing off an invisible bandage as I dropped to the floor on one knee, reaching for my suitcase. I pushed the suitcase open, and my left hand closed over the gun butt—I am righthanded but I shoot with my left hand. I felt the concussion of Hauser's shot before I heard it. His slug slammed into the wall behind me. Shooting from the floor, I snapped two quick shots into Hauser's belly where his vest had pulled up showing an inch of white shirt. He grunted in a way I could feel and doubled forward. Stiff with panic, O'Brien's hand was tearing at the gun in his shoulder holster. I clamped my other hand around my gun wrist to steady it for the long pull—this gun has the hammer filed off round so you can only use it double action—and shot him in the middle of his red forehead about two inches below the silver hairline. His hair had been grey the last time I saw him. That was about 15 years ago. My first arrest. His eyes went out. He fell off the chair onto his face. My hands were already reaching for what I needed, sweeping my notebooks into a briefcase with my works, junk, and a box of shells. I stuck a gun into my belt, and stepped out into the corridor putting on my coat.

I could hear the desk clerk and the bell boy pounding up the stairs. I took the self-service elevator down, walked through the empty lobby into the street.

It was a beautiful Indian Summer day. I knew I didn't have much chance, but any chance is better than none, better than being a subject for experiments with ST (6) or whatever the initials are.

I had to stock up on junk fast. Along with airports, R.R. stations and bus terminals, they would cover all junk areas and connections. I took a taxi to Washington Square, got out and walked along 4th Street till I spotted Nick on a corner. You can always find the pusher. Your need conjures him up like a ghost. "Listen, Nick," I said, "I'm leaving town. I want to pick up a piece of H. Can you make it right now?"

We were walking along 4th Street. Nick's voice seemed to drift into my consciousness from no particular place. An eerie, disembodied voice. "Yes, I think I can make it. I'll have to make a run uptown."

"We can take a cab."

"O.K., but I can't take you in to the guy, you understand."

"I understand. Let's go."

We were in the cab heading North. Nick was talking in his flat, dead voice.

"Some funny stuff we're getting lately. It's not weak exactly—I don't know—It's different. Maybe they're putting some synthetic shit in it—Dollies or something."

"Wbat!!! ? Already?"

"Huh?—But this I'm taking you to now is O.K. In fact it's about the best deal around that I know of—Stop here."

"Please make it fast," I said.

"It should be a matter of ten minutes unless he's out of stuff and has to make a run—Better sit down over there and have a cup of coffee—This is a hot neighborhood."

I sat down at a counter and ordered coffee, and pointed to a piece of Danish pastry under a plastic cover. I washed down the stale rubbery cake with coffee, praying that just this once, please God, let him make it now, and not come back to say the man is all out and has to make a run to East Orange or Greenpoint.

Well here he was back, standing behind me. I looked at him, afraid to ask. Funny, I thought, here I sit with perhaps one chance in a hundred to live out the next 24 hours—I had made up my mind not to surrender and spend the next three or four months in death's waiting room. And here I was worrying about a junk score. But I only had about five shots left, and without junk I would be immobilized—Nick nodded his head.

"Don't give it to me here," I said. "Let's take a cab."

We took a cab and started downtown. I held out my hand and copped the package, then I slipped a fifty-dollar bill into Nick's palm. He glanced at it and showed his gums in a toothless smile: "Thanks a lot—This will put me in the clear."

I sat back letting my mind work without pushing it. Push your mind too hard, and it will fuck up like an overloaded switch-board, or turn on you with sabotage— And I had no margin for error. Americans have a special horror of giving up control, of letting

things happen in their own way without interference. They would like to jump down into their stomachs and digest the food and shovel the shit out.

Your mind will answer most questions if you learn to relax and wait for the answer. Like one of those thinking machines, you feed in your question, sit back, and wait.

I was looking for a name. My mind was sorting through names, discarding at once F.L.—Fuzz Lover, B.W.—Bom Wrong, N.C.B.C.—Nice Cat But Chicken; putting aside to reconsider, narrowing, sifting, feeling for the name, the answer.

“Sometimes, you know, he’ll keep me waiting three hours. Sometimes I make it right away like this.” Nick had a deprecating little laugh that he used for punctuation. Sort of an apology for talking at all in the telepathizing world of the addict where only the quantity factor—How much \$? How much junk?—requires verbal expression. He knew and I knew all about waiting. At all levels the drug trade operates without schedule. Nobody delivers on time except by accident. The addict runs on junk time.

His body is his clock, and junk runs through it like an hour-glass. Time has meaning for him only with reference to his need. Then he makes his abrupt intrusion into the time of others, and, like all Outsiders, all Petitioners, he must wait, unless he happens to mesh with non-junk time.

“What can I say to him? He knows I’ll wait,” Nick laughed.

I spent the night in the Ever Hard Baths—(homosexuality is the best all-around cover story an agent can use)—where a snarling Italian attendant creates such an unnerving atmosphere sweeping the dormitory with infra red see in the dark fieldglasses. '

(“All right in the North East corner! I see you!”) switching on floodlights, sticking his head through trapdoors in the floor and walls of the private rooms, that many a queen has been carried out in a straitjacket.

I lay there in my open top cubicle room looking at the ceiling—listened to the grunts and squeals and snarls in the nightmare half-light of random, broken lust.

“Fuck off you!”

“Put on two pairs of glasses and maybe you can see something! ”

Walked out in the precise morning and bought a paper — Nothing—I called from a drugstore phone booth—and asked for Narcotics:

“Lieutenant Gonzales—who’s calling?”

“I want to speak to O’Brien.” A moment of static, dangling wires, broken connections.

“Nobody of that name in this department—Who are *you*?”

“Well let me speak to Hauser.”

“Look, Mister, no O’Brien no Hauser in this bureau. Now what do you want?”

“Look, this is important—I’ve got info on a big shipment of H coming in—I want to talk to Hauser or O’Brien —I don’t do business with anybody else.”

“Hold on—I’ll connect you with Alcibiades.”

I began to wonder if there was an Anglo-Saxon name left in the Department.

“I want to speak to Hauser or O’Brien.”

“How many times I have to tell you no Hauser no O’Brien in this department—Now who is this calling?” I hung up and took a taxi out of the area—In the cab I realized what had happened—I had been occluded from space-time like an eel’s ass occludes when he stops eating on the way to Sagasso—Locked out—Never again would I have a Key, a Point of Intersection—The Heat was off me from here on out—relegated with Hauser and O’Brien to a land-locked junk past where heroin is always twenty-eight dollars an ounce and you can score for yen pox in the Chink Laundry of Sioux Falls—Far side of the world’s mirror, moving into the past with Hauser and O’Brien.

in a strange bed

LYKIN was the first to awake—He could not remember where he was—Slowly his blue eyes blurred with exhaustion registered glowing red rocks and metallic shrubs with silver leaves that surrounded the little pool where he lay— The ghastly night flooded back into his memory—Controls of their space craft had suddenly blanked out by the intervention of an invisible alien force like an icy draught through the cabin—Not only the mechanical controls had been put out of action but their nerve centers had been paralyzed—He and Bradley the Co-pilot had sat helpless in their pressure seats for two hours while the invading force guided their ship in a sickening spiral through poisonous cloud belts to an unknown planet—Lykin and

Bradley had blacked out when they landed—How had they gotten

out of the ship?—He stood up and tripped over the sleeping form of his companion naked except for the skin tight transparent space suit that clung to his muscular body—He decided to have a quick look at the terrain before waking Bradly—He was at the bottom of a gully surrounded by red rocks of some translucent substance— He climbed out of the gully and found himself on a plateau—A fantastic landscape of multicolored rock carved like statues of molten blue lava interspaced with stalagmites of a pearly white intensity he had never experienced in his previous explorations—The sky was like a green ocean—There were four suns on the horizon around the plateau, each sun of a different color—Blue, green, red, and one (much larger than the others) a brilliant silver—The air was of a tingling clarity that seemed to support his body so that movements were incredibly precise and easily performed—He turned and started back down the gully towards the pool—He felt a click in his brain like a crystal flare and heard a silver voice: “Come, stranger” —Lykin was accustomed to telepathic phenomena but this voice was unusually clear and immediate—He climbed over a large rock and saw the pool—His friend was still asleep. Beside him sat an amphibious green fish boy shimmering with water from the pool —The creature pulsed with translucent green light that flooded through the flesh in eddies—The head was a pointed dome that sprang from a slender neck on either side of which protruded gills like sensitive spongy wings—The creature was covered by a membranous substance with a network of transparent veins—The body surface was in constant motion like slow water dripping down a statue—The face was almost flat but with lips and nose sharply and beautifully delineated and huge liquid eyes above the high ridged cheekbones the delicate structure of which shone through transparent skin—The being was sitting in a cross-legged position and from its thighs jutted small silver fins of fine gauze—The slender sinuous legs ended in webbed flippers—Between the legs Lykin could see the genitals half aroused in curiosity as the fish boy stroked the head of his sleeping companion and touched the space suit with tentative jabs of its long green fingers—Lykin moved cautiously so as not to frighten the creature back into the pool—The fish boy turned and looked at him with a shy dreamy smile—An electric shiver ran up his spine and burst in crystal fish syllables: “Approach stranger— Have no fear”—The creature’s mouth had not moved— Lykin moved forward with excitement tingling through his

body and knelt beside the water boy who extended a dripping hand arid lightly clasped his shoulder—A thrill ran through him from the contact—Underwater memory bubbles burst in his brain—He was in the alien medium, squirming in crystal rocks and basking on edges of limestone fanned by giant ferns in the sound of dripping water—Swimming through ruined cities with the water creatures twisting in slow swirls of orgasm, shooting out explosions of colored bubbles to the surface, trailing blue streamers.

Ali woke in a strange bed to find The Proprietor standing over him, “Who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my apartment?” Ali flashed back to the suburban cocktail party—Music from the '20s—Old women doing the Charleston—And the Irishman with iron grey hair who looked like a con cop from vaudeville.

“Easy way and a tough way to do things, kid—I can put you up for the night in this apartment—The owner is out of town and I don’t *think* he’ll be back before tomorrow night.”

“But Mr. O’Brien said.”

“Tell O’Brien he can stay in his own precinct—This happens to be my department—Put on your dry goods and cut.”

Ali dressed hastily—Tucking his shirt he slipped out into the American suburb—The streets were empty and clean like after a heavy rain—At an intersection of cracked concrete beys turned slow circles on roller skates under a half moon in the morning sky, swept by storms of color as the sun rose—All felt his steps lighter and lighter—He floated away in eddies of blue and green—He alighted in the clear atmosphere of a green land where every blade of grass shone as if framed in crystal—The gravity pull was light so his feet barely touched the ground as he ran along clear streams of water under dripping trees— Came to a city of worn marble streets and copper domes —In the lobby of a luxury hotel page boys in elaborate uniforms assessed Ms financial status with experienced eyes —On the wall was a little sign:

The Nature of Begging Need?—Lack-Want?—Need-Life?—Beath-

Aii walked out into the maisquaren—Fish smells and dead eyes in doorways—Obscene gestures of proposition —In a dark side street off the square Ali found what looked like an old chemist’s shop with jars of colored liquid in the window—A little black man, body bent by a fibrous tumor came forward to meet him with a chirp of interrogation—He was wearing double lens glasses that slid down on his nos©—Ali drew out the plastic bag he carried with the

flattened grey membrane inside—The shopkeeper took it in smooth black fingers and held it up to the light—He gave a little chirping call and his assistant came in from shadow recesses of the shop—It was some creature like a large grasshopper with a body that changed color as he walked past the jars—The eyes were crystal lens—His penis, which was held in upright position by a long silver cord extending into the abdomen, moved in flash erections to currents of color—He held the membrane in adzes and grafting tools that fitted into Ms fibrous finger stumps—As he looked Ms body pulsed a brilliant green— The shopkeeper nodded and brought out a jar about two feet high full of a heavy white fluid—The assistant opened the envelope with a little curved knife and dropped the membrane into the jar—As Ali watched the membrane stirred like a Japanese flower and blossomed into a tiny green newt with human head—The creature opened black liquid eyes for a few seconds then curled into foetal sleep and sank to the bottom of the jar—The shopkeeper covered the jar with a cloth and put it on a dark shelf—He smiled and drew a map on the counter—Starting from the shop a dotted line led to a system of canals, a pump, closed eyes of sleep five times—Then the dotted line led back to the shop—He looked at Ali to be sure he understood— Ali nodded and walked on the dotted line—The marble streets ended in mud—He could see a system of canals with thatched huts and gardens and tanks tended by little black men with fibrous tumors and moles from which sprouted green hairs—They looked up from their work and flashed quick smiles—A heavy smell of compost heaps and rotten ponds filled the air—As he passed over a bridge a green newt boy surfaced in a canal smiled and masturbated quickly ejaculating an iridescent fluid that glinted in the clear light—He twisted with a mocking laugh and dove out of sight in the black water—Ali walked along the canal and found himself in a maze of pumps and locks and could not find how he- got there or the way out—At the bottom of this maze a man in green tattered uniform motioned him to come down pointing to an iron stairway that led out on a wooden ramp—The man stood waiting at the end of the ramp—Ali walked toward him smiling like a dog—“I am a stranger here—I am sorry if —I do not know your laws”—The guard was smiling too ■—A slow familiar smile like: “Perhaps you don’t go into the prison if”—Flashed back to customs shed in South America—“So”—he thought —“things are not different here.”

The man led him to a shed—Inside was a pallet on the floor—
Clothing hung from wooden pegs—In another room

he could see levers and wheels obviously controlling the pumps
and locks.

He stayed for five nights with the man sleeping on the pallet and
eating meáis of fruit from the garden and helping with the wheels
and levers—At the end of five days the man gave him the jar of
eggs and he went back to the shop and gave the eggs to the
shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper smiled and took the other jar down from the
shelf—The green newt boy, still curled in sleep, had grown until he
filled the jar—The shopkeeper drew a map on the counter dotted
line to a hut in the canal system—And Ali walked out carrying the
jar along the line to a hut where an old man greeted him—Ali
uncovered the jar—The man clapped his hands softly and made a
little clucking noise—He showed Ali a series of tanks behind his hut
like an elaborate cesspool, one tank draining into another—In the
tanks were green newt boys in various stages and the last tank
opened out into the black water of the carnal—The man emptied
the jar into the first tank—Ali turned to walk away and felt the
man's hand on his shoulder, led him back in to the hut—He
measured Ali's neck like a tailor and selected from a shelf two dried
gills which he fitted carefully and gave to Ali in a plastic envelope
—He motioned to the sky. He made a choking sound and pointed to
the bag—Ali began hustling around the square where the nobles
cruised in the evening—Dark street life of a place forgotten—The
city was swept by waves of giant carnivorous land crabs and Ali
learned to hide himself when he heard their snapping claws like
radio static—Explosions of Time Film was another danger in the
city—One evening in the square he heard a rumble like muffled
thunder—Everyone running for the canals and shouting "The Studio
went up! " —A cloud of red nitrous fumes settled on the city—Ali,
gasping and choking, remembered and reached for his plastic bag—
He put the gills around his neck and dove into a well head carved
to resemble a stone rectum:—

As he fell deep into the green water he could feel the gills cut
into his neck—A sudden sharp taste of blood and he was breathing
and swimming along an underground passage—He could see light
ahead and came out into one of the open canals.

Ali woke in a strange bed—As you listen fill in with him "Who

the fuck are you and what are you doing in my image track?" Ali was wide awake now and clicked "out of here," female impersonators, music back to the '20s, suburban pool halls and vaudeville voice of a greyhaired Irishman who turned over a steady stream of "easy way and a tough way to do Time"—Meanwhile I had forgotten the owner in this apartment—Scent of memory pictures—People gone—Back tomorrow night.

"But Mr. O'Brien said."

"Tell O'Brien to stay in his own precinct—This happens to be my dawn wind in other flesh".

Ali dressed hastily and slipped out—Board members, look, the streets are empty—Young faces melted The Law, turned slow circles on roller skates—Nova Police look at the wired color sunrise—Errand boy floating on eddies of red and green alighted in slow motion flashes of clear atmosphere—The gravity pull was lighter—Does not know the frequency of junk—Marble street and copper domes—Darkened eyes of page boys in elaborate physical skin put his financial status out in the streets—East St. Louis music on call out into other rooms.

no good no bueno

I WAS working The Hole with The Sailor and we did not bad. Fifteen cents on an average night boosting the afternoons and short-timing the dawn we made out from The

Land Of The Free. But I was running out of veins. I went over to the counter for another cup of coffee—in Joe's Lunch Room drinking coffee with a napkin under the cup which is said to be the mark of someone who does a lot of sitting in cafeterias and lunch rooms—Waiting on The Man—"What can we do?" Nick said to me once in his dead junky whisper, "They Know we'll wait— Yes, they Know we'll wait—"

There is a boy sitting at the counter thin-faced kid his eyes all pupil. I see he is hooked and sick. Familiar face maybe from the pool hall where I scored for tea sometime. Somewhere in grey strata of subways all-night cafeterias rooming house flesh. His eyes flickered the question. I nodded toward my booth. He carried his coffee over and sat down opposite me.

The croaker lives out Long Island—Light Yen sleep waking up for Stops. Change. Start. Everything sharp and clear. Antennae of TV suck the sky. The clock jumped the way time will after four p.m.

“The Man is three hours late. You got the bread?”

“I got three cents.”

“Nothing less than a nickel. These double papers lie claims.” I looked at his face. Good looking. “Say kid I know an Old Auntie Croaker right for you like a Major —Take the phone. I don’t want him to rumble my voice.” About this time I meet this Italian Tailor cum Pusher I know from Lexington and he gives me a good buy on H—At least it was good at first but all the time shorter and shorter —“Short Count Tony” we call him—

Out of junk in East St. Louis sick dawn he threw himself across the wash basin pressing his stomach against the cool porcelain. I draped myself over his body laughing. His shorts dissolved in rectal mucous and carbolic soap. Summer dawn smells from a vacant lot.

“I’ll wait here—Don’t want him to rumble me—•”

Made it five times under the shower that day soapy bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors split by fissure spurts of jissom—

I made the street, everything sharp and clear like after rain. See Sid in a booth reading a paper his face like yellow ivory in the sunlight. I handed him two nickels under the table. Pushing in a small way to keep up The Habit: INVADE. DAMAGE. OCCUPY. Young faces in blue alcohol flame.

“And use that alcohol. You fucking can’t wait hungry junkies all the time black up my spoons. That’s all I need for Pen Indef the fuzz rumbles a black spoon in my trap.” The old junky spiel. Junk hooks falling.

“Shoot your way to freedom kid.”

Trace a line of goose pimples up the thin young arm. Slide the needle in and push the bulb watching the junk hit him all over. Move right in with the shit and suck junk through ail the hungry young cells.

There is a boy sitting like your body. I see he is a hook. I drape myself over him from the poo! hall. Draped myself over his cafeteria and his shorts dissolved in strata of subways—and all house flesh—toward the booth—down opposite me—The Man is Italian Tailor—I know bread. “Me a good buy on H.”

“You’re quitting? Well I hope you make it, kid. May I fall down and be paralyzed if I don’t mean it—You gotta friend in me. A real friend and if.”

Well the traffic builds up and boosters falling in with jackets

shirts and ties, kids with a radio torn from the living car trailing tubes and wires, lush-workers flash rings and wrist watches falling in sick all hours. I had the janitor cooled, an old rummy, but it couldn't last with that crowd.

"Say you're looking great kid. Now do yourself a favor and stay off. I been getting some really great shit lately. Remember that brown shit sorta yellow like snufl cooks up brown and clear—"

Junky in East Bath Room—Invisible and persistent dream body—Familiar face maybe—Scored for some time

or body—in that grey smell of rectal mucous—Night cafeterias and junky room dawn smells. Three hours from Lexington made it five times—Soapy egg flesh—,

"These double papers he claims of withdrawal."

"Well I thought you was quitting—"

"I can't make it."

"Impossible quitár eso."

Got up and fixed in the sick dawn flutes of Ramadan. "William tu tomas mas medicina?—No me hágas caso, William."

Casbah house in the smell of dust and we made it; empty Eukodal boxes stacked four feet along the walls— dead on the surplus blankets—girl screaming—Vecinos rush in—

"What did she die of?"

"I don't know she just died."

Bill Gains in Mexico City room with his douche bag and his stash of codeine pills powdered in a bicarbonate can; "I'll just say I suffer from indigestion." Coffee and blood spilled all over the place. Cigarette holes in the pink blanket—The Consul would give me no information other than place of burial in The American Cemetery.

"Broke? Have you no pride? Go to your Consul." He gave me an alarm clock ran for a year after his death.

Leif repatriated by the Danish. Freight boat out of Casa for Copenhagen sank off England with all hands. Remember my medium of distant figures?—

"What did she die of?"

"End."

"Some things I find myself."

The Sailor went wrong in the end. Hanged to a cell door by his principals: "Some things I find myself doing I'll pack in is all."

Bread knife in the heart—mb and die—repatriated by a morphine script—those out of Casa for Copenhagen on special

yellow note.

“All hands broke? Have you no pride?” Alarm clock ran for a year. “He just sit down on the curb and die.” Esperanza told me on Niño Perdido and we cashed a morphine script. Those Mexican Nar. scripts on special yellow bank-note paper—like a thousand dollar bill—or a Dishonorable Discharge from the US Army—And fixed in the cubicle room you reach by climbing this ladder.

Yesterday call flutes of Ramadan: “No me hágas caso.”

Blood spill over shirts and light. The American trailing in form—He went to Madrid. This frantic Cuban fruit finds KiKi with a Nóvia and stabs him with a kitchen knife in the heart. (Girl screaming. Enter the Nabors.)

“Quédase con su medicina, William.”

Half bottle of Fundador after half cure in the Jew Hospital. Shots of demerol by candle light. They turned off the lights and water. Paper-like dust we made it. Empty walls. Look any place. No good. No bueno.

He went to Madrid. Alarm clock ran for yesterday— “No me hágas caso.” Dead on arrival—You might say at the Jew Hospital—Blood spilled over the American—Trailing lights and water—The Sailor went so wrong somewhere in that grey flesh—He just sit down on zero—I nodded on Niño Perdido his coffee over three hours late— They all went away and sent papers—The Dead Man write for you like a major—Enter Vecinos—Freight Boat smell of rectal mucous went down off England with all dawn smell of distant fingers—About this time I went to your Consul—He gave me a Mexican after his death— Five times of dust we made it—With soap bubbles of withdrawal crossed by a thousand junky nights—Soon after the half maps came in by candlelight—OCCUPY— Junk lines falling—Stay Off—Bill Gains in the Yellow Sickness—Looking at dirty pictures casual as a ceiling fan short-timing the dawn we made it in the com smell of rectal mucous and carbolic soap—Familiar face maybe from the vacant lot—Trailing tubes and wires—“You fuckink-can’t-wait-hungry-junkies!” Burial in the

American Cemetery. “Quédase con su medicina”—On Niño Perdido the girl screaming—They all went through Casbah House —“Couldn’t you write me any better than that? Gone away—You can look anyplace.”

No good. No Bueno.

Stay away from Queens Plaza, son—Evil spot haunted by dicks
scream for dope fiend lover—Too many levels— Heat flares out
from the broom closet high on ammonia— like burning lions—fall
on poor old lush worker scare her veins right down to the bone—
her skin pop a week or do that five-twenty-nine kick handed out
free and gratis by NYC to jostling junkies—

So Fag, Beagle, Irish, Sailor beware—Look down, look down
along that line before you travail there.

The subway sweeps by with a black blast of iron.

—Queens Plaza is a bad spot for lush workers—Too many levels
and lurking places for subway heat, and impossible to cover when
you put the hand out.

Five months and twenty-nine days: sentence given for “jostling,”
that is, touching a flop with obvious intent-innocent people may be
convicted of murder but not of jostling.

Fag, Beagle, Irish, Sailor, old time junkies and lush-workers of
my acquaintance—The old 103 rd street klatsch —Sailor and Irish
hanged themselves in the Tombs—The Beagle is dead of an
overdose and the Fag went wrong.

“Have you seen Pantapon Rose?” said the old junky— “Time to
cosq” put on a black overcoat and made the square—Down skid
road to Market Street Museum shows all kinds of masturbation and
self-abuse. Young boys need it special.

The gangster in concrete rolls down the river channel— They
cowboyed him in the steam room—Is this Cherry Ass Gio the Towel
Boy or Mother Gillig, Old Auntie of Westminster Place? Only dead
fingers talk in Braille.

The Mississippi rolls great limestone boulders down the silent
alley.

“Clutter the glind! ” screamed the Captain of Moving Land.

Distant rumble of stomachs—Poisoned pigeons rain from the
Northern Lights—The reservoirs are empty— Brass statues crash
through the hungry squares and alleys of the gaping city.

Probing for a vein in the junk-sick morning.

Strictly from cough syrup.

A thousand junkies storm the crystal spine clinics, cook down
the Grey Ladies.

In the limestone cave met a man with Medusa’s head in a hat
box and said, “Be Careful,” to the Customs Inspector—Freezed
forever hand an inch from the false bottom.

Window dressers scream through the station, beat the cashiers with the fairy hype.

“Multiple fracture,” said the big physician—“I’m very technical.”

Conspicuous consumption is rampant in the porticos slippery with Koch spit.

The centipede nuzzles the iron door rusted to thin black paper by the urine of a million fairies.

This is no rich mother load, but vitiate dust, second run cottons trace the bones of a fix.

coke bags

The Sailor’s grey felt hat and black overcoat hung twisted in atrophied yen-wait. Morning sun outlined The Sailor in the orange-yellow flame of junk. He had a paper napkin under his coffee cup—mark of those who do a lot of sitting over coffee in the plazas, restaurants, terminals and waiting rooms of the world. A junky, even at the Sailor’s level, runs on junk Time and when he makes his importunate irruption into the Time of others, like all petitioners, he must wait. (How many coffees in an hour?)

A boy came in and sat at the counter in broken lines of long, sick junk-wait. The Sailor shivered. His face fuzzed out of focus in a shuddering brown mist. His hands moved on the table, reading the boy’s Braille. His eyes traced little dips and circles, following whorls of brown hair on the boy’s neck, in a slow, searching movement.

The boy stirred and scratched the back of his neck: “Something bit me, Joe. What kinda creep joint you run here?”

“Coke bugs, kid,” Joe said, holding eggs up to the light. “Í was travelling with Irene Kelly and her was a sporting woman. ImButte, state of Montany, her got the coke horrors and run through the hotel screaming Chinese coppers chase her with meat cleavers. I knew this cop in Chi sniff Coke used to come in form of crystals, blue crystals. So her go nuts and start screaming the Federáis is after him and run down this alley and stick his head in the garbage can. And I said, ‘What you think you are doing?’ and her say, ‘Get away or I shoot you! I got myself hid good! ’ When the roll is called up yonder we’ll be there, right?”

Joe looked at the Sailor and spread his hands in the junky shrug.

The Sailor spoke in his feeling voice that reassembles in your head, spelling out the words with cold fingers: “Your connection is broken kid.”

The boy shied. His street-boy face, tom with the black scars of junk, retained a wild, broken innocence; shy animals peering out through grey arabesques of terror.

“I don’t dig you, Jack.”

The Sailor leapt into sharp, junky focus. He turned back his coat lapel, showing a brass hypo needle covered with mold and verdigris. “Retired for the good of the service —Sit down and have a blueberry crumb pie on the expense account. Your monkey loves it—Makes his coat glossy.”

The boy felt a touch on his arm across eight feet of morning lunch room. He was suddenly siphoned into the booth, landing with an inaudible shlup. He looked into the Sailor’s eyes, a green universe stirred by cold black currents.

“You an agent, mister?”

“I prefer the word—vector.” His sounding laughter vibrated through the boy’s substance.

“You holding, man? I got the bread.”

“I don’t want your money, Honey: I want your Time.”

“I don’t dig.”

“You want fix? You want straight? You wanta, noooood?”

The Sailor cradled something pink and vibrated out of focus.

“Yeah.”

“We’ll take the Independent. Got their own special police, don’t carry guns, only saps. I recall, me and the Fag fell once in Queen’s Plaza. Stay away from Queen’s Plaza, son—evil spot—fuzz haunted. Too many levels. Heat flares out from the broom closet high on ammonia like burning lions—fall on poor old lush worker, scare her veins right down to the bone. Her skin pop a week or do that five-twenty-nine kick handed out free and gratis by NYC to jostling junkies—So Fag, Beagle, Irish, Sailor beware! Look down, look down along that line before you travel there.”

The subway sweeps by with a black blast of iron.

the exterminator does a good job

Note: Queen’s Plaza is a bad spot for lush workers. Too many levels and lurking places for subway heat and impossible to cover when you put the hand out

Five months and twenty-nine days: sentence given for “jostling”. That is, touching a flop with obvious intent. Innocent people may be convicted of murder but not of jostling.

The Sailor touched the door gently, following patterns of painted oak in a slow twist leaving faint, iridescent whorls of slime. His arm went through to the elbow. He pulled back an inside bolt and stood aside for the boy to enter.

Heavy, colorless smell of death filled the empty room.

"The trap hasn't been aired since the Exterminator fumigated for coke bugs," said the Sailor apologetically.

The boy's peeled senses darted about in frenzied exploration. Tenement flat, railroad flat vibrating with silent motion. Along one wall of the kitchen a metal trough— or was it metal, exactly?—ran into a sort of aquarium or tank half-filled with translucent green fluid. Moldy objects, worn out in unknown service, littered the floor: a jockstrap designed to protect some delicate organ of flat, fan-shape; multileveled trusses and bandages; a large U-shaped yoke of porous pink stone; little lead tubes cut open at one end.

Currents of movement from the two bodies stirred stagnant odor pools; atrophied boy-smell of dusty locker rooms, swimming pool chlorine, dried semen. Other smells curled through pink convolutions, touching unknown doors.

The Sailor reached under the wash-stand and extracted a package in wrapping paper that shredded and fell from his fingers in yellow dust. He laid out dropper, needle and spoon on a table covered with dirty dishes. But no roach antennae felt for the crumbs of darkness.

"The Exterminator does a good job," said the Sailor. "Almost too good, sometimes."

He dipped into a square tin of yellow pyritheum powder and pulled out a fiat package covered in red and gold Chinese paper.

"Like a firecracker package," the boy thought. At fourteen lost two fingers—Fourth of July fireworks accident— later, in the hospital, first silent proprietary touch of junk.

"They go off, here kid." The Sailor put a hand to the back of his head. He camped obscenely as he opened the package, a complex arrangement of slots and overlays.

"Pure, one hundred per cent H. Scarcely a man is now alive—and it's all yours."

"So what you want off me?"

"Time."

"I don't dig."

"I have something you want," his hand touched the package. He

drifted away into the front room, his voice remote and blurred. "You have something I want—five minutes hero—an hour someplace else—two—four—eight —Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself—Every day die a little—It takes up The Time."

He moved back into the kitchen, his voice loud and clear: "Five years a piece. Nobody gives a better deal on the street." He put a finger on the dividing line below the boy's nose. "Right down the middle."

"Mister, I don't know what you're talking about."

"You will, baby—in time."

"O.K. So what do I do?"

"You accept?"

"Yeah, like—" He glanced at the package. "Whatever— I accept."

The boy felt a silent black clunk fall through his flesh. The Sailor put a hand to the boy's eyes and pulled out a pink scotal egg with one closed, pulsing eye. Black fuzz boiled inside translucent flesh of the egg.

The Sailor caressed the egg with nakedly inhuman hands — black-pink, thick, fibrous, long white tendrils sprouting from abbreviated finger tips. Death fear and Death weakness hit the boy, shutting off Ms breath, stopping his blood. He clicked back into junk focus.

The Sailor was cooking a shot. "When the roll is called up yonder we'll be there, right?" he said, feeling along the toy's vein, erasing goose-pimples with a gentle old woman finger. He slid the needle in. A red orchid bloomed at the bottom of the dropper. The Sailor pressed the bulb, watching the solution rush into the toy-vein, sucked by silent thirst of blood.

"Jesus! " said the boy. "I never been hit like that before! "

He lit a cigarette and looked around the kitchen, twitching in sugar need. "Aren't you talcing oil?" he asked.

"With that milk sugar shit? Junk is a one-way street. No U-turn. You can't go back no more."

cut city

THE Sailor and I burned down The Republic of Panama from Darien swamps to David trout streams on paregoric and goof balls (Note: Nembutal)—You lose time putting a con down on a Tiddly Wink chemist—"No glut—Clom Fliday"—(Footnote).

And we were running short of Substitute Buyers—They fade in silver mirrors of 1910 under a ceiling fan—Or we lost one at dawn in a whip of rotten sea wind—Out in the bay little red poison sea snakes swim desperately in sewage—Camphor sweet cooking paregoric smells billow from the mosquito nets—The termite floor gave way under our feet spongy and rotten—The albatross at dawn on rusty iron roofs. “Time to go, Bill” said the Sailor, morning light on cold coffee. “I’m thin”—Criss cross of broken light from wood lathes over the patio, silver flak holes in his face—We worked The Hole together in our lush rolling youth—(Footnote: ‘working The Hole’, robbing drunks on the subway)—And kicked a habit in East St. Louis—Made it four times third night, fingers scraping bone—At dawn shrinking from flesh and cloth.

Hands empty of hunger on the stale breakfast table— Winds of sickness through his face—Pain of the long slot burning flesh film— Cancelled eyes, old photo fading— Violet brown souvenir of Panama City—I flew to La Paz trailing the colorless death smell of his sickness with me still, thin air like death in my throat—Sharp winds of black dust and the grey felt hat on every head—Purple pink and orange disease faces cut prenatal flesh, genitals under the cracked bleeding feet—Aching lungs in dust and pain wind— Mountain lakes blue and cold as liquid air— Indians shitting along the mud walls—brown flesh, red blankets.

“No, señor. Necesita receta.”

And the refugee German croaker you hit anywhere: “This you must take orally—You will inject it of course— Remember it is better to suffer a month if so you come out—With this habit you lose the life is it not?” And he gives me a long creepy human look.

And Joselito moved into my room suffocating me with soccer scores—He wore my clothes and we laid the same novia who was thin and sickly always making magic with candles and Virgin Pictures and drinking aromatic medicine from a red plastic eye cup and never touched my penis during the sex act

Through customs checks and control posts and over the mountains in a blue blast of safe conducts and three monkey creatures ran across the road in a warm wind—(sound of barking dogs and running water) swinging round curves over the misty void —Down to end of the road towns on the edge of Yage country where shy Indian cops checked our papers—Through broken steilae, pottery fragments, worked stones, condoms and shit stained comics,

slag heaps of phosphorescent metal excrement—Faces eaten by the pink and purple insect disease of The New World—Crab boys with human legs and genitals crawl out of clay cubicles—Terminal junkies hawk out crystal throat gristle in the cold mountain wind—Goof ball bums covered with shit sleep in rusty bath tubs—A delta of sewage to sky under terminal stasis, speared a sick dolphin that surfaced in bubbles of coal gas—Taste of metal left silver sores on our lips—Only food for this village built on iron racks over an iridescent lagoon—Swamp delta to the sky lit by orange gas flares.

In the flash bulb of orgasm I saw three silver numbers— We walked out into the streets and won a football pool— Panama clung to our bodies Stranger color through his eyes the look out different.

“You come with me, Meester?”

Up a great tidal river to the port city stuck in water hyacinths and banana rafts—The city is an intricate split bamboo structure in some places six stories high overhanging the street propped up by beams and sections of railroad track and concrete pillars, an arcade from the warm rain that falls at half hour intervals—The coast people drift in the warm steamy night eating colored ices under the arc lights and converse in slow catatonic gestures punctuated by immobile silence—Plaintive boy cries drift through Night Of The Vagrant Ball Players.

“Paco! Joselito! Henriques! ”

“A ver Luckees?”

“Where you go, Meester?”

“Squeezed down heads?”

Soiled mouih above a tuxedo blow smoke rings into the night,
“SMOKE TRAK CIGARETTES, THEY LIKE YOU. TRAK

LIKE ANY YOU. ANY TRAK LIKE YOU. SMOKE TRAKS. THEY
SERVICE. TRAK TRAK TRAK”.

Los Vagos Jugadores de Pelota storm the stale streets of commerce—Civil Guards discreetly turn away and open their fly to look for crabs in a vacant lot—For the Vagrant Ball Players can sound a “Hey Rube Switch” brings a million adolescents shattering the customs barriers and frontiers of Time, swinging out of the jungle with Tarzan cries, crash landing perilous tin planes and rockets, leaping from trucks and banana rafts, charge through the black dust of mountain wind like death in the throat.

“SMOKE TRAK CIGARETTES. THEY LIKE YOU. TRAK LIKE ANY
YOU. ANY TRAK LIKE YOU. SMOKE TRAKS. THEY SATISFY. THEY

SERVICE. TRAK TRAK TRAK.”

Vagos Jugadores de Pelota, sola esperanza del mundo, take it to Cut City—Street gangs Uranian born in the face of nova conditions, cut word lines, cut time lines—■ Take it to Cut City, muchachos—Minutes to go”.

Jungle invades the weed grown parks where armadillos infected with The Earth Eating Disease gambol through deserted kiosks and Bolivar, in catatonic limestone, liberates the area—Candiru infiltrate causeways and swimming pools—Albinos blink in the sun—Rank smell of rotten rivers and mud flats—Swamp delta to the sky that does not change—Islands of garbage where green boys with delicate purple gills tend chemical gardens—Muttering addicts of the orgasm drug, boneless in the sun, eaten alive by crab men—Terminal post card shrinking in Heavy Time.

“Thing Police keep all Board Room Reports—Do not forget this, señor.”

They were searching his room when he returned from The Ministry Of Tourist Travel—Fingers light and cold as Spring wind rustling papers and documents—One flashed a badge like fish side in dark water.

“Police, Johnny.”

“Campers,” obviously—“Campers” move into any government office and start issuing directives and spinning webs of inter-office memos—Some have connections in high sources that will make the operation legal and exempt narcotics—Others are shoe string operators out of broom closets and dark rooms of The Mugging Department— They charge out high on ammonia issuing insane orders and requisitioning any object in their path—Tenuous bureaus spring up like sand storms—The whole rancid oil scandal drifted out in growth areas.

Bradly was reading the sign nailed to a split bamboo tenement—
The sign was printed on white paper book page size

Cut The Sex And Dream Utility Lines//

Cut The Trak Service Lines//

The paws do not refresh//

Clom Fliday¹ Meester Surplus Oil//

Working for the Yankee dollar?//

Trak your own utilities/ /

Under silent wings of malaria a tap on his shoulder:

“Documents, señor. Passáport.”

His passport drew them like sugar flashing gold teeth in little snarls of incredulity: “Passáport no bueno. No en ordenes.”

The fuzz that could not penetrate to the passport began chanting in unison: “Comissaria! Comissaria! Comissaria! Meester a la Comissaria! Passáport muy malo. No good. No bueno. Typical sights leak out.”

1 Old time veteran schmeckers. face beaten by grey junk weather will remember—In 1920s a lot of Chinese pushers around found The West so unreliable, dishonest and wrong they all packed in, so when an Occidental junky came to score they say:

“No glot—Clom Fliday.”

The Commandante wore a green uniform spattered with oil and gave out iron smoke as he moved—A small automatic moved round his waist on metal tracks trailing blue sparks—Seedy agents click into place with reports and

documents.

“It is permiso, yes to read the public signs. This”— His hand covered the white sign on a split bamboo wall— “is a special case”.

A man with a green eye shade slid forwards: “Yes. That’s what they call it: ‘making a case’—It’s all there in the files, the whole rancid oil scandal of The Trak Sex And Dream Utilities in Growth Areas.”

He pointed to a row of filing cabinets and lockers— Smell of mouldy jock straps and chlorine drifted through the police terminal. The Commandante turned the newspaper man back with a thin brown hand: “Much politics that one—It is better to be just technical” A Swede Con Man hiding out in Rio Bamba under the cold souvenir of Chimborazi, junk cover removed for the non-payment, syndicates of the world feeling for him with distant fingers of murder, perfected that art along The Tang Dynasty in the back room of a Chinese laundry. The Swede has one thing left: the grey felt hat concession for Growth Areas hidden under front companies and aliases. With a 1910 magic lantern he posed Indians in grey felt hats and broke the image into a million pieces reflected in dark eyes and blue mountain ice and black water and piss and lamp chimneys, tinted bureaucrat glasses, gun barrels, store fronts and cafe mirrors—He flickered the broken image into the eyes of a shrunk head that died in agony looking at a grey felt hat. And The Head radiated: HAT—HAT —HAT—HAT—HAT.

“It is a jumping head,” he said.

When the hat lines formed one thing that could break them was orgasm—So he captured a missionary's wife and flickered her with pornographic slides—And he took her head to radiate anti-sex—He took other anti-sex heads in coprophilic vice and electric disgust—He dimmed The Sex And Dream Utilities of the land. And he was shipped back to Sweden in a lead cylinder to found The Trak Service and The Trak Board.

Trak has come a long way from a magic lantern in the Chink laundry. The Heads were donated to the Gothen-berg Museum where the comparatively innocuous emanations precipitated a mass sex orgy.

“Vagos Jugadores, sola esperanza del mundo, take it to Cut City.”

The war between the sexes split the planet into armed camps right down the middle line divides one thing from the other—And I have seen them all: The lesbian colonels in tight green uniform, the young aides and directives regarding The Sex Enemy from proliferating departments.

On the line is The Baby and Semen Market where the sexes meet to exchange the basic commodity which is known as ‘The Property’—Unborn Properties are shown with a time projector. As a clear young going face flashes on the auction screen frantic queens of all nations scream: “A doll! A doll! A doll! ” And tear each other to pieces with leopard claws and broken bottles—Tobacco auction sound effects—Riots erupt Iller sand storms spraying the market with severed limbs and bouncing heads.

Biological parents in most cases are not owners of The Property. They act under orders of absentee proprietors to. install the indicated stops that punctuate the written life script—With each Property goes a life script—Shuttling between Property farmers and script writers, a legion of nmners, fixers, guides, agents, brokers, faces insane with purpose, mistakes and confusion pandemic—Like á buyer has a first class Property and a lousy grade B life script.

“Fuck my life script will you you cheap down grade bitch.”

Everywhere claim-jumpers and time-nappers jerk the time position of a Property.

“And left me standing there without a ‘spare jack el’ or a ‘grey hound* to travel in, my Property back in 1910 Panama—I don’t even feel like a human without my Property—How can I feel without fingers?” The Property can also be jerked forward in time

and sold at any age— The life of advanced property is difficult to say the least: Poison virus agents trooping in and out at all hours: “We just dropped in to see some friends a population of patrols” — Strangers from Peoria waving quit claim deeds, skip tracers, collectors, claim jumpers demanding payment for alleged services say: “We own the other half of The Property.”

“I dunno, me—Only work here—Technical sergeant.”

“Have you seen Slotless City?”

Red mesas cut by time winds—A network of bridges, ladders, catwalks, cable cars, escalators and ferris wheels down into the blue depths—The precarious occupants in this place without phantom guards live in iron cubicles— Constant motion on tracks, gates click open shut—Buzzes, blue sparks, and constant breakage—(Whole squares and tiers of the city plunge into the bottomless void)—Swinging beams of construction and blue flares on the calm intent young worker faces—People rain on the city in home made gliders and rockets—Balloons drift down out of faded violet photos—The city is reached overland by a series of trails cut in stone, suspension bridges and ladders intricately booby trapped, wrong maps, disappearing guides —(A falling bureaucrat in blue glasses screams by with a flash of tin: “Soy de la policía, señores—Tengo connec-tiones”) Hammocks, swings, balconies over the void— Chemical gardens in rusty troughs—Flowers and seeds and mist settle down from high jungle above the city—Fights erupt like sand storms through iron streets a wake of shattered bodies, heads bouncing into the void, hands clutching bank notes from gambling fights—Priests shriek for human sacrifices, gather partisans to initiate unspeakable rites until they are destroyed by counter pressures—Vigilantes of every purpose hang anyone they can overpower—Workers attack the passerby with torches and air hammers—They reach up out of man holes and drag the walkers down with iron claws—Rioters of all nations storm the city in a landslide of flame throwers and Molotov cocktails—Sentries posted everywhere in towers open fire on the crowds at arbitrary intervals—The police never mesh with present time, their investigation far removed from the city always before or after the fact erupt into any cafe and machine gun the patrons—The city pulses with slotless purpose lunatics killing from behind the wall of glass—A moment’s hesitation brings a swarm of con men, guides, whores, mooches, script writers, runners, fixers cruising and snapping like aroused

sharks.

(The subway sweeps by with a black blast of iron.)

The Market is guarded by Mongolian Archers right in the middle line between sex pressures jetting a hate wave that disintegrates violators in a flash of light—Everywhere posted on walls and towers, in hovering autogyros these awful archers only get relief from the pressure by blasting a violator—Screen eyes vibrate through the city like electric dogs sniffing for violations.

Remind The Board of the unsavory case of Black Paul who bought babies with centipede jissom—When the fraud came to light a whole centipede issue was in the public streets and every citizen went armed with a flame thrower ■—So the case of Black Paul shows what happens when all sense of civic responsibility breaks down.

It was a transitional period because of The' Synthetics and everybody was raising some kinda awful life form in his bidet to fight The Sex Enemy—The results were not in all respects reasonable men, but The Synthetics were rolling off that line and we were getting some damned interesting types by golly blue heavy metal boys with near zero metabolism that shit once a century and then it's a slag heap and disposal problem in the worst form there is: sewage delta to a painted sky under orange gas flares, islands of garbage where green boy-girls tend human heads in chemical gardens, terminal cities under the metal word fall out like cold melted sodder on walls and street, sputtering cripples with phosphorescent metal stumps—So we decided the blue heavy metal boys were not in all respects a good blueprint.

I have seen them all—A unit yet of mammals and vegetables that subsist each on the shit of the other in pre-destigial symbiosis and achieved a stage where one unit shit out nothing but pure carbon dioxide which the other unit breathed in to shit out oxygen—It's the only way to live—You understand they had this highly developed culture with life forms between insect and vegetable, hanging vines, stinging sex hairs—The whole deal was finally relegated to the It-Never-Happened-Department.

“Retroactive amnesia it out of every fucking mind screen in the area if we have to—How long you want to bat this tired old act around?—A centipede issue in the street, unusual beings dormant in cancer, hierarchial shit eating units—Now by all your stupid Gods at once let's not get this show on the road let's stop it.”

Posted everywhere on street corners The Idiot Irresponsible's twitter supersonic approval, repeating slogans, giggling, dancing, masturbating out windows, making machine gun noises and police whistles. "And you, Dead Hand, stretching The Vegetable People come out of that compost heap—You are not taking your old fibrous roots past this inspector."

And The Idiot Irresponsible posted everywhere scream in chorus: "Chemical gardens in rusty shit peoples! "

"Do not be alarmed citizens of Annexia—Report to your Nearie Pro Station for Chlorophyll! Processing—We are converting to Vegetable State—Emergency measure to counter The Heavy Metal Peril—Go to your 'Nearie'— You will meet a cool, competent person who will do out all your fears in photosynthesis—Calling all citizens of Annexia—Report to Green Sign for Processing."

"Citizens of Gravity we are converting all out to Heavy

Metal. Carbonic Plague of The Vegetable People threatens our Heavy Metal State. Report to your nearest Plating Station. It's fun to be plated," says this well-known radio and TV personality who is now engraved forever in gags of metal. "Do not believe the calumny that our metal fallout will tom the planet into a shag heap. And in any case, is that worse than a compost heap? Heavy Metal is our program and we are prepared to sink through it." "Just look there (another Heavy Metal Boy sank through the earth's crust and we got some .good pictures) "one of Shaffer's blueprints. I sounded a word of warning."

"The great skies are open. There is nothing to fear. There is nothing. Hassan-i-Sabbah rub out the thing forever. There is no word to fear. There is no word. Hassarif-i-Sabbah rub out word 'The' forever. If you cancel all your v/ords forever the words of Hassan-i-Sabbah are also cancelled. Cross all your skies see the silent writing of Hassan-i-Sabbah.

"Mr Bradly, Mr Martin, in the beginning was such a deal. i-Sabbah set Bradly in the door."—Uranium Willy The Heavy Metal Kid defector from The Nova Mob also known as Willy The Rat—He wisened up the marks.

"This is war to extermination—Fight cell by cell through bodies and mind screens of the earth—Souls rotten from The Orgasm Drug—Flesh shuddering from The Ovens— Prisoners of the earth, come out—Storm the studio."

His plan called for total exposure—Wise up all the marks

everywhere—Show them the rigged wheel—Storm The Reality Studio and retake the universe—The plan shifted and reformed as reports came in from his electric patrols—The Reality Film giving and buckling like a bulk head under pressure—Burnt metal smell of interplanetary war in raw noon streets swept by screaming glass blizzards of enemy flak.

“Photo falling—Word falling—Use partisans of all nations—Target Orgasm Ray Installations—Gothenberg

J

Sweden—Co-ordinates 8 2 7 6—Take Studio—Take Board Books—Take Death Dwarfs—Towers, open fire.”

Pilot K9 caught the syndicate killer image on a penny arcade screen and held it in his sight—Now he was behind it it was it—The image disintegrated in photo flash of total recognition—Other image on screen—Hold in sight—Smell of burning metal in his head—Enemy flak.

“Pilot K9, you are cut off—Back! Back, before the whole fucking shit house goes up—Return to base immediately—Ride music beam back to base—Stay out of that time flak—All pilots ride Pan Pipes back to base.”

It was impossible to estimate the damage—Board books destroyed—Enemy personnel decimated—The message of total resistance on short wave of the world.

“Calling partisans of all nations—Shift linguals—Cut word lines—Vibrate tourists—Free doorways—Photo faffing—Word faffing—Break through in Grey Room.”

to quiet the marks

“So PACK your ermines, Mary—WE are getting out of here I’ve seen this happen before—Three thousand years in show business—The Public is gonna take the place apart⁵’.

“I tell you, boss, the marks are out there pawing the ground—What’s this ‘Sky Switch’?—What’s this ‘Reality Con’? What’s this ‘Tone Scale’?—They’ll take the place apart—Any minute now—I’ve seen it happen before on Mercury where we put out a Cool Issue—And the law is moving fast—Nova Heat—Not Locals, boss—This is *Nova Heat*—Well boss?”

“Call in The Old Doctor.”

Yes, when the going gets really rough they caff in The Old Doctor to quiet the marks—And he just raises his old blue

hands and brings them down slow touching all the marks right where they live and the marks are quiet— But remember, ladies and gentlemen, you can only call The Old Doctor once—So be sure when you call him this is really it—Because if you call The Old Doctor twice he quiets you,

“Here’s The Doc now.”

“He’s loaded’—Throw him under a cold shower—Give him an ammonia coke—Oh my God, they are out there pawing the ground: ‘What’s this green deal?—What’s this mortality con?—You trying to push me down the tone scale, baby?—You trying to short time someone, Jack?—Take that heavy metal business to Wallgreen’s—We don’t want it—What’s this orgasm death?—Who cooked up these ovens?—What’s this white smoke?—Boys, we been subliminated’—How does he look?”

“Boss, he don’t look good—That sneaky peet caught up with him.”

“Oh my God send out Green Tony.”

“Green Tony took off for Galaxy X—On the last saucer, boss—He’s coming round now.”

“For God’s sake shove him out there with a wing and a prayer.”

The Old Doctor reeled out onto the platform—Then he heard the screaming marks and he steadied himself and drew all of it into him and he stood up very straight and calm and grey as a wise old rat and he lifted his old blue hands shiny over the dirt and he brought them down slow in the setting sun feeling all the marks so nasty and they just stood there quiet his cold old hands on their wrists and ankles, hands cold and blue as liquid air on wrist and ankle just frozen there in a heavy blue mist of vaporized bank notes.

The cold heavy fluid settled in his spine 70 tons per square inch—Cool blocks of SOS—(Solid Blue Silence)— under Heavy Time—Can anything be done to Metal People of Uranus?—Heavy his answer in monotone disaster stock: “Nobody can kick an SOS habit —70 tons per square inch —The crust from the beginning you understand—Tortured Metal Oz of Earthquakes is tons focus of this junk”—Sudden young energy—I got up and danced—Know eventually be relieved—That’s all I need—I got up and danced the disasters—Leave I need.

science pure science

So I AM assigned to engage the services of Doctor Benway for Islam

Inc.

Dr Benway had been called in as advisor to the Freeland Republic, a place given over to free love and continual bathing. The citizens are well adjusted cooperative, honest, tolerant and above all clean. But the invoking of Benway indicates all is not well behind that hygienic facade: Benway is a manipulator and coordinator of symbol systems, an expert on all phases of interrogation, brainwashing and control. I have not seen Benway since his precipitate departure from Annexia, where his assignment had been T.D.—Total Demoralisation. Benway's first act was to abolish concentration camps, mass arrest and, except under certain limited and special circumstances, the use of torture.

"I deplore brutality," he said. "It's not efficient. On the other hand, prolonged mistreatment, short of physical violence, gives rise, when skillfully applied, to anxiety and a feeling of special guilt. A few rules or rather guiding principles are to be borne in mind. The subject must not realize that the mistreatment is a deliberate attack of an anti-human enemy on his personal identity. He must be made to feel that he deserves *any* treatment he receives because there is something (never specified) horribly wrong with him. The naked need of the control addicts must be decently covered by an arbitrary and intricate bureaucracy so that the subject cannot contact his enemy direct."

Every citizen of Annexia was required to apply for and carry on his person at all times a whole portfolio of documents. Citizens were subject to be stopped in the street at any time; and the Examiner, who might be in plain clothes, in various uniforms, often in a bathing suit or pyjamas, sometimes stark naked except for a badge pinned to his left nipple, after checking each paper, would stamp it. On subsequent inspection the citizen was required to show the properly entered stamps of the last inspection. The Examiner, when he stopped a large group, would only examine and stamp the cards of a few. The others were then subject to arrest because their cards were not properly stamped. Arrest meant "provisional detention"; that is, the prisoner would be released if and when his Affidavit of Explanation, properly signed and stamped, was approved by the Assistant Arbiter of Explanations. Since this official hardly ever came to his office, and the Affidavit of Explanation had to be presented in person, the explainers spent weeks and months waiting around in unheated offices with no chairs and no toilet

facilities.

Documents issued in vanishing ink faded into old pawn tickets. New documents were constantly required. The citizens rushed from one bureau to another in a frenzied attempt to meet impossible deadlines.

All benches were removed from the city, all fountains turned off, all flowers and trees destroyed. Huge electric buzzers on the top of every apartment house (everyone lived in apartments) rang the quarter hour. Often the vibrations would throw people out of bed. Searchlights played over the town all night (no one was permitted to use shades, curtains, shutters or blinds).

No one ever looked at anyone else because of the strict law against importuning, with or without verbal approach, anyone for any purpose, sexual or otherwise. All cafes and bars were closed. Liquor could only be obtained with a special permit, and the liquor so obtained could not be sold or given or in any way transferred to anyone else, and the presence of anyone else in the room was considered *prima jade* evidence of conspiracy to transfer liquor.

No one was permitted to bolt his door, and the police had pass keys to every room in the city. Accompanied by a mentalist they rush into someone's quarters and start "looking for it".

The mentalist guides them to whatever the man wishes to hide: a tube of vaseline, an enema, a handkerchief with come on it, a weapon, unlicensed alcohol. And they always submitted the suspect to the most humiliating search of his naked person on which they make sneering and derogatory comments. Many a latent homosexual was carried out in a straitjacket when they planted vaseline in his ass. Or they pounce on any object. A pen wiper or a shoe tree.

"And what is this supposed to be for?"

"It's a pen wiper."

"A pen wiper, he says.

"I've heard everything now."

"I guess this all we need. Come on, you."

After a few months of this the citizens cowered in corners like neurotic cats.

Of course the Annexia police processed suspected agents, saboteurs and political deviants on an assembly line basis. As regards the interrogation of suspects, Benway has this to say:

"While in general I avoid the use of torture—torture locates the

opponent and mobilizes resistance—the threat of torture is useful to induce in the subject the appropriate feeling of helplessness and gratitude to the interrogator for withholding it. And torture can be employed to advantage as a penalty when the subject is far enough along with the treatment to accept punishment as deserved. To this end I devised several forms of disciplinary procedure. One was known as The Switchboard. Electric drills that can be turned on at any time are clamped against the subject's teeth; and he is instructed to operate an arbitrary switchboard, to put certain connections in certain sockets in response to bells and lights. Every time he makes a mistake the drills are turned on for twenty second. The signals are gradually speeded up beyond the reaction time. Half an hour on the switchboard and the subject breaks down like an overloaded thinking machine.

“The study of thinking machines teaches us more about the brain than we can learn by introspective methods. Western man is externalizing himself in the form of gadgets. Ever pop coke in the mainline? It hits you right in the brain, activating connections of pure pleasure. The pleasure of morphine is in the viscera. You listen down into yourself after a shot. But C is electricity through the brain, and the C yen is of the brain alone, a need without body and without feeling. The C-charged brain is a berserk pinball machine, flashing blue and pink lights in electric orgasm. C pleasure could be felt by a thinking machine, the first stirrings of hideous insect life. The craving for C lasts only a few hours, as long as the C channels are stimulated. Of course the effect of C could be produced by an electric current activating the C channels.

“So after a bit the channels wear out like veins, and the addict has to find new ones. A vein will come back in time, and by adroit vein rotation a junky can piece out the odds if he don't become an oil burner. But brain cells don't come back once they're gone, and when the addict runs out of brain cells he is in a terrible fucking position.

“Squatting on old bones and excrement and rusty iron, in a white blaze of heat, a panorama of naked idiots stretches to the horizon. Complete silence—their speech centers are destroyed—except for the crackle of sparks and the popping of singed flesh as they apply electrodes up and down the spine. White smoke of burning flesh hangs in the motionless air. A group of children have tied an idiot to a post with barbed wire and built a fire between his

legs and stand watching with bestial curiosity as the flames lick his thighs. His flesh jerks in the fire with insect agony.

“I digress as usual. Pending more precise knowledge of brain electronics, drugs remain an essential tool of the interrogator in his assault on the subject’s personal identity. The barbiturates are, of course, virtually useless. That is, anyone who can be broken down by such means would succumb to the puerile methods used in an American precinct. Scopolamine is often effective in dissolving resistance, but it impairs the memory: an agent might be prepared to reveal his secrets but quite unable to remember them, or cover story and secret info might be inextricably garbled. Mescaline, harmaline, LSD6, bufotenine, muscarine, successful in many cases. Bulbo cap-nine induces a state approximating schizophrenic catatonia—instances of automatic obedience have been observed. Bulbocapnine is a backbrain depressant probably putting out of action the centers of motion in the hypothalamus. Other drugs that have produced experimental schizophrenia—mescaline, harmaline, LSD6—are backbrain stimulants. In schizophrenia the backbrain is alternately stimulated and depressed. Catatonia is often followed by a period of excitement and motor activity during which the nut rushes through the wards giving everyone a bad time. Deteriorated schizos sometimes refuse to move at all and spend their lives in bed. A disturbance of the regulatory function of the hypothalamus is indicated as the ‘cause’ (casual thinking never yields accurate description of metabolic process—limitations of existing language) of schizophrenia. Alternate doses of LSD6 and bulbocapnine—the bulbo-capnine potentiated with curare—give the highest yield of automatic obedience.

“There are other procedures. The subject can be reduced to deep depression by administering large doses of benzedrine for several days. Psychosis can be induced by continual large doses of cocaine or demerol or by the abrupt withdrawal of barbiturates after prolonged administration. He can be addicted by dihydro-oxyheroin and subjected to withdrawal (this compound should be five times as addicting as heroin, and the withdrawal proportionately severe).

“There are various ‘psychological methods,’ compulsory psychoanalysis, for example. The subject is requested to free-associate for one hour every day (in cases where time is not of the essence). ‘Now, now. Let’s not be negative, boy. Poppa call nasty man. Take baby walkabout switchboard.’

“The case of a female agent who forgot her real identity and merged with her cover story—she is still a fricteuse in Annexia—put me onto another gimmick. An agent is trained to deny his agent identity by asserting his cover story. So why not use psychic jiu-jitsu and go along with him? Suggest that his cover story is his identity and that he has no other. His agent identity becomes unconscious, that is, out of his control; and you can dig it with drugs and hypnosis. You can make a square heterosex citizen queer with this angle—that is, reinforce and second his rejection of normally latent homosexual trends—at the same time depriving him of cunt and subjecting him to homosex stimulation. Then, drugs, hypnosis, and—” Ben-way flipped a limp wrist.

“Many subjects are vulnerable to sexual humiliation. Nakedness, stimulation with aphrodisiacs, constant supervision to embarrass subject and prevent relief of masturbation (erections during sleep automatically turn on an enormous Vibrating electric buzzer that throws the subject out of bed into cold waters thus reducing the incidence of wet dreams to a minimum). Needless to say, the sex humiliation angle is contra-indicated for overt homosexuals. (I mean let’s keep our eye on the ball here and remember the old party line—never know who’s listening in.) I recall this one kid I conditioned to shit at sight of me. Well, as you can plainly see, the possibilities are endless like meandering paths in a great big beautiful garden. I was just scratching that lovely surface when I am purged by Party Poops—Well, ‘son cosas de la vida’.”

I reach Freeland, which is clean and dull my God. Ben-way is directing the R.C., Reconditioning Center. I drop around, and “What happened to so and so?” sets in like: “Sidi Idriss ‘The Nark’ Smithers crooned to the Senders for a longevity serum. No fool like an old queen.” “Lester Stroganoff Smuunn—‘El Hassein’—turned himself into a Latah trying to perfect A.O.P. Automatic Obedience Processing. A martyr to the industry—” (Latah is a condition occurring in South East Asia. Otherwise sane, Latahs compulsively imitate every motion once their attention is attracted by snapping the fingers or calling sharply. A form of compulsive involuntary hypnosis. They sometimes injure themselves trying to imitate the motions of several people at once.)

“Stop me if you’ve heard this atomic secret.”

Benway’s face retains its form in the flash bulb of urgency, subject at any moment to unspeakable cleavage or metamorphosis.

It flickers like a picture moving in and out of focus.

“Come on,” says Benway, “and I’ll show you around the R.C.”

We are walking down a long white hall. Benway’s voice drifts into my consciousness from no particular place— a disembodied voice that is sometimes loud and clear, sometimes barely audible like music down a windy street.

“Isolated groups like natives of the Bismarck Archipelago. No overt homosexuality among them. God damned matriarchy. All matriarchies anti-homosexual, conformist and prosaic. Find yourself in a matriarchy, walk, don’t run to the nearest frontier. If you run, some frustrated, latent queer cop will likely shoot you. So somebody wants to establish a beach head of homogeneity in a shambles of potentials like West Europe and U.S.A.? Another fucking matriarchy. Margaret Mead notwithstanding— Spot of bother there. Scalpel fight with a colleague in the operating room. And my baboon assistant leaped on the patient and tore him to pieces. Baboons always attack the weakest party in an altercation. Quite right too. We must never forget our glorious simian heritage. Doc Browbeck was party inna second part. A retired abortionist and junk pusher (he was a veterinarian actually) recalled to service during the manpower shortage. Well, Doc had been in the hospital kitchen all morning goosing the nurses and tanking up on coal gas and Klim—and just before the operation he sneaked a double shot of nutmeg to nerve himself up.”

(In England and especially in Edinburgh the citizens bubble coal gas through Klim—a horrible form of powdered milk tasting like rancid chalk—and pick up on the results. They hock everything to pay the gas bill, and when the man comes around to shut it off for the non-payment you can hear their screams for miles. When a citizen is sick from needing it he says “I got the klinks” or “That old stove climbing up my back.”

Nutmeg. I quote again from the author’s article in the *British Journal of Addiction*: “Convicts and sailors sometimes have recourse to nutmeg. About a tablespoon is swallowed with water. Result vaguely similar to marijuana with side effects of headache and nausea. There are a number of narcotics of the nutmeg family in use among the Indians of South America. They are usually administered by sniffing a dried powder of the plant. The medicine men take these noxious substances and go into convulsive states.

Their twitchings and mutterings are thought to have prophetic

significance.”

“I had a Yage hangover, me, and in no condition to take any of Browbeck’s shit. First thing he comes on with I should start the incision from the back instead of the front, muttering some garbled nonsense about being sure to cut out the gall bladder it would fuck up the meat. Thought he was on the farm cleaning a chicken. I told him to go put his head back in the oven, whereupon he had the effrontery to push my hand severing the patient’s femoral artery. Blood spurted up and blinded the anaesthetist, who ran out through the halls screaming. Browbeck tried to knee me in the groin, and I managed to hamstring him with my scalpel. He crawled about the floor stabbing at my feet and legs. Violet, that’s my baboon assistant—only woman I ever cared a damn about—really wiggled. I climbed up on the table and poised myself to jump on Browbeck with both feet and stomp him when the cops rushed in.

“Well, this rumble in the operating room, ‘this unspeakable occurrence’ as the Super called it, you might say was the blow off. The wolf pack was closing for the kill. A crucifixion, that’s the only word for it. Of course I’d made a few ‘dummheits’ here and there. Who hasn’t? There was the time me and the anaesthetist drank up all the ether and the patient came up on us, and I was accused of cutting the cocaine with Saniflush. Violet did it actually. Had to protect her of course.

“So the wind-up is we are all drummed out of the industry. Not that Violet was a *bona fide* croaker, neither was Browbeck for that matter, and even my own certificate was called in question. But Violet knew more medicine than the Mayo Clinic. She had an extraordinary intuition and a high sense of duty.

“So there I was flat on my ass with no certificate. Should I turn to another trade? No. Doctoring was in my blood. I managed to keep up my habits performing cutrate abor-

tions in subway toilets. I even descended to hustling pregnant women in the public streets. It was positively unethical. Then I met a great guy, Placenta Juan the After Birth Tycoon. Made his in slunks during the war. Well, Juanito controlled a fleet of cargo boats he registered under the Abyssinian flag to avoid bothersome restrictions. He gives me a job as ship’s doctor on the S.S. *Filiarisis*, as filthy a craft as ever sailed the seas. Operating with one hand, beating the rats offa my patient with the other and bedbugs and scorpions rain down from the ceiling.

“So somebody wants homogeneity at this juncture. Can do but it costs. Bored with the whole project, me—Here we are—Drag Alky.”

Benway traces a pattern in the air with his hand and a door swings open. We step through and the door closes. A long ward gleaming with stainless steel, white tile floors, glass brick walls. Beds along one wall. No one smokes, no one reads, no one talks.

“Come and take a close look,” says Benway. “You won’t embarrass anybody.”

I walk over and stand in front of a man who is sitting on his bed. I look at the man’s eyes. Nobody, nothing looks back.

“IND’S,” says Benway, “Irreversible Neural Damage. Over-liberated, you might say—a drag on the industry.”

I pass a hand in front of the man’s eyes.

“Yes,” says Benway. “they still have reflexes. Watch this.”

Benway takes a chocolate bar from his pocket, removes the wrapper and holds it in front of the man’s nose. The man sniffs. His jaws begin to work. He makes snatching motions with his hands. Saliva drips from his mouth and hangs off his chin in long streamers. His stomach rumbles. His whole body writhes in peristalsis. Benway steps back and holds up the chocolate. The man drops to his knees, throws back his head and barks. Benway tosses the chocolate. The man snaps at it, misses, scrambles around on the floor making slobbering noises. He crawls

under the bed, finds the chocolate and crams it into his mouth with both hands.

“Jesus! These ID’s got no class to them.”

Benway calls over the attendant who is sitting at one end of the ward reading a book of J. M. Barrie’s plays.

“Get these fucking ID’s outa here. It’s a bring down already. Bad for the tourist business.”

“What should I do with them?”

“How in the fuck should I know? I’m a scientist. A *pure* scientist. Just get them outa here so I don’t hafta look at them is all. They constitute an albatross.”

“But what? Where?”

“Proper channels. Buzz the District Coordinator or whatever he calls himself—new title every week. Doubt if he exists.”

Doctor Benway pauses at the door and looks back at the IND’s. “Our failures,” he says. “Well, it’s all in the day’s work.”

“Do they ever come back?”

"They don't come back, won't come back, once they're gone," Benway sings softly. "Now this ward has some innarest."

The patients stand in groups talking and spitting on the floor. Junk hangs in the air like a grey haze.

"A heart-wanning sight," says Benway, "those junkies standing around waiting for the Man. Six months ago they were all schizophrenic. Some of them hadn't been out of bed for years. Now look at them. In all the course of my practices, I have never seen a schizophrenic junky, and junkies are mostly of the schizo physical type. Want to cure anybody of anything, find out who doesn't have it. So who don't got it? Junkies don't got it. Oh, incidentally, there's an area in Bolivia with no psychosis. Right sane folk in them hills. Like to get in there, me, before it is loused up by literacy, advertising, TV and drive-ins. Make a study strictly from metabolism: diet, use of drugs and alcohol, sex, etc. Who cares what they think? Same nonsense everybody thinks, I daresay.

"And why don't junkies got schizophrenia? Don't know yet. A schizophrenic can ignore hunger and starve to death if he isn't fed. No one can ignore heroin withdrawal. The fact of addiction imposes contact.

"But that's only one angle. Mescaline, LSD6, deteriorated adrenalin, harmaline can produce an approximate schizophrenia. The best stuff is extracted from the blood of schizos; so schizophrenia is likely a drug psychosis. They got a metabolic connection, a Man Within you might say. (Interested readers are referred to William Burroughs' article on narcotic drugs which appeared in the January 1957 issue of the *British Journal of Addiction*.)

"In the terminal stage of schizophrenia the back-brain is permanently depressed, and the front brain is almost without content since the front brain is only active in response to back-brain stimulation.

"Morphine calls forth the antidote of backbrain stimulation similar to schizo substance. (Note similarity between withdrawal syndrome and intoxication with yage or LSD6.) Eventual result of junk use—especially true of heroin addiction where large doses are available to the addict—is permanent backbrain depression and a state much like terminal schizophrenia: complete lack of affect, autism, virtual absence of cerebral event. The addict can spend eight hours looking at a wall. He is conscious of his surroundings,

but they have no emotional connotation and in consequence no interest. Remembering a period of heavy addiction is like playing back a tape recording of events experienced by the front brain alone. Flat statements of external events. T went to the store and bought some brown sugar. I came home and ate half the box. I took a three grain shot etc.' Complete absence of nostalgia in these memories. However, as soon as junk intake falls below par, the withdrawal substance floods the body.

"If all pleasure is relief from tension, junk affords relief from the whole life process, in disconnecting the hypothalamus, which is the center of psychic energy and libido.

"Some of my learned colleagues (nameless assholes) have suggested that junk derives its euphoric effect from direct stimulation of the orgasm center. It seems more probable that junk suspends the whole cycle of tension, discharge and rest. The orgasm has no function in the junky. Boredom, which always indicates an undischarged tension, never troubles the addict. He can look at his shoe for eight hours. He is only roused to action when the hourglass of junk runs out."

At the far end of the ward an attendant throws up an iron shutter and let out a hog call. The junkies rush up grunting and squealing.

"Wise guy," says Benway. "No respect for human dignity. Now I'll show you the mild deviant and criminal ward. Yes, a criminal is a mild deviant here. He doesn't deny the Freeland contract. He merely seeks to circumvent some of the clauses. Reprehensible but not too serious. Down this hall—We'll skip wards 23, 86, 57 and 97—and the laboratory."

"Are homosexuals classed as deviants?"

"No. Remember the Bismarck Archipelago. No overt homosexuality. A *functioning* police state needs no police. Homosexuality does not occur to anyone as conceivable behavior—Homosexuality is a *political* crime in a matriarchy. No society tolerates overt rejection of its basic tenets. We aren't a matriarchy, here, *Insh'allah*. You know the experiment with rats where they are subject to this electric shock and dropped in cold water if they so much as move at a female. So they all become fruit rats and that's the way it is with the etiology. And shall such a rat squeak out, 'I'm queah and I luuuuuuuuue it' or 'Who cut yours off, you two-holed freak?' 'twere a square rat so to squeak. During my rather brief

experience as a psychoanalyst— spot of bother with the Society—one patient ran amok in Grand Central with a flame thrower, two committed

suicide and one died on the couch like a jungle rat (jungle rats are subject to die if confronted suddenly with a hopeless situation). So his relations beef and I tell them, 'It's all in the day's work. Get this stiff outa here. It's a bring down for my live patients'—I noticed that all my homosexual patients manifested strong unconscious heterosexual trends and all my hetero patients unconscious homosexual trends. Makes the brain reel, don't it?"

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"Conclude? Nothing whatever. Just a passing observation."

We are eating lunch in Benway's office when he gets a call.

"What's that?—Monstrous! Fantastic! —Carry on and stand by."

He puts down the phone. "I am prepared to accept immediate assignment with Islam Incorporated. It seems the electronic brain went berserk playing six-dimensional chess with the Technician and released every subject in the R.C. Leave us adjourn to the roof. Operation Helicopter is indicated."

From the Roof of the R.C. we survey a scene of unparalleled horror. IND's stand around in front of the café tables, long streamers of saliva hanging off their chins, stomachs noisily churning, others ejaculate at the sight of women. Latahs imitate the passers-by with monkey-like obscenity. Junkies have looted the drugstores and fix on every street comer—Catatonics decorate the parks—Agitated schizophrenics rush through the streets with mangled, inhuman cries. A group of P.R.'s—Partially Reconditioned—have surrounded some homosexual tourists with horrible knowing smiles showing the Nordic skull beneath in double exposure.

"What do you want?" snaps one of the queens.

"We want to *understand* you."

A contingent of howling simopaths swing from chandeliers, balconies and trees, shitting and pissing on passers-by. (A simopath—the technical name for this disorder escapes me—is a citizen convinced he is an ape or other simian. It is a disorder peculiar to the army, and discharge cures it.) Amoks trot along cutting off heads, faces sweet and remote with a dreamy half smile—Citizens with incipient bangutot clutch their penises and call on the tourists for help—Arab rioters yipe and howl, castrating, disembowelling,

throw burning gasoline—Dancing boys striptease with intestines, women stick severed genitals in their cunts, grind, bump and flick it at the man of their choice —Religious fanatics harangue the crowd from helicopters and rain stone tablets on their heads, inscribed with meaningless messages—Leopard Men tear people to pieces with iron claws, coughing and grunting—Kwakiutl Cannibal Society initiates bite off noses and ears.

A battalion of rampant bores prowls the streets and hotel lobbies in search of victims. An intellectual avant gardist— “Of course the only writing worth considering now is to be found in scientific reports and periodicals”—has given someone a bulboapnine injection and is preparing to read him a bulletin on “the use of neo-hemoglobin in the control of multiple degenerative granuloma.” (Of course, the reports are all gibberish he has concocted and printed up.)

His opening words: “You look to me like a man of intelligence.” (Always ominous words, my boy—When you hear them stay not on the order of your going but go at once.)

An English colonial, assisted by five police boys, has detained a subject in the club bar: “I say, do you know Mozambique?” and he launches into the endless saga of his malaria. “So the doctor said to me, ‘I can only advise you to leave the area. Otherwise I shall bury you.’ This croaker does a little undertaking on the side. Piercing out the odds you might say, and throwing himself a spot of business now and then.” So after the third pink gin when

he gets to know you, he shifts to dysentery. “Most extraordinary discharge. More or less of a white yellow color like rancid jism and stringy you know.”

An explorer in sun helmet has brought down a citizen with blow gun and curare dart. He administers artificial respiration with one foot. (Curare kills by paralyzing the lungs. It has no other toxic effect, is not, strictly speaking, a poison. If artificial respiration is administered the subject will not die. Curare is eliminated with great rapidity by the kidneys.) “That was the year of the rindpest when everything died, even the hyenas—So there I was completely out of K.Y. in the headwaters of the Baboonsass-hole. When it came through by air drop my gratitude was indescribable—As a matter of fact, and I have never told this before to a living soul—elusive blighters”—his voice echoes through a vast empty hotel lobby in 1890 style, red plush, rubber plants, gilt and statues—“I was the

only white man ever initiated into the infamous Agouti Society, witnessed and participated in their unspeakable rites.” Another bore carries around a suitcase full of trophies and medals, cups and ribbons: “Now this I won for the Most Ingenious Sex Device Contest in Yokohama. (Hold him, he’s desperate.) The Emperor gave it to me himself and there were tears in his eyes, and the runners-up all castrated themselves with harakiri knives. And I won this ribbon in a Degradation Contest at the Teheran meeting of Junkies Anonymous.

“Shot up my wife’s M.S. and her down with a kidney stone big as the Hope Diamond. So I give her half a Vegan in and tell her, ‘You can’t expect too much relief.’ ‘Shut up already. I wanta enjoy my medications.’

“Stole an opium suppository out of my grandmother’s ass.”

The hypochondriac lassoes the passer-by and administers a straitjacket and starts talking about his rotting septum: “An awful purulent discharge is subject to flow out —just wait till you see it.”

He does a strip tease to operation scars, guiding the reluctant fingers of a victim. “Feel that suppurated swelling in my groin where I got the lymphogranulomas—And now I want you to palpate my internal haemorrhoids.”

(The reference to lymphogranuloma, “climactic buboes.” A virus venereal disease indigenous to Ethiopia. “Not for nothing are we known as feelthy Ethiopians,”* sneers an Ethiopian mercenary as he sodomizes Pharaoh, venomous as the King’s cobra. Ancient Egyptian papyrus talk all the time about them feelthy Ethiopians.)

So it started in Addis Ababa like the Jersey Bounce, but these are modern times. One World. Now the climactic buboes swell up in Shanghai and Esmeraldas, New Orleans and Helsinki, Seattle and Capetown. But the heart turns home and the disease shows a distinct predilection for Negroes, is in fact the white haired boy of white supremacists. But the Mau Mau voodoo men are said to be cooking up a real dilly of a VD for the white folks. Not that Caucasians are immune: five British sailors contracted the disease in Zanzibar. And in Dead Coon County, Arkansas (“Blackest Dirt, Whitest People in the U.S.A.—Nigger, Don’t Let The Sun Set On You Here”) the County Coroner come down with the buboes fore and aft. A vigilante committee of neighbors apologetically burned him to death in the Court House privy when his interesting condition came to light. “Now, Clem, just think of yourself as a cow with the

aftosa.” “Or a poltroon with the fowl pest.” “Don’t crowd too close, boys. His intestines is subject to explode in the fire.” The disease in short arm hath a gimmick for going places unlike certain unfortunate viruses who are fated to languish unconsummated in the guts of a tick or a jungle mosquito, or the saliva of a dying jackal slobbering silver under the desert moon. And after an initial lesion at the point of infection the disease passes to the lymph glands of the groin, which swell and burst in suppurating fissures, drain for days, months, years, a purulent stringy discharge streaked with blood and putrid lymph. Elephan-

tiasis of the genitals is a frequent complication, and cases of gangrene have been recorded where the amputation *in medio* of the patient from the waist down was indicated but hardly worth while. Women usually suffer secondary infection of the anus. Males who resign themselves up for passive intercourse to infected partners like weak and soon to be purple-assed baboons, may also nourish a little stranger. Initial proctitis and the inevitable purulent discharge—which may pass unnoticed in the shuffle—is followed by stricture of the rectum requiring intervention of an apple corer or its surgical equivalent. Until quite recently there was no satisfactory treatment. “Treatment is symptomatic” —which means in the trade there is none. Now many cases yield to intensive therapy with aureomycin, terramycin and some of the newer molds. However a certain appreciable percentage remain refractory as mountain gorillas—So, boys, in the words of I. B. Watson, *Think*. Stop panting and start palpating—and if you palpate a bubo draw yourself back in and say in a cold nasal whine: “You think I am innarested to contact your horrible old condition? I am not innarested at all.”)

Rock and Roll adolescent hoodlums storm the streets of all nations. They rush into the Louvre and throw acid in the Mona Lisa’s face. They open zoos, insane asylums, prisons, burst water mains with air hammers, chop the floor out of passenger plane lavatories, shoot out lighthouses, file elevator cables to one thin wire, turn sewers into the water supply, throw sharks and sting rays, electric eels and candiru into swimming pools (the candiru is a small eel-like fish or worm about one-quarter inch through and two inches long patronizing certain rivers of ill repute in the Greater Amazon Basin, will dart up your prick or your asshole or a woman’s cunt, *faute de mieux*, and hold himself there by sharp spines with precisely what motives is not known since no one has stepped

forward to observe the candiru's life-circle *in situ*), in nautical costumes ram the *Queen Mary* full speed into New York Harbor, play chicken with passenger planes and busses, rush into hospitals in white coats, carrying saws and axes and scalpels three feet long, throw paralytics out of iron lungs (mimic their suffocations flopping about on the floor and rolling their eyes up), administer injections with bicycle pumps, disconnect artificial kidneys, saw a woman in half with a two-man surgical saw, they drive herds of squealing pigs into the Curb, they shit on the floor of the United Nations and wipe their ass with treaties, pacts, alliances.

By plane, car, horse, camel, elephant, tractor, bicycle and steam roller, on foot, skis, sled, crutch and pogo-stick the tourists storm the frontiers, demanding with inflexible authority asylum from the "unspeakable conditions obtaining in Freeland," the Chamber of Commerce striving in vain to stem the debacle: "Please to be restful. It is only a few crazies who have from the crazy place outbroken."

the meat handler

So I am a public agent and don't know who I work for, get my instructions from street signs, newspapers and pieces of conversation I snap out of the air the way a vulture will tear entrails from another mouth. In any case I can never catch up on my back cases and am currently assigned to intercept blue movies of James Dean before the stuff gets to those queers supporting a James Dean habit which so long as this agent picks his way through barber shops, subway toilets, grope movies and Turkish Baths will never be legal and exempt narcotic.

The first one of the day I nailed in a subway pissoir: "You fucking nance!" I screamed. "I'll teach you to savage my bloody meat, I will." And I sloughed him with the iron glove and his face smashed like rotten cantaloup. Then I hit him in the lungs and blood jumped out his mouth, nose and eyes, spattered three commuters across the room huddled in gabardine topcoats and grey flannel suits under that. The broken fruit was lying with his head damming the piss running over his face and the whole trough a light pink from his blood. I winked at the commuters. "I can smell them fucking queers," I sniffed wam-ingly. "And if there's one thing lower than a nance it's a spot of bloody grass. Now you blokes wouldn't be the type turn around and conger a pal's balls off would you now?" They arranged themselves on the floor like the three

monkeys: See No Evil, Hear No Evil, and Speak No Evil.

"I can see you're three of our own," I said warmly and walked into the corridor where school boys chase each other with machetes, joyous boy-cries and zipper guns echo through the mosaic caverns. I pushed into a Turkish Bath and surprised a faggot brandishing a deformed erection in the steam room and strangled him straightaway with a soapy towel. I had to check in. I was thin now, barely strength in my receding flesh to finish off that tired faggot. I got into my clothes shivering and gaping and walked into the terminal drugstore. Five minutes to twelve. Five minutes to score. I walked over to the night clerk and threw a piece of tin on him.

Piss running over his face. Don't know who I work for. I get mine from his blood new papers and pieces. "I can smell them fucking the air the way a vulture will." In any case bloody grass I sloughed him with the iron room and strangled him like rotten cantaloup. Then I had to check in. I was the blood jumped out his mouth, nose receding flesh to finish. Across the room huddled my clothes shivering grey flannel suits under terminal drugstore. So I am a public agent and the whole trough a light pink instruction from street. I winked at the commuters. "Conversation I snap out of queers," I sniffed warningly. "It's a spot up on my back cases." Queers supporting the floor like the three monkeys. "Grobe moves and Turkish our own." I said warmly and walked exempt narcotic. Cool boys chase each other with the first one of the day. To a Turkish bath and surprised you bloody nance. Soapy towel glove hit him in the lungs and eyes spattered: Ping! And walked into the gabardine topcoats. Five minutes to that broken fruit.

"Treasury Dept," I said. "Like to check your narcotic inventory against Rx—How much you using young fellow?" Shaking my head and pushing all the junk bottles and scripts into my brief case: "I hate to see a young man snafu his life script—Maybe I can do something for you. That is if you promise me to take the cure and stay off."

"I promise anything. I gotta wife and kids."

"Just don't let me down is all."

I walks out and got straight in the Lu of The Bus Terminal Chinese Restaurant. It's a quiet place with very bad food. But what a John for a junky.

Well I checked into the Old Half Moon Hotel you can get to the

lobby through the subway and walked in on the wrong room, an ether party, with my cigarette lit and everyone's lung blew out about six characters, cats and chicks. So I get a face full of tits and spare ribs and throat gristle—All in the day's work—Follow up on it. Score. I walked the gabardine top tin on him. The broken fruit. Piss running over his face. "Like to check your narcotic inventor. I get mine from his blood."

"Much you using young fellow?"

"I can smell them fucking all the junk bottles and scripts." In any case bloody grass—See a young man snafu I his and strangled him like rot do something for you in I the blood. Jumped cure and stay off to finish. Grey flannel I suits under all public agents of the bus from street. Grope

movie and walked in on the wrong room warmly. Exempt light and lungs. And eyes spattered night cleric and threw a piece of coats. "Five minute to Treasury Department," I said. Shaking my head and pushing the ah" the way a vulture will into my brief case. I hate sloughed him with the iron room life script. Maybe I can cantaloup. Then I had to check you. Promise me to take out his mouth, nose receding flesh.

I had business with The Egyptian. My Time was running out. He was sitting in a mosaic café with stone shelves along the walls and jars of colored syrups sipping a heavy green drink.

"I need The Time Milking," I said.

He looked at me. his eyes eating erogenous holes. His face got an erection and turned purple. And we went into the vacant lot behind the café naked to a turn.

White men killed at a distance. Don't know the answer, do you?

Den Mark of Trak in every face: "Death, take over."

"Never nobody liked dancing no better than Red."

"Let's dance," he said.

The script for shit, "Here you are, sir," and I could see he was heavy with the load. Outfields and back to Moscow for Liquidation. I had business with The Gyp. Trak in every kidney. The script for Heavy Drink. His eyes got an erection and turned the effluvia and became addicts of Vacant Lot. My time was running out its last black grains.

"I promise anything. I go huddled my clothes shivering." I walked out and got light pink instructions terminal Chinese commuters. Hit him in the lungs the day's work. Follow up. A word

about my work. The Human Issue has been railed in by the Home Office. Engineering flaws you know. There is the work of getting it off the shelves and that is what I do. We are not interested in the individual models, but in the mould, the human die. This must be broken. You never see any live ones up here in

Freeland. Too many patrols. It's a dull territory unless you enjoy shooting a paralyzed swan in a cesspool. Of course there are always the Outsiders. And the young ones I dig special. Long Pigs I call them. Give myself a treat and do it slow just feeding on the subject's hate and fear and the white stuff oozes out when they crack sweet as a lobster claw—I hate to put out the eyes because they are my water hole. They call me The Meat Handler. Among other things.

MEETING OF INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF TECHNOLOGICAL PSYCHIATRY

Doctor "Fingers" Schafer, the Lobotomy Kid, rises and turns on the Conferents the cold blue blast of his gaze: "Gentlemen, the human nervous system can be reduced to a compact and abbreviated spinal column. The brain, front, middle and rear must follow the adenoid, the wisdom tooth, the appendix—I give you my Master Work: *The Complete All American Deanxietized Man.*"

Blast of trumpets: The man is carried in naked by two Negro Bearers who drop him on the platform with bestial, sneering brutality—The Man wriggles—His flesh turns to viscid, transparent jelly that drifts away in green mist, unveiling a monster black centipede. Waves of unknown stench fill the room, searing the lungs, grabbing the stomach.

Schafer wrings his hands sobbing: "Clarence!! How can you do this to me?? Ingrates!! Every one of them ingrates!! "

The Conferents start back muttering in dismay:

"I'm afraid Schafer has gone a bit too far."

"I sounded a word of warning."

"Brilliant chap Schafer—but."

"Man will do anything for publicity."

"Gentlemen, this unspeakable and in every sense illegitimate child of Doctor Schafer's perverted brain must not see the light—Our duty to the human race is clear."

"Man he done seen the light," said one of the Negro Bearers.

"We must stomp out the Un-American critter," says a fat, frog-faced Southern doctor who has been drinking com out of a mason

jar. He advances drunkenly, then halts, appalled by the formidable size and menacing aspect of the centipede.

“Fetch gasoline! ” he bellows. “We gotta bum the son of a bitch like an uppity Nigra! ”

“I’m not sticking my neck out, me,” says a cool hip young doctor high on LSD25—“Why a smart D.A. could.”

Fadeout. “Order in The Court.”

D.A.: “Gentlemen of the jury, these ‘learned gentlemen’ claim that the innocent human creature they have so wantonly slain suddenly turned himself into a huge black centipede and it was ‘their duty to the human race’ to destroy this monster before it could, by any means at its disposal, perpetrate its kind.

“Are we to gulp down this tissue of horse shit? Are we to take these glib lies like a greased and nameless asshole? Where is this wondrous centipede?

“ ‘We have destroyed it,’ they say smugly—And I would like to remind you, Gentlemen and Hermaphrodites of the Jury, that this Great Beast”—he points to Doctor Schafer —“has, on several previous occasions, appeared in this court charged with the unspeakable crime of brain rape— in plain English”—he pounds the rail of the jury box, his voice rises to a scream—“in plain English, Gentlemen, *forcible lobotomy*. ”

The Jury gasps—One dies of a heart attack—Three fall to the floor writhing in orgasms of prurience.

The D.A. points dramatically: “He it is—He and no other who has reduced whole provinces of our fair land to a state bordering on the far side of idiocy—He it is

who has filled great warehouses with row on row, tier on tier of helpless creatures who must have their every want attended—“The Drones’ he calls them with a cynical leer of pure educated evil—Gentlemen, I say to you that the wanton murder of Clarence Cowie must not go unavenged! This foul crime shrieks like a wounded faggot for justice at least! ”

The centipede is rushing about in agitation.

“Man, that mother fucker’s hungry,” screams one of the Bearers.

“I’m getting out of here, me.”

A wave of electric horror sweeps through the Conferents —They storm the exits screaming and clawing.

Senators leap up and bray for the Death Penalty with inflexible authority of virus yen—Death for dope fiends, death for sex queens

(I mean fiends), death for the psychopath who offends the cowed and graceless flesh with broken animal innocence of lithe movement.

The black wind sock of death undulates over the land, feeling, smelling for the crime of separate life, movers of the fear-frozen flesh shivering under a vast probability curve.

Population blocks disappear in a checker game of genocide—Any number can play.

The Liberal Press and The Press Not So Liberal and The Press Reactionary scream approval: “Above all, the myth of other-level experience must be eradicated—” And speak darkly of certain harsh realities—cows with the aftosa—prophylaxis.

Power groups of the world frantically cut lines of connection.

The Planet drifts to random insect doom.

Thermodynamics has won at a crawl—Orgone balked at the post—Christ bled—Time ran out.

but this is interesting

SOME DAY later they were sitting in The Blue Rune when Johnny Yen let out his melodious little bird cry:

“Oh, there’s my doctor made the face over after my *accident*. He calls me Pygmalion now, isn’t that cute? You’ll love him.”

The doctor was sitting in a surgical chair of gleaming nickel. His soft boneless head was covered with grey green fuzz, the right side of his face an inch lower than the left side swollen smooth as a boil around a dead, cold undersea eye.

“Doctor, I want you to meet my friend Mister D The Agent, and he’s a lovely fellow too.”

An uncertain smile flickered the doctor’s left lip. His left eye embedded in pink coral flesh was dreamy and innocent. The right eye touched D inside with a cold familiar tentacle.

“Some time he don’t hardly hear what you saying. He’s very technical.”

The doctor reached out his abbreviated fibrous fingers in which surgical instruments caught neon and cut Johnny’s face into fragments of light;

“Jelly,” the Doctor said, liquid gurgles through his hardened purple gums. His tongue was split and the two sections curled over each other as he talked: “Life jelly. It sticks and grows on you like Johnny.”

Little papules of tissue were embedded in the doctor's hands. The doctor pulled a scalpel out of Johnny's ear and trimmed the papules into an ash tray where they stirred slowly exuding a green juice.

"They say his prick didn't synchronize at all so he cut it off and made some kinda awful cunt between the two sides of him. He got a whole ward full of his 'fans' he call them already.

"When the wind is right you can hear them scream in Town Hall Square. And everybody says 'But this is interesting.'

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE (opening a box of Lux): "Why don't it have an electric eye the box flip open when it see me and hand itself to the Automat Handy Man he should put it inna water already—The Handy Man is outa control since Thursday, he been getting physical with me and I didn't put it in his combination at all—And the Garbage Disposal Unit snapping at me, and the nasty old Mix-master keep trying to get up under my dress—I got the most awful cold, and my intestines is all constipated— I'm gonna put it in the Handy Man's combination he should administer me a high colonic awready."

SALESMAN (he is something between an aggressive Latah and a timid Sender): "Recollect when I am travelling with K.E. hottest idea man in the gadget industry.

" 'Think of it! ' he snaps. 'A cream separator in your own kitchen! ' "

" 'K.E., my brain reels at the thought.'

" 'It's five, maybe ten, yes, maybe twenty years away— But it's coming.'

" 'I'll wait, K.E. No matter how long it is I'll wait. When the priority numbers are called up yonder I'll be there.'

"It was K.E. put out the Octopus Kit for Massage Parlors, Barber Shops and Turkish Baths, with which you can administer a high colonic, an unethical massage, a shampoo, whilst cutting the client's toenails and removing his blackheads. And the M.D.'s Can Do Kit for busy practitioners will take out your appendix, tuck in a hernia, pull a wisdom tooth, ectomize your piles and circumcise you. Well, K.E. is such an atomic salesman if he runs out of Octopus Kits he is subject, by sheer charge, to sell an

M.D. Can Do to a barber shop and some citizen wakes up with his piles cut out.

“ ‘Jesus, Homer, what kinda creep joint you running here? I been gang fucked.’

“ ‘Well, landsake, Si, I was just aiming to administer our complimentary high colonic free and gratis on Thanksgiving Day. K.E. musta sold me the wrong kit again.’”

Switch envelopes in clip clap joint where fraudulent girls put the B on you in favor of the House 666 and there is no healthy in them clap boards rotten to the apple corer of my unconsummated cock. Who shot Cock Robin?—The sparrow falls to my trustful Webley, and a drop of blood gathers at his beak.

Lord Jim has turned bright yellow in the woe withered moon of morning like white smoke against the blue stuff, and shirts whip in a cold spring wind on limestone cliffs across the river, Mary, and the dawn is broken in two pieces like Dillinger on the lamster way to the Biograph. Smell of neon and atrophied gangsters and the criminal *manqué* nerves himself to crack a pay toilet sniffing ammonia in a bucket—“A caper,” he says. “I’ll pull this capon I mean caper.”

MALE HUSTLER: “What a boy hasta put up with in this business. Gawd! The propositions I get you wouldn’t believe it—They wanta play Latah, they wanta merge with my protoplasm, they want a replica cutting, they wanta suck my orgones, they wanta take over my past experience and leave old memories that disgust me.”

it’s the great work

SLUNK traffickers tail a pregnant cow to her labor. The farmer declares a couvade, rolls screaming in bullshit. The veterinarian wrestles with a cow skeleton. The traffickers

machinegun each other, dodging through the machinery and silos, storage bins, haylofts and mangers of a vast red bar. The calf is bom. The forces of death melt in morning. Farm boy kneels reverently—his throat pulses in the rising sun.

Junkies sitting on the courthouse steps, waiting on The Man. Red Necks in black stetsons and faded Levis tie a Nigra Boy to an old iron lamp-post and cover him with burning gasoline—The junkies rush over and draw the flesh smoke deep into their aching lungs—They really got relief.

Ben way “camped” in The Board of Health. He rushed in anywhere brazenly impounding all junk. He was of course well-known but by adroit face rotation managed to piece out the odds,

juggling five or six bureaus in the air thin and tenuous drifting-away cobwebs in a cold Spring wind under dead crab eyes of a Doorman in green uniform carrying an ambiguous object composite of club, broom and toilet plunger, trailing a smell of ammonia and scrubwoman flesh. An undersea animal surfaced in his face, round disk mouth of cold grey gristle, purple rasp tongue moving in green saliva: "Soul Cracker," Benway decided. Species of carnivorous mollusk. Exists on Venus. It might not have bones. Before I was five, saw a man burned to death in the square. Time-switched the tracks through a field of Little White Flowers by the mined signal tower. Sat down under a tree worn smooth by others sat there before. We remember the days as long procession of The Secret Police always everywhere in different form. In Guayaquil sat on the river bank and saw a big lizard cross the mud flats dotted with melon rind from passing canoes.

Carl's dugout turned slowly in the brown iridescent lagoon infested with sting-ray, fresh water shark, arequipa, candirás, water boa, crocodile, electric eel, aquatic pan-L ther and other noxious creatures dreamed up by the lying B explorers who infest bars marginal to the area,

Liver-sick gold eyes gold maps gold teeth over the Aguardiente cooked on the Primus stove with canella and tea to cut the oil taste leaves silver sores in the mouth and throat.

"That was the year of The Rindpest when all the tourists died even the Scandinavians and we boys reduced to hawk the farther LWR—Local Wage Rate."

"No calcium in the area you understand. One blighter lost his entire skeleton and we had to carry him about in a canvas bathtub. A jaguar lapped him up in the end, largely for the salt I think."

"This inaccessible tribe, you dig, lives on phosphorescent metal paste they mine from the area. Transmute to gold straight away and shit it out in nuggets. It's the great work."

A Swede Con Man on the lam in Esmeraldas, syndicates of the world feeling for him with distant fingers of murder, perfected The Cold Light. Who has not thought of lighting a room with glow worms? The Swede thought further. He decided to produce Glow Cats—And he fed cats on a phosphorescent metal paste concocted from solder and rat poison cabbage pulp coca-cola and other subliminal ingredients. And slowly the cats transmuted to green light. A cat-light lasts about three months, then one day—SPUT —it

goes up in a puff of grey dust. Swell. He produced cat and monkey and dog and tapir lights and finally human lights and held the concession, since only he could make the paste and say the metal words over it transmuted from animal to mineral. Human lights were developed that lasted ten years. It's more humane that way you see? The lights gave out this metal excrement like cold melted solder slowly covered cities of the world and all the lights went out and there was only the faint glow of the phosphorescent fallout where giant centipedes eat the terminal slag.

BENWAY: "Don't take it so hard, kid—'Jeder macht eine klein Dummheit.' " (Everyone makes a little dumbness.)

SCHAFFER: "I tell you I can't escape a feeling—well, of *evil* about this."

BENWAY: "Balderdash, my boy—We're scientists—Pure scientists. Disinterested research and damned be him who cries 'Hold, *too much!*' Such people are no better than party poops."

SCHAFFER: "Yes, yes, of course—and yet—I can't get that stench out of my lungs."

BENWAY (irritably): "None of us can—Never smelled anything remotely like it—Where was I? Oh yes, what would be result of administering curare plus iron lung during acute mania? Possibly the subject, unable to discharge his tensions in motor activity, would succumb on the spot like a jungle rat. Interesting cause of death, what?"

Schafer is not listening. "You know," he says impulsively, "I think I'll go back to plain old-fashioned surgery. The human body is scandalously inefficient. Instead of a mouth and an anus to get out of order why not have one all-purpose hole to eat *and* eliminate? We could seal up nose and mouth, fill in the stomach, make an air hole direct into the lungs where it should have been in the first place."

BENWAY: "WHY NOT ONE ALL-PURPOSE BLOB?"

Dr. Berger's Mental Health Hour—Fadeout. TECHNICIAN: "NOW listen, I'll say it again, and I'll say it slow. 'Yes.' " He nods. "And make with the smile—The *smile*." He shows his false teeth in hideous parody of a toothpaste ad. " 'We like apple pie, and we like each other. It's just as simple as that,'—and make it sound *simple*, country simple—Look bovine, whyncha? You want the switchboard again? Or the pail?"

SUBJECT—Cured Criminal Psychopath—"No! —No! — What's

this bovine?”

TECHNICIAN: “LOOK LIKE A COW.”

THE SUBJECT—with cow’s head—“Moooo Moooo.”

TECHNICIAN (starting back): “Тер much!! No! Just look square, you dig, like a nice popcorn, John—”

SUBJECT: “A mark?”

TECHNICIAN: “Well, not exactly a mark. Not enough larceny in this citizen. He is after light concussion—You know the type. Telepathic sender and receiver excised. The Service Man Look.”

TECHNICIAN: “Action, camera.”

SUBJECT: “YES, WE LIKE APPLE PIE.” HIS STOMACH RUMBLES LOUD AND LONG. STREAMERS OF SALIVA HANG OFF HIS CHIN.

Dr. Berger looks up from some notes. He look like Jewish owl with black glasses, the light hurt his eyes: “I think he is an unsuitable subject—See he reports to Disposal.”

TECHNICIAN: “WELL, WE COULD CUT THAT RUMBLE OUT OF THE SOUND TRACK, STICK A DRAIN IN HIS MOUTH AND . . .”

DR. BERGER: “NO—HE’S *unsuitable*.” He looks at the subject with distaste as if he commit some terrible faux-pas like look for crabs in Mrs Worldly’s drawing room.

TECHNICIAN (RESIGNED AND EXASPERATED): “BRING IN THE CURED SWISH.”

The cured homosexual is brought in—He walks through invisible contours of hot metal. He sits in front of the camera and starts arranging his body in a countrified sprawl. Muscles move into place like autonomous parts of a severed insect. Blank stupidity blurs and softens his face: “Yes,” he nods and smiles, “we like apple pie and we like each other. It’s just as simple as that.” He nods and smiles and nods and smiles and—

“Cut—” screams the Technician. The cured homosexual is led out nodding and smiling.

“Play it back.”

The Artistic Adviser shakes his head: “It lacks something. To be specific, it lacks health.”

BERGER (LEAPS TO HIS FEET): “PREPOSTEROUS! IT’S HEALTH INCARNATE! —”

ARTISTIC ADVISER (primly): “Well if you have anything to enlighten me on this subject I’ll be very glad to hear it, *Doctor* Berger—If you with your brilliant mind can carry the project alone, I don’t know why you *need* an Art Adviser at *all*.” He exists with

hand on hip singing softly: "I'll be around when you're gone."

TECHNICIAN: "Send in the cured writer—He's got *what?* Buddhism?—Oh, he can't talk. Say so at first, whyncha?" He turns to Berger: "The writer can't talk—Overliberated, you might say. Of course we can dub him."

BERGER (sharply): "No, that wouldn't do at all—Send in someone else."

TECHNICIAN: "Those two was my white-haired boys. I put in a hundred hours overtime on those kids for which I am not yet compensate."

BERGER: "APPLY TRIPLICATE—Form 6090."

TECHNICIAN: "You telling me how to apply already? Now look, Doc, you say something once: 'To speak of a healthy homosexual it's like how can a citizen be perfectly healthy with terminal cirrhosis.' Remember?"

BERGER: "OH YES. VERY WELL PUT, OF COURSE," HE SNARLS VICIOUSLY. "I don't pretend to be a *writer*."

He spits the word out with such ugly hate that the Technician reels back appalled.

TECHNICIAN (aside): "I can't bear the smell of him. Like old rotten replica cultures—Like the farts of a maneating plant—Like Schafer's hurumph" (parodies academic manner) "Strange Serpent—What I'm getting at, Doc, is how can you expect a body to be healthy with its brains washed out?—Or put it another way. Can a subject be healthy *in absentia* by proxy already?"

BERGER (leaps up): "I got the health! —All the health! Enough health for the whole world, the whole fuckin world!! I cure everybody! "

The technician looks at him sourly. He mixes a bicarbonate of soda and drinks it and belches into his hand. "Twenty years I've been a martyr to dyspepsia."

Lovable Lu your brainwashed poppa say: "I'm strictly for fish and I luuuuuuve it—Confidentially, girls I use Steely Dan's Yokohama, wouldn't you? Danny Boy never lets you down. Besides it's more hygienic that way and avoids all kinda awful contacts leave a man paralyzed from the waist down. Women have poison juices."

"So I told him, I said: 'Doctor Berger, don't think you can pass your tired old brainwashed belles on me. I'm the oldest faggot in the Upper Baboon's Asshole.' "

that's the way i like to see them

A FUNERAL passes through the market. Black coffin— Arabic inscriptions in filigreed silver—carried by four pallbearers. Procession of mourners singing the funeral song —Gem.and Jody fall in beside them carrying coffin, the corpse of a hog bursts out of it—The hog is dressed in a jellaba, a keif pipe juts from its mouth, one hoof holds a packet of feelthy pictures, a mezuzzoth hangs about its neck—Inscribed on the coffin: “This was the noblest Arab of them all.”

They sing hideous parody of the funeral song in false Arabic. Jody can do a fake Chinese spiel that'll just kill you—like a hysterical ventriloquist's dummy. In fact, he precipitated an anti-foreign riot in Shanghai that claimed 3,000 casualties.

“Stand up, Gertie, and show respect for the local gooks.”

“I suppose one *should*.”

“My dear, I'm working on the most marvellous invention—a boy who disappears as soon as you come leaving
a smell of burning leaves and a sound effect of distant train whistles.”

“The age of consent is when they learn to talk.”

“May all your troubles be little ones as one child molester says to the other.”

“It's really ominous, my dear, when they start trying on your clothes and give you those doppelganger kicks.”

Frantic queen trying to claw sport jacket off departing boy.

“My two hundred cashmere jacket,” she screeches.

“So he has an affair with this Latah, he wants to dominate someone complete the silly old thing—The Latah imitates all his expressions and mannerisms and simply sucks all the persona right out of him like a sinister ventriloquist's dummy—‘You've taught me everything you are— I need a new amigo.’ And poor Babu can't answer for himself, having no self left.”

JUNKY; “SO THERE WE ARE IN THIS NO-HORSE TOWN STRICTLY FROM COUGH SYRUP.”

PROFESSOR: “Coprophilia—gentlemen—might be termed the hurumph—redundant vice.”

“Twenty years an artist in the blue movies and I never sink so low as fake an orgasm.”

“No good junky cunt hang up her unborn child— Women are no

good, kid.”

“I mean this dead level conscious sex—Might as well take your old clothes to the Laundromat.”

“And right in the heat of passion he says, ‘Do you have an extra shoetree?’ ”

“She tell me how forty Arabs drag her into a mosque and rape her presumably in sequence—Though they’re bad to push—all right, end of the line, Ali. Really, my pets, most distasteful routine I ever listen to. It was after being raped myself by a pride of rampant bores.”

A group of sour Nationalists sits in front of the Sargasso sneering at the queens and jabbering in Arabic—Gem and

Jody sweep in dressed like the Capitalists in a communist I mural.

CLEM: “WE HAVE COME TO FEED ON YOUR BACKWARDNESS.”

JODY: “In the words of the Immortal Bard, to batten on these Moors.”

NATIONALIST: “Swine! Filth! Sons of dogs! Don’t you realize my people are hungry?”

CLEM: “That’s the way I like to see them.”

The Nationalist drops dead, poisoned by hate—Dr. Ben-way rushes up: “Stand back everybody, give me air.” He takes a blood sample. “Well, that’s all I can do. When you gotta go you gotta go.”

Sleep long in the valley of the Red River where cobwebs hang black windows and boy bones.

Two Negro fags shriek at each other.

FAG 1: “Shut up, you cheap granuloma gash—You known as Loathesoine Lu in the trade.”

DISEUSE: “The girl with the interesting groin.”

FAG 2: “Meow. Meow.” He slips on leopard skin and iron claws.

FAG 1: “Oh oh. A Society Woman.” He flees screaming through the Market, pursued by the grunting, growling transvestite.

Clem trips a spastic cripple and takes his crutches—He does a hideous parody twitching and drooling.

“Fats” Terminal has organized a purple-assed baboon stick from motorcycles.

The Huntsmen have gathered for the Hunt Breakfast in The Swarm Bar, a hang-out for elegant pansies. The Huntsmen strut about with imbecile narcissism in black leather jackets and studded belts, flexing their muscles for the fags to feel. They ail wear

enormous false baskets. Every now and then one of them throws a fag to the floor and pisses on him.

They are drinking Victory Punch, compounded of paregoric, Spanish Fly, heavy black rum, Napoleon brandy

and canned heat. The punch is served from a great, hollow, gold baboon, crouched in snarling terror, snapping at a spear in his side. You twist the baboon's balls and punch runs out his cock. From time to time hot hors-d'oeuvres pop out the baboon's ass with a loud farting noise. When this happens the Huntsmen roar with bestial laughter, and the fags shriek and twitch.

Master of the Hunt is Captain Everhard, who was drummed out of the Queen's 69th for palming a jock-strap in a game of strip poker. Motorcycles careening, jumping, overturning. Spitted, shrieking, shitting baboons fighting hand to hand with the Huntsmen. Riderless cycles scrabbling about in the dust like crippled insects, attacking baboon and Huntsman.

The Party Leader rides in triumph through yiping crowds. A dignified old man shits at sight of him and tries to sacrifice himself under the wheels of the car.

PARTY LEADER: "Don't sacrifice your old dried up person under the wheels of my brand new Buick Roadmaster Convertible with white-walled tires, hydraulic windows and all the trimmings. It's a chip Arab trick—look to thy accent, Ivan—save it for fertilizer—We refer you to the conversation department to consummate your swell purpose."

The washing boards are down, and the sheets sent to the Laundromat lose those guilty stains—Emanuel prophesies a Second Coming.

There's a boy across the river with an ass like a peach; alas I was no swimmer and lost my Clementine.

The junky sits with needle poised to the message of blood, and the eon man palpates the mark with fingers of rotten ectoplasm.

the parties of interzone

I WAS working for an outfit known at Islam Inc., financed by A.J., the notorious Merchant of Sex, who scandalized international society when he appeared at the Duke de Ventre's ball as a walking penis covered by a huge condom emblazoned with the A.J. motto "They Shall Not Pass."

"Rather bad taste, old boy," said the Duke.

To which A.J. replied: “Up yours with Interzone K.Y.” The reference is to the K.Y. scandal which was still in a larval state at that time. A.J.’s repartee often refers to future events. He is a master of the delayed squelch.

Salvador Hassan O’Leary, the After Birth Tycoon, is also involved. That is, one of his subsidiary companies has made unspecified contributions, and one of his subsidiary personalities is attached to the organization in an advisory capacity without in any way committing himself to, or associating himself with, the policies, actions or objectives of Islam Inc. Mention should also be made of Clem and Jody, the Ergot Brothers, who decimated the Republic of Hassan with poison wheat, Autopsy Ahmed, and Hepatitis Hal, the fruit and vegetable broker.

A rout of Mullah and Muftis and Musseins and Caid and Glaouis and Sheiks and Sultans and Holy Men and representatives of every conceivable Arab party make up the rank and file and attend the actual meetings from which the higher ups prudently abstain. Though the delegates are carefully searched at the door, these gatherings invariably culminate in riots. Speakers are often doused with gasoline and burned to death, or some uncouth desert Sheik opens up on his opponents with a machine gun he had concealed in the belly of a pet sheep. Nationalist martyrs with grenades up the ass mingle with the assembled

I conferents and suddenly explode, occasioning heavy casualties—And there was the occasion when President Ra threw I the British Prime Minister to the ground and forcibly I sodomized him, the spectacle being televised to the entire Arab world. Wild yipes of joy were heard in Stockholm. Interzone has an ordinance forbidding a meeting of Islam Inc. within five miles of the city limits.

A.J.—he is actually of obscure Near East extraction— had at one time come on like an English gentleman. His English accent waned with the British Empire, and after World War II he became an American by Act of Congress. A.J. is an agent like me, but for whom or for what no one has ever been able to discover. It is rumored that he represents a trust of giant insects from another galaxy— I believe he is on the factualist side (which I also represent); of course he could be a Liquefaction Agent (the Liquefaction program involves the eventual merging of everyone into One Man by a process of protoplasmic absorption). You can never be sure of anyone in the industry.

AJ.'s cover story? An international playboy and harmless practical joker. It was A.J. who put the pirhana fish in Lady Sutton-Smith's swimming pool, and dosed the punch with a mixture of Yage, Hashish and Yohimbine during a Fourth of July reception at the U.S. Embassy, precipitating an orgy. Ten prominent citizens—American, of course—subsequently died of shame. Dying of shame is an accomplishment peculiar to Kwakiutl Indians and Americans—others simply say "*Zut alors*" or "*Son cosas de la vida*" or "Allah fucked me, the All Powerful."

And when the Cincinnati Anti-Fluoride Society met to toast their victory in pure spring water, all their teeth dropped out on the spot.

And I say unto you, brothers and sisters of the Anti-Fluoride movement, we have this day struck such a blow for purity as will never call a retreat—Out, I say, with the filthy foreign fluorides! We will sweep this fair land sweet and clean as a young boy's tensed flank—I will now lead you in our theme song "The Old Oaken Bucket."

A well head is lighted by fluorescent lights that play over it in hideous juke-box colors. The Anti-Fluorides file past the well singing as each dips up a drink from the oaken bucket.

"The old oaken bucket, the gold oaken bucket
The glubthlunnubbeth."

A.J. had tampered with the water, inserting a South American vine that turns the gums to mush.

(I hear about this vine from an old German prospector who is dying of uremia in Pasto, Columbia. Supposed to grow in the Putumayo area. Never located any. Didn't try very hard—The same citizen tells me about a bug like a big grasshopper known as the Xiucutil: "Such a powerful aphrodisiac if one flies on you and you can't get a woman right away you will die. I have seen the Indians running around pulling themselves off from the contact with this animal." Unfortunately I never score for a Xiucutil.)

On opening night of the New York Metropolitan, A.J. protected by bug repellent, released a swarm of Xiucutils.

Mrs Vanderbligh swatting at a Xiucutil: "Oh! —Oh! —
OOOOOOOOOH!!! " Screams, breaking glass, ripping cloth. A rising crescendo of grunts and squeals and moans and whimpers and gasps—Diamonds and fur pieces, evening dresses, orchids, suits and underwear litter the floor covered by a writhing, frenzied, heaving mass of naked bodies.

A.J. once reserved a table a year in advance *Chez Robert* where a huge, icy gourmet broods over the greatest cuisine in the world. So baneful and derogatory is his gaze that many a client, under that withering blast has rolled on the floor and pissed all over himself in convulsive attempts to ingratiate.

So A.J. arrives with six Bolivian Indians who chew coca leaves between courses. And when Robert, in all his gourmet majesty, bears down on the table, A.J. looks up and yells: “Hey, Boy! Bring me some ketchup.”

(Alternative: A.J. whips out a bottle of ketchup and douses the haute cuisine.)

Thirty gourmets stop chewing at once. You could have heard a *soufflé* drop. As for Robert, he lets out a bellow of rage like a wounded elephant, runs to the kitchen and arms himself with a meat cleaver—The Sommelier snarls hideously, his face turning a strange iridescent purple— He breaks off a bottle of Brut Champagne—’26—Pierre, the Head Waiter, snatches up a boning knife. All three chase A.J. through the restaurant with mangled inhuman screams of rage—Tables overturn, vintage wines and matchless food crash to the floor—Cries of “Lynch him!” ring through the air. An elderly gourmet with the insane bloodshot eyes of a mandril, is fashioning a hangman’s knot with a red velvet curtain cord—Seeing himself cornered and in imminent danger of dismemberment at least, A J. plays his trump card—He throws back his head and lets out a hog call; and a hundred famished frogs he had stationed nearby rush into the restaurant, slopping the haute cuisine. Like a great tree Robert falls to the floor in a stroke where he is eaten by the hogs: “Poor bastards don’t know enough to appreciate him,” says A.J.

Robert’s brother Paul emerges from retirement in a local nut house and takes over the restaurant to dispense something he calls the “Transcendental Cuisine”—Imperceptibly the quality of the food declines until he is serving literal garbage, the clients being too intimidated by the reputation of *Chez Robert* to protest.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS Sample Menu:

The Clear Camel Piss Soup with boiled Earth Worms

The Filet of Sim-Ripened Sting Ray basted with Eau de Cologne and garnished with nettles

The After-Birth Supreme de Bceuf, cooked in drained crank case oil,

served with a piquant sauce of rotten egg yolks and crushed bed bugs
The Limburger Cheese sugar cured in diabetic urine doused in
Canned Heat Flamboyant.

So the clients are quietly dying of botulism—Then A.J. returns with an entourage of Arab refugees from the Middle East. He takes one mouthful and screams:

“Garbage God damn it. Cook this wise citizen in his own swill! ”

And so the legend of A.J. the laughable, lovable eccentric grew and grew—Fadeout to Venice—Gondoliers singing and pathic cries swell up from San Marco and Harry’s.

A.J. rushes across San Marco slashing at pigeons with a cutlass: “Bastards! Sons of bitches! ” he screams—He staggers aboard his barge, a monstrous construction in gilt and pink and blue with sails of purple velvet. He is dressed in a preposterous naval uniform covered with braid and ribbons and medals, dirty and torn, the coat buttoned in the wrong holes—A.J. walks to a huge reproduction of a Greek urn topped by a gold statue of a boy with an erection. He twists the boy’s balls and a jet of champagne spurts into his mouth. He wipes his mouth and looks around.

“Where are my Nubians, God damn it?” he yells.

His secretary looks up from a comic book: “Juicing —Chasing cunt.”

“Goldbricking (cocksuckers). Where’s a man without his Nubians?”

“Take a gondola whyncha?”

“A gondola?” A.J. screams. “I put out for this cock-sucker I should ride in a gondola already? Reef the mainsail and ship the oars, Mr. Hyslop—I’m gonna make with the auxiliary.” Mr. Hyslop shrugs resignedly. With one finger he begins punching a switchboard—The sails drop, the oars draw into the hull.

“And turn on the perfume whyncha? The canal stinks up a breeze.”

“Gardenia? Sandlewood?”

“Naw. Ambrosia.” Mr. Hyslop presses another button and a thick cloud of perfume settles over the barge. A J. is seized with a fit of coughing.

“Make with the fans! ” he yells. “I’m suffocatin’! ” Mr. Hyslop is coughing into a handkerchief. He presses a button. Fans whirl and thin out the ambrosia. A.J. installs himself at the rudder on a raised dais. “Contact! ” The barge begins to vibrate. “Avanti, God damn it!

” AJ. yells and the barge takes off across the canal at a tremendous speed overturning gondolas full of tourists, missing the motoscafi by inches, veering from one side of the canal to the other (the wake washes over the sidewalks drenching passers-by) shattering a fleet of moored gondolas, and finally piles up against a pier, spins out into the middle of the canal—A column of water spurts six feet in the air from a hole in the hull.

“Man the pumps, Mr. Hyslop. She’s shipping water.” The barge gives a sudden lurch throwing A.J. into the canal.

“Abandon ship, God damn it! Every man for himself! ” Fadeout to Mambo music.

The inauguration of Escuela Amigo, a school for delinquent boys of Latin American origin, endowed by AJ. Faculty. Boys and press attending. AJ. staggers out onto a platform draped with American flags.

“In the immortal words of Father Flannegan there is no such thing as a bad boy—Where’s the statuary, God damn it?”

TECHNICIAN: “YOU WANT IT NOW?”

A.J.: “What you think I’m doing here Furthuchrisakes? I should unveil the son of a bitch *in absentia*?”

TECHNICIAN: “All right—All *right*. Coming right up.” The statue is towed out by a Graham Hymie tractor and placed in front of the platform. A.J. presses a button. Turbines start imder the platform, rising to a deafening whine. Wind blows the red velvet drapes off the statue. They tangle around the Faculty members in the front row —Qouds of dust and debris whip through the spectators. The sirens slowly subside. The Faculty disengages itself from the drapes —Everyone is looking at the statue in breathless silence.

FATHER GONZALEZ: “MOTHER OF GOD! ”

THE MAN FROM *Time*: “I don’t believe it”

Daily News: “It’s nothing but fruity.”

Chorus of whistles from the boys.

A monumental creation in shiny pink stone stands revealed as the dust settles. A naked boy is bending over a sleeping comrade with evident intention to waken him with a flute. One hand is holding the flute, the other reaching for a piece of cloth draped over the sleeper’s middle. The cloth bulges suggestively. Both boys wear a flower behind the ear, identical expressions, dreamy and brutal, depraved and innocent. This creation tops a limestone pyramid on which is inscribed in letters of porcelain mosaic—pink

and blue and gold—the school motto: *"With it and for it."*

A.J. lurches forward and breaks a champagne bottle across the boy's taut buttocks.

"And remember, boys, that's where the champagne comes from,"

Manhattan .Serenade.

A.J. and entourage start into New York night club. A.J. is leading a purple-assed baboon on a gold chain. A J. is dressed in checked linen plus fours with a cashmere jacket.

MANAGER: *"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. What's that?"*

A.J.: "It's an Illyrian poodle. Choicest beast a man can latch onto. It'll raise the tone of your trap."

MANAGER: "I suspect it to be a purple-assed baboon and it stands outside."

STOOGES: "Don't you know who this is? It's A.J., last of the big time spenders."

MANAGER: "Leave him take his purple-assed bastard and big time spend some place else."

A.J. stops in front of another club and looks in. "Elegant fags and old cunts. God damn it! We come to the right place. Avanti, ragassi! "

He drives a gold stake into the floor and pickets the baboon. He begins talking in elegant tones, his stooges filling in.

"Fantastic! "

"Monstrous! "

"Utter heaven! "

AJ. puts a long cigarette holder in his mouth. The holder is made of some obscenely flexible material. It swings and undulates as if endowed with loathsome reptilian life.

AJ.: "So there I was flat on my stomach at thirty thousand feet."

Several nearby fags raise their heads like animals scenting danger. AJ. leaps to his feet with an inarticulate snarl.

"You purple-assed cocksucker! " he screams. "I'll teach you to shit on the floor! " He pulls a whip from his umbrella and cuts the baboon across the ass. The baboon screams and tears loose the stake. He leaps on the next table and climbs up an old woman who dies of heart failure on the spot.

A.J.: "Sorry, lady. Discipline you know."

In a frenzy he whips the baboon from one end of the bar to the other. The baboon, screaming and snarling and shitting with terror,

climbs over the clients, runs up and down on top of the bar, swings from drapes and chandeliers.

A.J.: “You’ll straighten up and shit right or you won’t be inna condition to shit one way or the other.”

STOOGIE: “YOU ought to be ashamed of yourself upset-tin’ A.J. after all he’s done for you.”

A.J.: “Ingrates! Every one of them ingrates! Take it from an old queen.”

Of course no one believes this cover story. A.J. claims to be an “independent”, which is to say: “Mind your own business.” There are no independents any more—The Zone swarms with every variety of dupe but there are no neutrals there. A neutral at A.J.’s level is of course unthinkable.

Hassan is a notorious liquefactionist and suspect to be a secret Sender—“Shucks, boys,” he says with a disarming grin, “I’m just a blooming old cancer and I gotta proliferate.” He picks up a Texas accent associating with Dry Hole Dutton, the Dallas wildcatter, and he wears cowboy boots and ten-gallon hat at all times indoors and out—His eyes are invisible behind black glasses, his face smooth and blank as wax above a well-cut suit made entirely from immature high denomination bank notes. (Bank notes are in fact currency, but they must mature before they can be negotiated—Bank notes run as high as one million clams a note.)

“They keep hatching out all over me,” he says shyly— “It’s like, gee, I don’t know how to say it. It’s like I was a Mummy scorpion carrying those little baby notes around on my warm body and feeling them grow—Gosh I hope I don’t bore you with all this.”

Salvador, known as Sally to his friends—he always keeps a few “friends” around and pays them by the hour—got cured (to get cured means to get rich. Expression used by Texas oil men) in the slunk business in World War II. (Slunks are underage calves trailing afterbirths and bacteria, generally in an unsanitary and unfit condition. A calf may not be sold as food until it reaches a minimum age of six weeks. Prior to that time it is classified as a slunk. Slunk trafficking is subject to a heavy penalty.) The Pure Food and Drug Department have this picture in their files, a heavy faced man with an embalmed look as if paraffin had been injected under the skin which is smooth, shiny and poreless. One eye is dead grey color, round as a marble with flaws and opaque spots. The other is black and shiny, an old undreaming insect eye.

His eyes are normally invisible behind black glasses. He looks sinister and enigmatic—his gestures and mannerisms are not yet comprehensible—like the secret police of a larval state.

In moments of excitement Salvador is apt to lapse into broken English. His accent at such moments suggests an Italian origin. He reads and speaks Etruscan.

A squad of accountant investigators have made a life work of Sal's international dossier—His operations extend through the world in an inextricable, shifting web of subsidiaries, front companies, and aliases. He has held 23 passports and been deported 49 times—deportation proceedings pending in Cuba, Pakistan, Hongkong and Yokohama.

Salvador Hassan O'Leary, alias The Shoe Store Kid. alias Wrong Way Marv, alias After Birth Leary, alias Skunky Pete, alias Placenta Juan, alias K.Y. Ahmed, alias El Chinche, alias El Culito, etc., etc. for fifteen solid pages of dossier, first tangled with the law in NYC where he was traveling with a character known to the Brooklyn police as Blubber Wilson, who hustled his goof ball money shaking down fetishists in shoe stores. Hassan was charged with third degree extortion and conspiracy to impersonate a police officer. He had learnt the shakeman's Number One rule: D.T.—Ditch Tin—which corresponds to the pilot's KFS—Keep Flying Speed—As the Vigilante puts it: "If you get a rumble, kid, ditch your piece of tin if you have to swallow it." So they didn't bust him with a queer badge. Hassan testified against Wilson, who drew Pen Indef. (longest term possible under New York law for a misdemeanor conviction. Nominally an indefinite sentence, it means three years in Riker's Island). Hassan's case was nolle pressed. "I'd have drawn a nickel,"- Hassan said, "if I hadn't met a decent cop." Hassan met a decent cop every time he took a fall. His dossier contains three pages of monikers indicating his proclivity for cooperating with the law, "playing ball" the cops call it. Others call it something else: Ab the Fuzz Lover, Finky Marv, The Crooning Hebe, Ali the Stool, Wrongo Sal, The Wailing Spic, The Sheeny Soprano, The Bronx Opera House, The Copper's Djinn, The Answering Service, The Squeaking Syrian, The Crowing Cocksucker, The Musical Fruit, The Wrong Ass Hole, The Fairy Fink, Leary the Nark, The Lilting Leprechaun—Grassy Gert.

He opened a sex shop in Yokohama, pushed junk in Beirut, pimped in Panama. During World War II he shifted into high, took

over a dairy in Holland and cut the butter with used axle grease, cornered the K.Y. market in North Africa, and finally hit the jackpot with slunks. He prospered and proliferated, flooding the world with cut medicines and cheap counterfeit goods of every variety. Adulterated shark repellent, cut antibiotics, condemned parachutes, stale anti-venom, inactive vaccines, leaking lifeboats.

Clem and Jody, two oldtime vaudeville hoofers, cope out as Russian agents whose sole function is to represent the

U.S. in an unpopular light. When arrested for sodomy in Indonesia, Gem said to the examining magistrate:

“’Tain’t as if it was being queer. After all they’s only Gooks.”

They appeared in Liberia dressed in black Stetsons and red galluses:

“So I shoot that old nigger and he flop on his side one leg up in the air just akicking.”

“Yeah, but you ever burn a nigger?”

They are always pacing around Bidonvilles smoking huge cigars:

“Haveta get some bulldozers in here Jody. Gean out all this crap.”

Morbid crowds follow them about hoping to witness some superlative American outrage.

“Thirty years in show business and I never handle such a routine like this. I gotta dispossess a Bidonville, give myself a bang of H, piss on the Black Stone, make with the Prayer Call whilst dressed in my hog suit, cancel Lend Lease and molest a child simultaneous—What, am I an octopus already?” Gem complains.

They are conspiring to kidnap the Black Stone with a helicopter and substitute a hog pen, the hogs trained to give the Bronx cheer when the pilgrims show. “We try to train them squealing bastards to sing: Three cheers for the Red White and Blue, but it can’t be done.”

“We connect for that wheat with Ali Wong Chapultepec in Panama. He tells us it is a high grade of shit this Finnish skipper die inna local jump joint and leave this cargo to the madame—‘She was like a mother to me,’ he says and those were his last words—So we buy it in good faith off the old gash. Laid ten pieces of H on her.”

“Good H too. Good Aleppo H.”

“Just enough milk sugar to keep her strength up.”

“We should look a gift horse in the ass already?”

“Isn’t it true that when you got to Has san you cave a banquet

for the Caid and served couscous made from the wheat?"

"We sure did. And you know those citizens were so loaded on that marijuana they all wig inna middle of the banquet—Me, I just had bread and milk—ulcers you know."

"Likewise."

"So they all run around screaming they is on fire and the bulk of them die the following morning."

"And the rest the morning after that."

"What they expect already when they rot theirselves with Eastern vices?"

"Funny thing those citizens turn all black and their legs drop off."

"Horrible result of marijuana addiction."

"The very same thing occurred to me."

"So we deal directly with the old Sultan who is being a well-known Latah. After that everything is plain sailing you might say."

"But you wouldn't believe it, certain disgruntled elements chased us right down to our launch."

"Handicapped somewhat by lack of legs."

"And a condition in the head."

(Ergot is a fungus disease grows on bad wheat. During the Middle Ages Europe was periodically decimated by outbreaks of Ergotism, which was called St. Anthony's fire. Gangrene frequently supervenes, the legs turn black and drop off.)

They unload a shipment of condemned parachutes on the Eucadorian Air Force. Manoeuvres: Boys plummet streaming 'chutes like broken condoms splash young blood over pot-bellied generals—shattering wake of sound as Clem and Jody disappear over the Andes in jet getaway.

The exact objectives of Islam Inc. are obscure. Needless to say everyone involved has a different angle, and they all intend to cross each other up somewhere along the line.

A.J. is agitating for the destruction of Israel: "With all this feeling against the West a chap has a spot of bother scoring for the young Arab amenities—The situation is little short of intolerable—Israel constitutes a downright inconvenience." Typical A.J. cover story.

Clem and Jody give out they are interested in the destruction of Near East oil fields to boost the value of their Venezuelan holdings.

Clem writes a number to the tune of "Crawdad" (Big Bill

Bronzy).

What you gonna do when the oil goes dry?

Gonna sit right there and watch those Arabs die.

Salvador emits a thick screen of international finance to cloak, at least from the rank and file, his liquefactionist activities—But over a few stiff yages he lets his hair down among friends.

“Islam is jellied consommé already,” he says, dancing the Liquefactionist Jig—And then, unable to contain himself, he bursts into a hideous falsetto:

It's trembling on the brink One push and down it sink Hey, Maw, get ready my veil.

Well, these citizens have engaged the services of a Brooklyn Jew who passes himself off as the second coming of Mohammed—In fact Doctor Benway delivered him by Caesarian section from a Holy Man in Mecca.

“If Ahmed won’t come out—We’ll go in and get him.”

This shameless plant is accepted without question by the gullible Arabs.

“Nice folk, these Arabs—Nice ignorant folk,” Clem says.

So this phony gives out with daily Surahs on the radio: “Now Friends of the radio audience, this is Ahmed your friendly prophet—Today I’d like to talk about the importance of being dainty and kissin’ fresh at all times— Friends, use Jody’s chlorophyll tablets and be sure.”

Now a word about the parties of Interzone.

It will be immediately clear that the Liquefaction Party is, except for one man, entirely composed of dupes, it not being clear until the final absorption who is whose dupe— The Liquefactionists are much given to every form of perversion, especially sado-masochistic practices.

Liquefactionists in general know what the score is. The Senders, on the other hand, are notorious for their ignorance of the nature and terminal state of sending, for barbarous and self-righteous manners, and for rabid fear of any *fact*—It may be said that only a very few Senders know what they are doing and these top senders are the most dangerous and evil men in the world—Techniques of Sending were crude at first. Fade out to the National Electronic Conference in Chicago.

The Conferants are putting on their overcoats—The speaker talks in a fiat shopgirl voice:

“In closing I want to sound a word of warning—The logical extension of encephalographic research is biocontrol; that is control of physical movement, mental processes, emotional reactions and *apparent* sensory impressions by means of bio-electric signals injected into the nervous system of the subject.”

“Louder and funnier!” The Conferants are trouping out in clouds of dust.

“Shortly after birth a surgeon could install connections in the brain. A miniature radio receiver could be plugged in and the subject controlled from State-controlled transmitters.”

Dust settles through the windless air of a vast empty hall—smell of hot iron and steam; a radiator sings in the distance—The Speaker shuffles his notes and blows dust off them.

“The biocontrol apparatus is prototype of one-way telepathic control. The subject could be rendered susceptible to the transmitter by drugs or other processing without installing any apparatus. Ultimately the Senders will use telepathic transmitting exclusively—Ever dig the Mayan codices? I figure it like this: the priests—about one per cent of population—made with one-way telepathic broadcasts/instructing the workers what to feel and when—A telepathic sender has to send all the time. He can never receive, because if he receives that means someone else has feelings of his own could louse up his continuity. The sender has to send all the time, but he can’t ever recharge himself by contact. Sooner or later he’s got no feelings to send. You can’t have feelings alone. Not alone like the Sender is alone—and you dig there can only be one Sender at one place-time—Finally the screen goes dead —The Sender has turned into a huge centipede—So the workers come in on the beam and bum the centipede and elect a new Sender by consensus of the general will—The Mayans were limited by isolation—Now one Sender could control the planet—*You see control can never be a means to any practical end—It can never be a means to anything but more control—Like junk.*”

The Divisionists occupy a mid-way position, could in fact be termed moderates—They are called Divisionists because they literally divide. They cut off tiny bits of their flesh and grow exact replicas of themselves in embryo jelly. It seems probable, unless the process of division is halted, that eventually there will be only one replica of one sex on the planet: that is one person in the world with millions of separate bodies—Are these bodies actually

independent, and could they in time develop varied characteristics? I doubt it. Replicas must periodically recharge with the Mother Cell. This is an article of faith with the Divisionists, who live in fear of a replica revolution— Some Divisionists think that the process can be halted short of the eventual monopoly of one replica. They say: “Just let me plant a few more replicas all over so I won’t be lonely when I travel—” And we must strictly control the division of Undesirables—Every replica but your own is eventually an “Undesirable”. Of course if someone starts inundating an area with Identical Replicas, everyone knows what is going on. The other citizens are subject to declare a “Schluppit” (wholesale massacre of all identifiable replicas). To avoid extermination of their replicas, citizens dye, distort, and alter them with face and body molds. Only the most abandoned and shameless characters venture to manufacture I.R.s—Identical Replicas.

A cretinous albino Caid, product of a long line of recessive genes (tiny toothless mouth lined with black hairs, body of a huge crab, claws instead of arms, eyes projected on stalks) accumulated 20,000 I.R.s.

“As far as the eye can see, nothing but replicas,” he says, crawling around on his terrace and speaking in strange insect chirps. “I don’t have to skulk around like a nameless asshole growing replicas in my cesspool and sneaking them out disguised as plumbers and delivery men —My replicas don’t have their dazzling beauty marred by plastic surgery and barbarous dye and bleach processes. They stand forth naked in the sun for all to see, in their incandescent loveliness of body, face and soul. I have made them in my image and enjoined them to increase and multiply geometric for they shall inherit the earth.”

A professorial witch was called in to make Sheik Arachnid’s replica cultures forever sterile—As the witch was preparing to loose a blast of anti-orgones, Benway told him: “Don’t knock yourself out. Frederick’s atopia will clean out that replica nest. I studied neurology under Professor Fingerbottom in Vienna—and he knew every nerve in your body. Magnificent old thing—Came to a sticky end—His faffing pites blew out the Due de Ventre’s Hispano Suiza and wrapped around the rear wheel. He was completely gutted, leaving an empty shell sitting there on the giraffe skin upholstery—Even the eves and brain went with a horrible schlupping sound. The Due de Ventre says he will carry that ghastly schlup to his

mausoleum.”

Since there is no sure way to detect a disguised replica (though every Divisionist has some method he considers infallible) the Divisionists are hysterically paranoid. If some citizen ventures to express a liberal opinion, another citizen invariably snarls: “What are you? Some stinking Nigger’s bleached-out replica?”

The casualties in barroom fights are staggering. In fact the fear of negro replicas—which may be blond and blueeyed—has depopulated whole regions. The Divisionists are all latent or overt homosexuals. Evil old queens tell the young boys: “If you go with a woman your replicas won’t grow.” And citizens are forever putting the hex on someone else’s replica cultures. Cries of: “Hex my culture will you, Biddy Blair! ” followed by sound effects of mayhem, continually ring through the quarter—The Divisionists are much given to the practice of black magic in general, and they have innumerable formulas of varying efficacy for destroying the Mother Cell, also known as the Protoplasm Daddy, by torturing or killing a captured replica—The authorities have finally given up the attempt to control, among the Divisionists, the crimes of murder and unlicensed production of replicas. But they do stage pre-election raids and destroy vast replica cultures in the mountainous regions of the Zone where replica moonshiners hole up.

Sex with a replica is strictly forbidden and almost universally practised. There are queer bars where shameless citizens openly consort with their replicas. House detectives stick their heads into hotel rooms saying: “Have you got a replica in here?”

Bars subject to be inundated by low class replica lovers put up signs in ditto marks: “ “ss Will Not Be Served Here—It may be said the the average Divisionist lives in a continual crisis of fear and rage, unable to achieve either the self-righteous complacency of the Senders or the relaxed depravity of the Liquefactionists—However the parties are not in practice separate but blend in all combinations.

save proof through the night

WE ARE not unaware of the problem, and the needs of our constituents are never out of our mind being their place of residence and who can break a thirty-nine year synapses lease?

Iris—half Chinese and half Negro—addicted to dihydro-oxyheroin—takes a shot every fifteen minutes to which end she

leaves droppers and needles sticking out all over her. The needles rust in her dry flesh, which, here and there, has grown completely over a joint to form a smooth green brown wen. On the table in front of her is a samovar of tea and a twenty-pound hamper of brown sugar. No one has ever seen her eat anything else. It is only just before a shot that she hears what anyone says or talks herself. Then she makes some flat, factual statement relative to her own person.

“My asshole is occluding.”

“My cunt got terrible green juices.”

Iris is one of Benway's projects. “The human body can run on sugar alone, God damn it—I am aware that certain of my learned colleagues, who are attempting to belittle my genius work, claim that I put vitamins and proteins into Iris's sugar clandestinely—I challenge these nameless assholes to crawl up out of their latrines and run a spot analysis on Iris's sugar and her tea. Iris is a wholesome American cunt. I deny categorically that she nourishes herself on semen. And let me take this opportunity to state that I am a reputable scientist, not a charlatan, a lunatic, or a pretended worker of miracles—I never claimed that Iris could subsist exclusively on photo-synthesis—I did not say she could breathe in carbon dioxide and give off oxygen—I confess I have been tempted to experiment being of course restrained by my medical ethics—In short, the vile slanders of my creeping opponents will inevitably fall back onto them and come to roost like a homing stool pigeon.”

In fact a whole clan of Europeans has moved in next to me—Strange visitors, presumably relatives—One of them wears as glasses those gadgets jewelers screw into their eyes to examine stones—Probably a diamond-cutter on the skids—The man who loused up the Throckmorton diamond and was drummed out of the industry.

All these jewelers standing around the diamond in their frock coats, waiting on The Man. An error of one thousandth of an inch ruins the rock complete and they have to import this character special from Amsterdam to do the job—So he reels in dead drunk with a huge air hammer and pounds the diamond to dust.

I don't check these citizens—Dope peddlers from Aleppo?—Slunk traffickers from Buenos Aires? Illegal diamond buyers from Johannesburg?—Slave traders from Somaliland? Collaborators at the very least

The lavatory has been locked for three hours solid— I think they are using it for an operating room.

NURSE: "ADRENALIN, DOCTOR?"

DR. BENWAY: "The night porter shot it all up for kicks." He looks around and picks up one of those rubber vacuum cups at the end of a stick they use to unstop toilets— He advances on the patient—"Make an incision, Doctor Limpf," he says to his appalled assistant—"I'm going to massage the heart."

Dr. Limpf shrugs and begins the incision. Dr. Benway washed, the suction cup by swishing it around in the toilet-bowl.

NURSE: "Shouldn't it be sterilized, doctor?"

DR. BENWAY: "Very likely but there's no time." He sits on the suction cup like a can seat watching his assistant make the incision—"You young squirts couldn't lance a pimple without an electric vibrating scalpel with automatic drain and suture—Soon we'll be operating by remote control on patients we never see—We'll be nothing but button pushers. All the skill is going out of surgery—All the know-how and make-do—Did I ever tell you about the time I performed an appendectomy with a rusty sardine can? And once I was caught short without instrument one and removed an uterine tumor with my teeth. That was in the Upper Effendi, and besides."

DR. LIMPF: "THE INCISION IS READY, DOCTOR."

Dr. Benway forces the cup into the incision and works it up and down. Blood spurts over the doctors, the nurse and the wall—The cup makes a horrible sucking sound. NURSE: "I think she's gone, doctor."

DR. BENWAY: "Well, it's all in the day's work." He walks across the room to a medicine cabinet—"Some fucking drug addict has cut my cocaine with Saniflush. Nurse, send the boy out to fill this Rx on the double." Dr. Benway is operating in an auditorium filled with students: "Now, boys, you won't see this operation performed very often and there's a reason for that—Fact is it has absolutely no practical value. Did any of you ever see Dr. Tetrizzini perform? I say perform advisedly because his operations were performances. He would start by throwing a scalpel across the room into the patient and then make his entrance like a ballet dancer. His speed was incredible: 'I don't give them time to die,' he would snarl, advancing on a tumor like a knife-fighter."

A young man leaps down into the operating theatre and, whipping out a scalpel, advances on the patient.

DR. BENWAY: "AN espontaneo! Stop him before he guts my patient! "

(*Espontaneo* is a bull-fighting term for a member of the audience who leaps down into the ring, pulls out a concealed cape and attempts a few passes with the bull before he is dragged out of the ring.)

The orderlies scuffle with the espontaneo, who is finally ejected from the hall. The anaesthetist takes advantage of the confusion to pry a large gold filling from the patient's mouth.

I am passing room 10 they moved me out of yesterday ■—Maternity case I assume—Bedpans full of blood and Kotex and nameless female substances, enough to pollute a continent—If someone comes to visit me in my old room he will think I gave birth to a monster and the State Department is trying to hush it up.

Music from / *am an American*—An elderly man in the striped pants and cutaway of a diplomat stands on a platform draped with the American flag. A decayed, corseted tenor—bursting out of a Daniel Boone costume— is singing the *Star Spangled Banner*, accompanied by a full orchestra. He sings with a slight lisp.

THE DIPLOMAT (reading from a great scroll of ticker tape that keeps growing and tangling around his feet): "And we categorically deny that *any* male citizen of the United States of America."

TENOR: "Oh, thay can you thee—" His voice shoots up to a high falsetto.

In the control room the technician mixes a bicarbonate of soda and belches into his hand: "God damned tenor's a brown artist! " he mutters sourly. "Mike! rumph," the shout ends in a belch. "Cut that swish fart off the air and give him his purple slip. He's through as of now— Put in that sex-changed Liz athlete—She's a fulltime tenor at least—*Costume?* How in the fuck should I know? I'm no dress designer swish from the costume department! *What's that?* The entire costume department occluded as a security risk? What am I, an octopus? Let's see—How about an Indian routine? Pocahontas or Hiawatha?—No, that's not right. Some citizen cracks wise about giving it back to the Indians—A Civil War uniform, the coat North and the pants South like it show they got together again?

She can come on like Buffalo Bill or Paul Revere or that citizen wouldn't give up the shit, I mean the ship, or a G.I. or a Doughboy or the Unknown Soldier—That's the best deal—Cover her with a monument, that way nobody has to look at her."

The Lesbian, concealed in a *papier maché Arc de Triomphe*, fills her great lungs and looses a tremendous bellow.

“Oh say do that Star Spangled Banner yet wave.”

A great rent rips the *Arc de Triomphe* from top to bottom. The diplomat puts a hand to his forehead.

THE DIPLOMAT: “That any male citizen of the United States has given birth in Interzone or at any other place.”

“O’er the land of the FREEEEEEEEEEEE.”

The Diplomat’s mouth is moving but no one can hear him. The Technician claps his hands over his ears: “Mother of God! ” he screams. His plate begins to vibrate like a Jew’s harp, suddenly flies out of his mouth—He snaps at it irritably, misses, and covers his mouth with one hand.

The *Arc de Triomphe* falls with a ripping, splintering crash, reveals the Lesbian standing on a pedestal clad only in a leopard-skin jockstrap with enormous false basket— She stands there smiling stupidly and flexing her muscles —The technician is crawling around on the control room floor looking for his plate and shouting unintelligible orders: “Thess thupper thonic!! Thut ur oth thu thair! ”

THE DIPLOMAT (WIPING SWEAT FROM HIS BROW): “TO ANY CREATURE OF ANY TYPE OR DESCRIPTION.”

“And the home of the brave.”

The Diplomat’s face is grey. He staggers, trips in the scroll, sags against the rail, blood pouring from eyes, nose and mouth, dying of cerebral hemorrhage.

THE DIPLOMAT (barely audible). “The Department denies—un-American—It’s been destroyed—I mean it never was—Categor—”
Dies.

In the Control Room instrument panels are blowing out —great streamers of electricity crackle through the room— The Technician, naked, his body burned black, staggers about like a figure in *Götterdämmerung*, screaming: “Thubber thonic!! Oth thu thair!!! ” A final blast reduces the Technician to a cinder.

“Gave proof through the night That our flag was still there.”

Habit Notes.

Shooting Eukodol every two hours. I have a place where I can slip my needle right into a vein, it stays open like a red, festering mouth, swollen and obscene, gathers a slow drop of blood and pus after the shot.

Eukodol is a chemical variation of codeine-dihydro-oxi-codeine.

This stuff comes on more like C than M—When you shoot Coke in the mainline there is a rush of pure pleasure to the head—Ten minutes later you want another shot— The pleasure of morphine is in the viscera—You listen down into yourself after a shot—But intravenous C is electricity through the brain, activating cocaine pleasure connections—There is no withdrawal syndrome with C. It is a need of the brain alone—a need without body and without feeling. Earth-bound ghost need. The craving for C lasts only a few hours as long as the C channels are stimulated. Then you forget it. Eukodol is like a combination of junk and C. Trust the Germans to concoct some really evil shit. Eukodol is six times stronger than codeine. Heroin six times stronger than morphine. Dihydro-oxi-heroin should be six times stronger than heroin. Quite possible to develop a drug so habit-forming that one shot would cause lifelong addiction.

Habit Note continued: Picking up needle I reach spontaneously for the tie-up cord with my left hand. This I take as a sign I can hit the one useable vein in my left arm. (The movements of tying up are such that you normally tie up the arm with which you reach for the cord.) The needle slides in on the edge of a callous. I feel around. Suddenly a thin column of blood shoots up into the syringe, for a moment as sharp and solid as a red cord.

The body knows what veins you can hit and conveys this knowledge in the spontaneous movements you make preparing to take a shot—Sometimes the needle points like a dowzer's wand. Sometimes I must wait for the message. But when it comes I always hit blood.

A red orchid bloomed at the bottom of the dropper. He hesitated for a full second, then pressed the bulb, watching the liquid rush into the vein as if sucked by the silent thirst of his blood. There was an iridescent, thin coat of blood left in the dropper, and the white paper collar was soaked through with blood like a bandage. He reached over and filled the dropper with water. As he squirted the water out, the one shot hit him in the stomach, a soft sweet blow.

Look down at my filthy trousers, haven't been changed in months—The days glide by strung on a syringe with a long thread of blood—I am forgetting sex and all sharp pleasures of the body—a grey, junk-bound ghost. The Spanish boys call me El Hombre Invisible—the Invisible Man.

Lee took the bus over a long viaduct to reach the Island of Land's Wadt. The bus was sixty feet long with an intricate arrangement of seats and swings and benches on various levels. The bus had been standing still for a long time. Customs Officials moved through the bus stopping to dope-out and munch fruit with boneless gums.

Lee grabbed a spastic's crutch and charged the passport line screaming, "I'm going to have a baby. Stamp it quick. No good conditions. Typical sights leak out."

The Customs Official held Lee's passport swaying back and forth, his knees folding slightly. He put the passport against a partition and leaned his weight on the seal and nodded-out. Lee rocked him back gently and stepped into a dusty warehouse. People stood around spitting and talking and nodding-out a sort of primitive English with hiatuses and oblique time-switches, the words hanging in the air like winter breath. Lee noticed that everything was covered with a soft grey metal like cold melted solder. Slow word fallout. Lee checked into a red brick hotel called Time Hotel. While he was washing, there was a muffled knock and a boy entered the room muttering unknown names—The boy had a smooth yellow face and brown eyes that caught points of light in the dim hotel room.

"It's dangerous, you dig, like I have to get this Rx— I know a croaker might write. Come on."

"Wait here," said the boy. "I don't want him to rumble you. This old croaker sometimes his motor center give out and he can't move —But if you catch him at the right intersection he's an A.O. Automatic Obedient. And he don't know who's talking, Anyhoo, who does?"

Lee wait two hours in a deserted Automat the tables and chairs covered with the grey paste and walked the empty street under a soft steady rain of metal word-fallout. "He wrote finally—I had to fuck his old lady with a strap on— Her horrible old cunt digest the rubber."

The druggist started back with a cry of rage "Oh no! "

"We don't do that kind of business."

"What are you, the doctor?"

"Do yourself one favor and beat it."

"We don't handle it," she said looking pointedly at the boy's fly.

More and more static at the Drug Store, muttering of control like

a telephone off the hook—Spent all day until 6 p.m. to score for two boxes of Eukodol.

Running out of veins and out of money.

Last night I woke up with someone squeezing my hand.

It was my other hand—Fall asleep reading and the words take on code significance—Obsessed with codes—Man contracts a series of diseases which spell out a code message.

Take a shot in front of D.L. Probing for a vein in my dirty bare foot—Junkies have no shame—They are impervious to the repugnance of others. It is doubtful if shame can exist in the absence of sexual libido—The junky's shame disappears with his nonsexual sociability which is also dependent on libido—The addict regards his body impersonally as an instrument to absorb the medium in which he lives, evaluates his tissue with the cold hands of a horse dealer. "No use trying to hit there." Dead fish eyes flick over a ravaged vein.

Using a new type of sleeping pill called Soneryl—You don't feel sleepy—You shift to sleep without transition, fall abruptly into the middle of a dream—I have been years in a prison camp suffering from malnutrition.

Reading the paper—Something about a triple murder in the rue de Mende, Paris: "An adjusting of scores"—I keep slipping away—"The police have identified the author—Pepe El Culio—The Little Ass Hole, an affectionate diminutive." Does it really say that?—I try to focus the words—they separate in meaningless mosaic.

expense account

FUMBLING through faded tape at the pick-up frontier, a languid grey area of hiatus miasmic with yawns and gaping goof holes, Lee found out that the young junky standing there in his room at 10 a.m. was back from two months' skin diving in Corsica and off the junk.

"Here to show off his new body," Lee decided with a shudder of morning junk sickness. He knew that he was seeing—all yes Miguel thank you—three months back sitting in the Metropole nodded out over a stale yellow éclair that would poison a cat two hours later, decided that the effort involved in seeing Miguel at all 10 a.m. was enough without the intolerable chore of correcting an error—"what is this a fucking farm?") which would also entail current picture of Miguel in much used areas like some

great, inconvenient beast of an object on top in the suitcase.

"You look marvellous," he said, wiping away the more obvious signs of distaste with a sloppy, casual napkin, seeing the grey ooze of junk in Miguel's face, studying patterns of shabbiness as if man and clothes had moved for years through back alleys of time with never a space station to tidy up.

"Besides by the time I could correct the error—Lazarus go home—Pay The Man and go home—What I want to see your old borrowed meat for?"

"Well, it's great to see you off—Do yourself a favor." Miguel was swimming around the room spearing fish with his hand.

"When you're down there you never think about horse." "You're better off like this," said Lee, dreamily caressing a needle scar on the back of Miguel's hand, following the whorls and patterns of smooth purple flesh in a slow twisting movement.

Miguel scratched the back of his hand—He looked out the window—His body moved in little, galvanized jerks as junk channels lit up—Lee sat there waiting. "One snort never put anybody back on, kid."

"I know what I'm doing."

"They always know."

Miguel took the nail file.

Lee closed his eyes: "It's too tiresome."

"Uh thanks that was great." Miguel's pants fell to his ankles. He stood there in a misshapen overcoat of flesh that turned from brown to green and then colorless in the morning light, fell off in globs onto the floor.

Lee's eyes moved in the substance of his face—a little, cold, grey flick—"Clean it up," he said. "Enough dirt in here now."

"Oh uh sure," Miguel fumbled with a dustpan.

Lee lived in a permanent third-day kick, with, of course, certain essential intermissions to refuel the fires that burned through his yellow-pink-brown gelatinous substance and kept off the hovering flesh. In the beginning his flesh was simply soft, so soft that he was cut to the bone by dust particles, air currents and brushing overcoats while direct contact with doors and chairs seemed to occasion no discomfort. No wound healed in his soft, tentative flesh—Long white tendrils of fungus curled round the naked bones. Mold odors of atrophied testicles quilted his body in a fuzzy grey fog.

During his first severe infection the boiling thermometer fleshed a quicksilver bullet into the nurse's brain and she fell dead with a mangled scream. The doctor took one look and slammed steel shutters of survival. He ordered the burning bed and its occupant immediately evicted from the hospital premises.

"Guess he can make his own penicillin!" snarled the doctor.

But the infection burned the mold out—Lee lived now in varying degrees of transparency—While not exactly invisible he was at least difficult to see. His presence attracted no special notice—People covered him with a project or dismissed him as a reflection, shadow: "Some kinda light trick or neon advertisement."

I am waiting in front of a drugstore for it to open at nine o'clock. Two Arab boys roll cans of garbage up to a high heavy wood door in a whitewashed wall. Dust in front of the door streaked with urine. One of the boys bent over, rolling the heavy cans, pans tight over his lean young ass. He looks at me with the neutral, calm glance of an animal. I wake with a shock Tike the boy is real and I have missed a meet I had with him for this afternoon.

"We expect additional equalizations," says the Inspector in an interview with Your Reporter. "Otherwise will occur," the Inspector lifts one leg in a typical Nordic gesture, "the bends is it not? But perhaps we can provide the suitable chamber of decompression."

The Inspector opens his fly and begins looking for crabs, applying ointment from a little clay pot. Clearly the interview is at an end. "You're not going?" he exclaims. "Well, as one judge said to the other, 'Be just, and if you can't be just, be arbitrary.' Regret cannot observe customary obscenities." He holds up his right hand covered with a foul-smelling yellow ointment.

One's reporter rushes forward and clasps the soiled hand in both of his. "It's been a pleasure, Inspector, an unspeakable pleasure," he says peeling off his gloves, rolling them into a ball and tossing them into the wastebasket. "Expense account," he smiles.

Luncheon of Nationalist Party on balcony overlooking the Market. Cigars, scotch, polite belches—The Party Leader strides about in a jellaba smoking a cigar and drinking scotch. He wears expensive English shoes, loud socks, garters, muscular, hairy legs—overall effect of successful gangster in drag.

P.L. (pointing dramatically): "Look out there. What do you see?"

LIEUTENANT: "Huh? Why, I see the Market."

P.L.: "No you don't. You see men and women. *Ordinary* men and

women going about their ordinary everyday tasks. Leading their ordinary lives. That's what we need."

A street boy climbs over the balcony rail.

LIEUTENANT: "NO, WE DO NOT WANT TO BUY ANY USED condoms! Cut! "

P.L. "Wait! —Come in, my boy. Sit down—Have a cigar—Have a drink."

He paces around the boy like an aroused tom cat.

"What do you think about the French?"

"Huh?"

"The French. The Colonial bastards who is sucking your live corpuscles."

"Look mister. It cost two hundred francs to suck my corpuscle. Haven't lowered my rates since the year of the rindpest when all the tourists died, even the Scandinavians."

P.L.: "You see? This is pure uncut boy in the street." "You sure can pick 'em, boss."

"M.I. never misses."

P.L.: "Now look, kid, let's put it this way. The French have dispossessed you of your birthright."

"You mean like Friendly Finance?—They got. this toothless Egyptian eunuch does the job. They figure he arouse less antagonism, you dig, he always take down his pants to show you his condition. 'Now I'm just a poor old eunuch trying to keep up my habit. Lady, I'd like to give you an extension on that artificial kidney, I got a job to do is all—Disconnect her, boys.'

"He shows his gums with a feeble snarl—'Not for nothing am I known as Nellie the Repossessor.'

"So they disconnect my own mother, the sainted old gash, and she swell up and turn black and the whole souk stink of piss and the neighbors beef to the Board of Health and my father say: 'It's the will of Allah. She won't piss any more of my loot down the drain.'

"Sick people disgust me already. When some citizen start telling me about his cancer of the prostrate or his rotting septum make with that purulent discharge I tell him: "You think I am innarested to hear about your horrible old condition? I am not innarested at all.' "

P.L.: "All *right*. Cut—You hate the French, don't you?" "Mister, I hate everybody. Doctor Benway says it's metabolic, I got this condition of the blood—Arabs and Americans got it special—Doctor

Benway is concocting this serum.”

P.L.: “Benway is an infiltrating Western Agent.”

L.l: “A rampant French Jew.”

L.2: “A hog-balled, black-assed Communist Jew Nigger.”

P.L.: “Shut up, you fool! ”

L.2: “Sorry, chief. I am after being stationed in Pigeonhole.”

P.L.: “Don’t go near Benway.” (Aside: “I wonder if this will go down. You never know how primitive they are—”) “Confidentially he’s a black magician.”

L.l: “He’s got this resident djinn.”

“Uhuh—Well I got a date with a high-type American client. A real classy fellah.”

P.L.: “Don’t you know it’s shameful to peddle your ass to the alien unbelieving pricks?”

“Well that’s a point of view. Have fun.”

P.L.: “Likewise.” Exit boy. “They’re hopeless I tell you. Hopeless.”

L.l: “What’s with this serum?”

P.L.: “I don’t know, but it sounds ominous. We better put a telepathic direction finder on Benway. The man’s not to be trusted. Might do almost anything—Turn a massacre into a sex orgy.”

“Or a joke.”

“Precisely. Arty type—No principles.”

P.L. (mixing another scotch). “The next riot goes off like a football play. We have imported a thousand bone fed, blue ribbon Latahs from Indochina—All we need is one riot leader for the whole unit.” His eyes sweep the table.

LIEUTENANT: “BUT, CHIEF, CAN’T WE GET THEM STARTED and they imitate each other like a chained reaction?”

The Diseuse undulate through the Market: “What’s a Latah do when he’s alone?”

P.L.: “That’s a technical point. We’ll have to consult Benway. Personally, I think someone should follow through on the whole operation.”

“I do not know,” he said for lack of the requisite points and ratings to secure the appointment.

“They have no feelings,” said Doctor Benway, slashing his patient to shreds. “Just reflexes—I urge distraction.”

i urge distraction

RIOT NOISES IN THE DISTANCE—A THOUSAND HYSTERICAL POMERANIANS.

Shop shutters slam like guillotines. Drinks and trays hang in the air as the patrons are whisked inside by the suction of panic.

CHORUS OF FAGS: “We’ll all be raped. I know it, I know it.” They rush into a drugstore and buy a case of K.Y.

PARTY LEADER (holding up his hand dramatically): “The voice of the People.”

Pearson the Money Changeling comes accropping the short grass seized by the extortionate commandante of Karma, hiding in a vacant lot with the garter snakes, to be sniffed out by the scrutable dog.

The Market is empty except for an old drunkard of indeterminate nationality passed out with his head in a pissoire. The rioters erupt into the Market yiping and screaming “Death to the French” and tear the drunkard to pieces.

SALVATOR HASSAN (squirming at a keyhole): “Just look at those expressions, the whole beautiful protoplasmic being *all exactly alike*.” He dances the Liquefactionist Jig.

Whimpering queen fails to the floor in an orgasm. “Oh God it’s too exciting. Like a million hot throbbing cocks.”

BENWAY: “LIKE TO RIM A BLOOD TEST ON THOSE BOYS.”

A portentously inconspicuous man, grey beard and grey face and shabby brown jellaba, sings in slight unplaceable accent without opening his lips:

“Oh you dolls, you great big beautiful dolls.”

Squads of police with thin lips, big noses and cold grey eyes move into the Market from every entrance street. They club and kick the rioters with cold, methodical brutality.

The rioters have been carted away in trucks. The shutters go up and the citizens of Interzone step out into the square littered with teeth and sandals and slippery with blood.

The sea chest of the dead man is in the Embassy, and the vice consul breaks the news to mother.

There is no—Morning—Daybreak—*n'existe plus*—If I knew I’d be glad to tell you. Either way is a bad move to the East Wing—He is gone through an invisible door —Not here—You can look any place—No good—No bueno—Hustling myself—C’lom Fliday.

“*Fats TerminaT*” came from The City Pressure Tanks where open life jets spurt a million forms, immediately eaten, the eaters

cancelled by black time fuzz.

Few reach the Plaza, a point where The Tanks empty a tidal river, carrying forms of survival armed with defences of poison slime, black, flesh rotting, fungus, and green odors that sear the lungs and grab the stomach in twisted knots.

Because “*Fats*” nerves were raw and peeled to feel the death spasms of a million cold kicks—“*Fats*” learned The Algebra of Need and survived.

One Friday “*Fats*” siphoned himself into The Plaza, a translucent-grey, foetal monkey, suckers on his little soft, purple-grey hands, and a lamphrey disk mouth of cold, grey gristle lined with hollow, black, erectile teeth, feeling for the scar patterns of junk.

And a rich man passed and stared at the monster and “*Fats*” rolled pissing and shitting in terror and ate his shit and the man was moved by this tribute to his potent gaze and clicked a coin out of his Friday cane (Friday is

Moslem Sunday when the rich are supposed to distribute alms).

So “*Fats*” learned to serve The Black Meat and grew a fat aquarium of body.

And his blank, periscope eyes swept the world’s surface —In his wake of addicts, translucent-grey monkeys flashed like fish spears to the junk Mart, and hung there sucking and it all drained back into “*Fats*” so his substance grew and grew filling plazas, restaurants and waiting rooms of the world with grey junk ooze.

Bulletins from Party Headquarters are spelled out in obscene charades by hebrephrenics, and Latahs and apes. Negroes open and shut mouth to flash messages on gold teeth—smoke signals sent to Arab rioters throwing great buttery eunuchs onto gasoline fires—breathing rhythm of the cardiac-bumps of a belly dancer—put-put of a motor boat across oily water.

The waiter lets fall a drop of martini on The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit who lams for the 6:12 *Knowing That Fie Has Been Spotted*.

Junkies climb out the lavatory window of the Chop Suey joint as the *El Rumbles* past.

The Gimp, cowboyed in the Waldorf, *Gives Birth To A Litter Of Rats*.

And even Foolish Virgins heed the English Colonel who rides by brandishing a screaming *Pecary* on his lanoe.

The elegant faggot patronizes his neighborhood pissoir to

receive a message from Dead Mother, lives on in synopsis and will evoke the exciting Nanny Beater.

Boys jacking off in the school toilet know each other as agents from galaxy X—adjourn to a second run night spot where they sit shabby and portentous drinking wine vinegar and sucking lemons to confound the Tenor Sax (a hip Arab in blue glasses) suspect to be Enemy Sender.

The world network of junkies, tuned on a cord of rancid jissom—tying up in furnished rooms—shivering in the sick morning—(Old Pete men suck the Black Smoke in a Chink

laundry back room. Melancholy Baby dies from an overdose of Time or cold Turkey withdrawal of breath—in Arabia—Paris—Mexico City—New York—New Or

leans—) the living and the dead—in sickness or on the nod—hooked or kicked or hooked again—come in on the junk beam and The Connection is eating Chop Suey on Dolores Street—dunking pound cake in Bickfords— chased up Exchange Place by a baying pack of people.

Malarials of the world bundle in shivering protoplasm —Fear seals the cuneiform account.

That grippy feeling, brother? Sore throat persistent and disquieting as the hot afternoon wind? Welcome to the International Syphilis Lodge—“Methodith Epithcopal God damn ith.” (Phrase used to test for speech impairment typical of paresis.) Or the first silent touch of chancre makes you a member in good standing.

The vibrating soundless hum of deep forest—sudden silence of cities when the junky copes and even The Commuter buzzes clogged lines of chloolesterol for contact. Signal flares of orgasm burst over the world. The Executioner shifts in terror at sight of the condemned man. The Torturer screams in the ear of his implacable victim— knife fighters embrace in adrenalin—Cancer is at the door with a Singing Telegram.

“The perfect product, gentlemen, has precise molecular affinity for its client of predilection. Someone urges the manufacture and sale of products that wear out. This is not the way of competitive elimination. Our product never leaves the customer. We sell the Servicing and all Trak products have precise need of Trak Servicing—The servicing of a competitor would act like antibiotic, offering to our noble Trak-strain services inedible counterpart— This is not just

another habit-forming drug this is *the* habit-forming drug takes over all functions from the addict including his completely unnecessary under the uh circumstances and cumbersome skeleton. Reducing him ultimately to the helpless condition of a larva. He may be said then to owe his very life such as it is to Trak servicing.”

The Trak Reservation so-called includes almost all areas in and about the United Republics of Freeland and, since the Trak Police process all matters occurring in Trak Reservation and no one knows what is and is not Reservation cases, civil and criminal are summarily removed from civilian courts with the single word TRAK to unknown sanctions—Report meetings of Trak personnel are synchronized with other events as to allow pressure area—Benway was reporting so-called actually included almost the report meetings of Trak persona—Sometimes the Reservation is other persons and events in Trak guards.

the black fruit

(“OUTSKIRTS of Mexico City—Can’t quite make it with all the guards around. Are you at all competent to teach me the language? Come in please with the images—”) The third keif pipe he went through the urinal sick and dizzy—He just down from the country—He just down from The Green Place by The Dog’s Mirror.

“You crazy or something walk around alone?”

“We friends, yes?”

The shoe shine boy put on his hustling smile and looked up into the sailor’s dead, cold, undersea eyes, eyes without a trace of warmth or lust or hate or any feeling the boy had ever experienced In himself or seen in another, at once cold and intense, impersonal and predatory.

The sailor leaned forward and put a finger on the boy’s inner arm at the elbow. He spoke in his dead, junky whisper.

“With veins like that, Kid, I’d have myself a time! ” He laughed, black insect laughter that seemed to serve some obscure function of orientation like a bat’s squeak.

The sailor laughed three times. He stopped laughing and hung there motionless listening down into himself. He had picked up the silent frequency of junk. His face smoothed out like yellow wax over the high cheek-bones. He waited half a cigarette. The Sailor knew how to wait. But his eyes burned in a hideous dry hunger. He turned his face of controlled emergency in a slow half pivot to case

the man who had just come in. "Fats" Terminal sat there sweeping the café with blank, periscope eyes. When his eyes passed the Sailor he nodded minutely. Only the peeled nerves of junk sickness would have registered a movement.

The Sailor handed the boy a coin. He drifted over to "Fats" table with his floating walk and sat down. They sat a long time in silence. The café was built into one side of a stone ramp at the bottom of a high white canyon of masonry. Faces of The City poured through silent as fish, stained with vile addictions and insect lusts. The lighted café was a diving bell, cable broken, settling into black depths.

The Sailor was polishing his nails on the lapels of his glen plaid suit. He whistled a little tune through his shiny, yellow teeth.

When he moved an effluvia of mold drifted out of his clothes, a musty smell of deserted locker rooms. He studied his nails with phosphorescent intensity.

"Good thing here, Fats. I can deliver twenty. Need an advance of course."

"On spec?"

"So I don't have twenty eggs in my pocket. I tell you it's jellied consommé. One little whoops and a push." The Sailor looked at his nails as if he were studying a chart. "You know I always deliver."

"Make it thirty. And a ten-tube advance. This time tomorrow."

"Need a tube now, Fats."

"Take a walk, you'll get one."

The Sailor drifted down into the plaza. A street boy was shoving a newspaper in the Sailor's face to cover his hand on The Sailor's pen. The Sailor walked on. He pulled the pen out and broke it like a nut in his thick, fibrous, pink fingers. He pulled out a lead tube. He cut one end of the tube with a little curved knife. A black mist poured out and hung in the air, like boiling fur. The Sailor's face dissolved. His mouth undulated forward on a long tube and sucked in the black fuzz, vibrating in supersonic peristalsis disappeared in a silent, pink explosion. His face came back into focus unbearably sharp and clear, burning yellow brand of junk searing the grey haunch of a million screaming junkies.

"This will last a month," he decided, consulting an invisible mirror.

All streets of the City slope down between deepening canyons to a vast, kidney-shaped plaza full of darkness. Walls of street and

plaza are perforated by dwelling cubicles and cafés, some a few feet deep, others extending out of sight in a network of rooms and corridors.

At all levels criss-cross of bridges, cat walks, cable cars. Catatonic youths dressed as women in gowns of burlap and rotten rags, faces heavily and crudely painted in bright colors over a strata of beatings, arabesques of broken, suppurating scars to the pearly bone, push against the passer-by in silent clinging insistence.

Traffickers in the Black Meat, flesh of the giant aquatic black centipede—sometimes attaining a length of six feet—found in a land of black rocks and iridescent, brown lagoons, exhibit paralyzed crustaceans in camouflage pockets of the plaza visible only to the Meat Eaters.

Followers of obsolete unthinkable trades doodling in Etruscan, addicts of drugs not yet synthesized, black marketeers of World War III, excisors of telepathic sensitivity, osteopaths of the spirit, investigators of infractions denounced by bland paranoid chess players, servers of fragmentary warrants taken down in hebephrenic shorthand charging unspeakable mutilations of the spirit, officials of unconstituted police states, brokers of exquisite dreams and nostalgias tested on the sensitized cells of junk sickness and bartered for raw materials of the will, drinkers of the Heavy Fluid (note) sealed in translucent amber of dreams.

(Note: The Heavy Fluid concept I owe to Jacques Stern.)

The Meet Café occupies one side of the plaza, a maze of kitchens, restaurants, sleeping cubicles, perilous iron balconies and basements opening into the underground baths.

On stools covered in white satin sit naked Mugwumps sucking translucent, colored syrups through alabaster straws. Mugwumps have no liver and nourish themselves exclusively on sweets. Thin, purple-blue lips cover a razor-sharp beak of black bone with which they frequently tear each other to shreds in fights over clients. These creatures secrete an addicting fluid from their erect penises which prolongs life by slowing metabolism. (In fact all longevity agents have proved addicting in exact ratio to their effectiveness in prolonging life.) Addicts of Mugwump fluid are known as Reptiles. A number of these flow over chairs with their flexible bones and black-pink flesh. A fan of green cartilage covered with hollow, erectile hairs through which the Reptiles absorb the fluid sprouts from behind each ear. The fans, which move from time to time

touched by invisible currents, serve also some form of communication known only to Reptiles.

During the biennial Panics when the raw, peeled Dream Police storm the City, Mugwumps take refuge in the deepest crevices of the wall sealing themselves in clay cubicles and remain for weeks in biostasis. In those days of grey terror the Reptiles dart about faster and faster, scream past each other at supersonic speed, their flexible skulls flapping in black winds of insect agony.

The Dream Police disintegrate in globs of rotten ectoplasm swept away by an old junky, coughing and spitting in the sick morning. The Mugwump Man comes with alabaster jars of fluid and the Reptiles get smoothed out.

The air is once again still and clear as glycerine.

The Sailor spotted his Reptile. He drifted over and ordered a green syrup. The Reptile had a little, round disk mouth of brown gristle, expressionless green eyes almost covered by a thin membrane of eyelid. The Sailor waited an hour before the creature picked up his presence.

“Any eggs for Fats?” he asked, his words staring through the Reptile’s fan hairs.

It took two hours for the Reptile to raise three pink transparent fingers covered with black fuzz.

Several Meat Eaters lay in vomit, too weak to move. (The Black Meat is like a tainted cheese, overpoweringly delicious and nauseating so that the eaters eat and vomit and eat again until they fall exhausted.)

A painted youth slithered in and seized one of the great black daws sending the sweet, sick smell curling through the café.

He drew the black-berry smoke deep into his lungs and symbol language of an ancient rotting kingdom bloomed in his brain like Chinese flowers—Myriads of floating sex symbols and the bronze flesh familiar—Now thousands of voices muttered and pulsed through him pulling tearing —His body trailed the neon ghost writing as the two halves separated and sex words exploded to empty space—Lonely lemur calls whispered his knees up to the chin —Smelling black movement of the other in ruined courtyards—Slow color orgasm under ghost hands reflected on silent obsidian walls—The ancient rotting kingdom softened and glowed with black-berry smoke drifting through pubic hairs under eternal moonlight to dust and shredded memories—Pale word dust stirring

spider webs from penis and lips—Weaving memories of blood in his throat—Rectum naked to color focus of the fish language running delicious cold fingers rubbing off encrusted odors in slow turns of amber —Glowing torture films in a land of black food—Ghost apes tear his inside apart—He was in a ruined garden under two moons —One red the other a pale clear green—

He could see pulsing black fruit growing in crystal jars— In front of him stood a young man molded in polished black bronze with streaks of green patina on the high cheek cheek bones—From the lips, half open in a dreamy cruel smile, drifted a faint smell of decay as if he were rooting inside the bronze mold—With a slow gesture he led Bradley along a path of cracked flagstones—Bradley saw that he had webbed feet leaving prints of silver slime that glittered in the moonlight—They came to a Summer house of circular shape overgrown with vines from which dangled the black fruit in crystal jars—The Summer house was lined with a glistening black substance traced with phosphorescent writing in blue metal that filled the room with a pulsing blue twilight—The guide focused projector pupils talking in color blats to some other being Bradley could feel stirring response in the liquid medium of his body—Color flashed through his body in chirps and giggles shifting to slow visceral pulses—Still talking to the other inside, the bronze boy put slow cold hands on Bradley's shoulders—As the metal hands drew him forward his clothes shredded to dust—He caught a faint whiff of decay like rotting tropical fruit on the wind—His body melted from within—The bronze mold sank into his flesh like a black seal —The other moved back seeking some precise coordinate point with the blue wall symbols— The room hummed and vibrated—Pubic hairs of black wire crackled in blue sparks and a quivering blue line divided his body—Bradley felt his own body split down the middle like a cracked egg the two halves rubbing against each other, held together by some sticky gelatinous substance that leaked out the crack and dripped into the obsidian platform where he stood—From the open bronze model emerged a transparent green shape criss-crossed with pulsing red veins, liquid screen eyes swept by color flashes —A smell of sewage and decay breathing from years of torture films, orgasm death in his black eyes glinting with slow fish lust of the swamp mud—Long tendril hands penetrated Bradley's broken body caressing the other being inside through the soft intestines into the pearly genitals rubbing centres of orgasm

along his spine up to the neck —Exquisite tooth-ache pain shot through his nerves and his body split down the middle—Sex words exploded to a poisonous color vapor that cut off his breath—The floor dropped away beneath his feet and he fell into black water—He was breathing now in a silent medium.

He moved through shadow alleys and canals of the lagoon city—Fish smells and dead eyes in doorways— Sound of fear—Dark street life of a place forgotten— Slow memory bubbles bursting in his brain—Broken picture warnings—Grey foetal lampreys along the canals walls, crab police with magnetic claws, dungeons where the prisoners are broken to insect forms under cruel idiot fingers of The Green Guards, slim elegant men with smooth brown flesh the color of an eel's side hand ending in a crystal bulb and a dripping stinger: the Orgasm Stings that twist a victim to quivering pulp eaten by cruising Mugwumps with beaks of black bone and purple penis flesh —The Mugwumps milked for The Orgasm Meal by vampire women embalmed in predigested sperm, faces of smooth green alabaster giving off a smell of phosphorous as they sip spinal fluid through straws—He felt now the weakness of death in his fading larval flesh —He needed “The Slow Boat To China”—He found his way to “The Flower Market” where the nobles cruise languidly in gondolas of paper thin black wood watching slow color bubbles of the fish boys climb to the surface and burst in flares of iridescent propositions— An answer vibrated down through the water: “Two Black Fruit”— Thin and no conditions to bargain he bubbled back: “It's a deal” surfaced and slide into a gondola where a young man lay naked on a bed of flowers—His legs were amputated at the hip and the stumps glowed with slow metal fires—The fish boy lay down beside the young man—His translucent green penis rose pulsing in the moonlight—Negro boys the color of glistening black tar beat little drums from a dais in the center of the lagoon—Lonely lemur calls drifted from islands of swamp cypress—Slow rocket burst over the water—They rolled on the flower bed crushing out clouds of odor.

Hospital smells and the wooden numbness of anesthesia —He saw his body on an operating table split down the middle—A doctor with forceps was extracting crab parasites from his brain and spine —And squeezing fish parasites from the separated flesh.

“My God what a mess—The difficulty is with two halves —Other parasites will invade sooner or later—First its Symbiosis then parasitism—The old symbiosis con—Sew him up nurse”.

Carl walked through a carnival city along canals where giant pink salamanders and goldfish stirred slowly, penny arcades, tattoo booths, massage parlors, side shows, blue movies, processions, floats, performers, pitchmen to the sky.

Puerto Joselito is located Dead Water. Inactive oil wells and mine shafts, strata of abandoned machinery and gutted boats, garbage of stranded operations and expeditions that died at this point of dead land where sting-rays bask in brown water and grey crabs walk the mud flats on brittle stilt legs. The town crops up from the mud flats to the silent temple of high jungle streams of clear water cut deep cleft in yellow clay and falling orchids endanger the traveller.

Carl's outboard vibrated in a haze of rusty oil, bit a jagged piece out of the dugout canoe and sank, in iridescent brown water. Somewhere in the distance the muffled jelly sound of underwater dynamite: ("The Natives are fishing"). Howler monkeys like wind through leaves. The dugout twisted slowly and stopped, touching a ruined jetty. Carl got out with his Nordic rucksack and walked to the square on high ground. He felt a touch on his shoulder light as wind. A man in mouldy grey police tunic and red flannel underwear one bare foot swollen and fibrous like old wood covered with white fungus, his eyes flickered as The Watcher moved in and out. He gasped out the word "Control" and slipped to the ground. A man in grey hospital pyjamas eating handfuls of dirt and trailing green shit crawled over to Carl and pulled at his pants cuff. Another moves foreward on brittle legs breaking little puffs of bone meal.

From all sides they came pawing, hissing spitting: "Papeles"—"Documentes"—"Passaport".

Bradly's canoe of paper thin black wood grounded on an island of swamp cypress—He strapped on his camera gun and walked along ancient paths and stone bridges over canals where the fish people swirled sending up color bubbles of orgasm that broke on the iridescent surfaces— He caught the twittering chirping sound of the tree-frog people like wind chimes in the trees and one of them leaped down from an over-hanging branch and attached itself to his chest with sucker paws—It was about two feet in length of a translucent green color—The obsidian eyes were all pupil and mirrored a pulsing blood suction to rhythms of a heart visible in the transparent flesh— A network of veins filtered through the green substance like red neon tubes suffusing the frog boy with a

phosphorescent pink light—The mouth above a small pointed chin was of glistening black gristle that dripped a pale yellow saliva—Others leapt down from the dark cypress chirping and giggling—And Bradley fell slowly into the deep uterine sleep, frog boys curled between his legs and under his arms and on his chest streaked with iridescent slime from their sucker paws.

He woke to drifting golden notes of distant hunting horns —He sat up—The frog people were gone—The horns were louder and dearer now—Into the clearing where he sat burst a pack of dogs with human skin and faces—The animals were the size and shape of small grey hounds— They surrounded him snarling and yapping—A young man appeared standing in a weightless medium so that his feet made no impression in the swamp mud—Naked except for a quiver of silver arrows and a bow, he radiated a calm disdainful authority.

“What is all this scandal?” The Commandante in clean khaki was standing on a platform overlooking the square. Above him was an elaborate multi-levelled building of bamboo. His shirt was open on a brown chest smooth as old ivory. A little pistol in red leather crawled slowly across his skin leaving an iridescent trail of slime.

“You must forgive my staff if they do not quite measure up to your German ideal of spit and polish—Backward— Uninstructed— Each living all alone and cultivating his little virus patch—They have absolutely nothing to do and the solitude—” He tapped his forehead. His face melted and changed under the flickering arc lights.

“But there must be thirty of them about,” said Carl.

The Commandante gave him a sharp look. “They are synchronized of course. They cannot see or even infer each other so all think he is only police officer on post. Their lines you sabe never cross and some of them are already . . .”

“And some of them are already dead. This is awkward since they are not legally responsible. We try to bury them on time even if they retain intact protest reflex. Like Gonzalez The Earth Eater. We bury him three times.” The Commandante held up three fingers sprouting long white tendrils. “Always he eat way out. And now if you will excuse me the soccer scores are coming in from The Capitol. One must pretend an interest.”

all members are worst a century

PUERTO JOSELITO is located at a point of dead water at the confluence of two strong brown rivers. The town is built over a vast mud flat criss-crossed by stagnant canals, the buildings on stilts joined by a maze of bridges and catwalks extend up from the mud flats into higher ground surrounded by tree columns and trailing lianas, the whole area presenting the sordid and dilapidated air of a declining frontier post or an abandoned carnival.

“The town of Puerto Joselito, dreary enough in its physical aspect, exudes a suffocating fog of smoldering rancid evil as if the town and inhabitants were slowly sinking in wastes and garbage. I found these people deep in the vilest superstitions and practices.”
Quote Green-Baum Early Explorer.

“Ward Island is afflicted by a disease so terrible that the entire ceremonial life of the natives revolves around fear of the disease and precautions to avoid it—The onset is sudden—The victim is seen abusing himself publicly while addressing some unseen presence with endearing terms—He becomes dirty and emaciated—In the final stages he is literally eaten alive by his invisible partner and subsides into the state of an insect larvae paralyzed, slobbering and covered by a caustic green slime that seeps from the rectum—In this condition they are carried out into the mud flats by the superstitious natives and left to the mercy of land crabs—(Note: This practice has been forbidden by the resident governor)—The island is almost level with the water and surrounded by shallow lagoons so that boats must anchor about two miles offshore.

So writes an early traveller—It was evening when the boat anchored and I could see nothing of the island— I had my equipment for the expedition packed and my boy Jimmy helped me to load it into a gondola of thin black wood—The boatman was a young man with the lithe frame of a Malay and bright red lips—He kept his eyes cast down with the closed beaten expression of dying peoples—He propelled us through iridescent oily water that gave off a rank odor under his strokes—We tied up at a rotting pier that extended out into the shallow water—

Sting rays and crabs stirred clouds of black mud—We were met at the pier by a middle-aged Dutchman who was the proprietor of the only hotel—He led the way along a wooden catwalk to the hotel which was a three story structure of split bamboo on high stilts over the swampy ground—Darkness was falling and after unpacking we descended to the veranda and had a whisky with the proprietor—I

asked him about the disease—"It is here in the head —So they are searing themselves to the death—I am now twenty years here—In other times we used to export much fruit that grow here—So a special black fruit with such a taste—Then these stupid stories come out and the island is now quarantine."

When I told him of my plan to make an expedition to the interior of the island he said it would be impossible to obtain any native guides or bearers since the disease is supposed to have its origin in the swamps and jungles of the interior.

July 7, 1862—Saw something of the island and the natives—Surrounding the hotel is a village criss-crossed with catwalks over the mud flats—The entire island seems to consist of swamp delta—The natives are silent and sad conveying the impression of faded photos—As the proprietor predicted we were unable to enlist any native guides or boatmen—With his help we have purchased one of the flat gondolas—With an outrigger attachment and mats of split bamboo we can pitch our tent over the boat—We will start for the interior tomorrow.

July 8, 1862—We got an early start poling and paddling our canoe up the river—There seems to be little wild life about—Nothing but swamp with here and there islands of swampy ground and cypress—At twilight we tied up to a cypress stump and put out our night lines—After a meal of tinned food we spread the mat of split bamboo and lay down under mosquito netting—The night pressed against our naked bodies like a damp mold spread to jungle sounds and lapping water—am writing this at dawn.

July 9, 1862 (Disease of the image track—The onset is sudden voices screaming a steady stream—I had forgotten unseen force of memory pictures—Muttering slobbering outhouse skin seeps from his rectum—Island of dying people surrounded by shallow lagoons —The boatman smiles—Wired red lips entered the '20s in drag from The Ward Island natives—Slow motion through iridescent oily water—Absent tenants stood naked—Ghost disease splattered on victim—Muttering to himself interrogates substance of the other invisible presence—He becomes dirty with the speed of "Want it"—Tentative being eaten alive by empty flesh of insect larvae—Human form been covered by caustic green slime—Faces sucked into other land that is almost level with the water—Passengers are picked up by flicker—Round gate from burning sex skin—Wind voices beside the man with lithe frame of a Malay— Sullen female impersonators

listen—The faces all forgotten —Organism of memory strokes gave off a rank smell under his law—Prisoners in the terminal case carried to crabs— Mummy flesh over middle-aged deflated skin—Death's own boy—Talk to switch blade of bamboo—Business dissolved in smoke and errand boy of such a taste—"All right, Doctor, quarantined" he gestures at indications enough "I told you I would come naked on our beds—Healed scars cry from Jimmy saying he had to pass without doing pictures— I found enemy all right—Suddenly shut off excitement.")

July 9, 1862—We pulled in our night lines and found a large fish with a smooth yellow skin—The meat was soft and phosphorescent and had a metallic taste—In the late afternoon we grounded the boat on a sand bar and got out to bathe in a shallow pool that came up to our ankles—As Jimmy was rubbing soap on my back we noticed an orchid covered by brilliant green and red flowers hanging over the water—As we touched the plant long tendrils covered by erectile hairs stung our necks and shoulders—A burning itch ran over my body exploding in rectum and genitals like liquid fire—We fell rolling into the soft swamp mud—Simultaneously we were both attacked by a scalding diarrhea—The burning itch swole our tongues and lips—Clawing screaming we twisted in water brown with excrement—bone wrenching spasm popped silver light in our eyes.

Flash bulb monster crawling inexorably from Old Fred Flash—The orgasm is a 1920 movie, silver writing from backward countries—Flapping genitals in wind—Explosion of the throat from peeled noon drifting sheets of male flesh to a stalemate of black lagoons while open shirts twist iridescent in the dawn—(This sharp smell of carrion.)

"Take it from a broken stalemate—The Doctor couldn't reach and see. Those pictures are the line—Fading breath on bed showed sound track—You win handful of dust, that's what."

Metamorphosis of The Rewrite Department coughing and spitting in fractured air—Flapping genitals of carrion —Our drained countess passed on a hideous leather body —We are digested and become nothing here—Dust of gymnasiums in another country and besides old the pool now, a few inches on dead post card—Here at the same time there his eyes—Silver light popped stroke of nine.

"Dead post card you got it?—Take it from noon refuse like ash—Hurry up see?—Those pictures *are* yourself—Is backward sound

track—That's what walks beside you to a stalemate of physical riders—('You come with me, Mees ter?')—I knew Mexican he carried in his flesh with sex acts shooting them pills I took—Total alertness she is your card—Look, simple: Place exploded man goal in other besh—Dual controls country—Double sex sad as the drenched lands."

Last man with such explosion of the throat crawling inexorably from something he carried in his flesh—Last I turnstile was in another country and besides knife exploded Sammy The Butcher—Holes in 1920 movie—Newspaper [tape fading, after dinner sleeping ebbing carbon dioxide —Indications enough showed you calls to make, horrors crawling inexorably towards goal in other flesh—What are you waiting for, kid?—Slotless human wares?—Nothing here now—Metamorphosis is complete—Rings of Saturn in the dawn—The sky exploded question from vacant lots— Youth nor age but as it were lips fading—There in our last film mountain street boy exploded The Word, sits quietly silence to answer:

"You come with me, Meester to greet the garbage man and the dawn? Traced fossil countenance everlastingly about the back door, Meester." Sick dawn of inane cooperation—Dead post cards swept out by typewriters clatter hints as we shifted commissions—Hurry up please— Crawling inexorably towards its goal—I—We—They—sit quietly in last terrace of the garden—The neon sun sinks in this sharp smell of carrion—(Circling albatross—peeled noon—refuse like ash)—Ghost of Panama clung to our throats coughing and spitting in the fractured air, falling through space between worlds, we twisted slowly to black lagoons, flower floats, and gondolas—Tentative crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind—(Adolescents ejaculate over the tide flats)—Dead post card what are you thinking of— What thinking?—Peeled noon and refuse like ash—Hurry up please—Make yourself a bit smart—Who is the third that walks beside you to a stalemate of black lagoons and violet light? Last man—Phosphorescent centipede feeding on flesh strung together we are digested and become nothing here."

We are both emaciated now—The entire pool is brown with our excrement—Is Jimmy really there?—He is turning into a phantom woman with red hair and green flesh— I woke in the moonlight to find Her entwined around my body [She opened her mouth and tendrils covered by stinging red hairs squirmed out penetrating my mouth and throat, feeling into my rectum and penis, twisting

around the spine touching electric centers of orgasm in the neck that popped silver light in my eyes]—The creature was pointing now to the tie-up rope that trailed from our boat —In a flash I realized that if I followed her obvious suggestion I would be eaten body and soul by the orchid people—I summoned the strength to resist—Tomorrow I will make an attempt to leave the orchid pool.

July 11, 12, 13, 1962—Present Time leads to an understanding of knowing and open food in the language of life—The entire dia through noose in four letter words— It will be seen that “havingness” muttering in the night —Went back other identities—Remember my medium of false identities?—All that links the murders is Game Hate Box—Opponents are future time 1962—The donar was released fold singer Logos—Uncontrolled flash bulbs popped—It is a grand feeling—Language of virus (which is these experiments) really necessary? Message of life written “We have come to cat”??

I have said the basic time to go—Everyone here: Knowing offlicrs at the delicate lilt—All dia through noose with just the right shade of absolute need—Condition empty but process known as “overwhelming”—Flak holes told him that “havingness” unknown and hostile land—The Cycle Of Action: The Cycle Of Venus—Sickness of hunger—Flesh naked for the delicate lilt—Clear fingers in stale New Zealand—Assailant of sleep in the naked Panama night was such a deal—Shadow passing and transparent lodging is not done abruptly—*Unknown and hostile land*—WE are all parasites of the area—I have said basic time to go—Wind of morning disintegrates Present Time.

July 14, 1962—I woke up in the silent dripping dawn— I was lying beside the boat and as I watched little grey men played on the deck hoisting invisible sails—They formed a chorus line and danced away into the dawn mist pointing as they faded out to a dangling vine— I got up and stripped leaves and bark from the vine and brewed a tea—I drank the tea from a tin cup—Almost immediately I vomited so violently that my body seemed to crack open—I leaned against the boat panting and gasping—Slowly my whole being fused to incandescent resistance—A young male face of dazzling beauty moved in and I was free of my body—The orchid girl floated over the pool towards me and I rushed her stuttering back sex words that tore her tentative substance like bullets— I caught a final glimpse of her agonized face eaten by caustic slime—A scream faded out in

bird calls and jungle sounds and lapping water.

July 14, 1962—Present Time—"I told you I would come with tower fire—Vomited the ghost food moved noose— Four letters at dawn fell apart in 'havingness'—Muttering absent bodies hanged after being milked of identities —Remember identities swirled through slow motion all that links the green amphibious creature as they rolled Future Time 1962—I told you the skin underneath flash bulbs was healed scars—Male spirits trapped in dead nitrous flesh—Aroused courage to pass without doing picture—I saw now forgotten memory controlling Game Hate Box—Opponents in green mummy get out here—Donar popped—It is a grand feeling [Half-healed scars peeling off these experiments between mutual erections] Other flesh flapping through noose."

"Just remember I was fish smells and absolute need— Condition empty but now the way to overwhelm—Flak Holes told him khaki pants shifted ejaculating hostile land —Flash of rectums naked in whiffs suddenly clicked to color—Invisible passenger took my skin off in sheets— Burned like ice."

"I told you I would come—Won't be much screen now —I have said basic time to go—Wind of morning disintegrates Present Time."

Ghost of Panama dung to our bodies—"You come with me, meester?"—On the boy's breath a flesh—His body slid from my hands in soap bubbles—We twisted slowly to the yellow sands, traced fossils of orgasm.

"You win something like jelly fish, Meester."

Under a ceiling fan, naked and sullen, stranger color through his eyes the look out different—Fading Panama photos swept out by an old junky coughing spitting in the sick dawn.

(Phosphorescent metal excrement of the city—Brain eating birds patrol the iron street.)

Hospital smell of dawn powder—Dead rainbow postcards swept out by an old junky in backward countries.

"I don't know if you got my last hints as we shifted commissions, passing where the awning flaps from The Café de France—Hurry up —Perhaps Carl still has his magic lantern—Dark overtakes some one walking—I don't know exactly where you made this dream— Sending letter to a coffin is like posting it in last terrace of the garden— I would never have believed realms and frontiers of light exist—I'm so badly informed and totally green troops— B.B., hurry

up please.” (Stopped suddenly to show me a hideous leather body)
—“I’m almost without medicine.”

Waiting far end of a place forgotten—It was still goodbye then
against the window outside 1920 movie, flesh tracks broken—
Sitting at a long table where the doctor couldn’t reach and I said:
“He has your voice and end of the line—Fading breath on bed
showing symptoms of suffocation—I have tuned them out—How
many plots have been forestalled before they could take shape in
boy haunted by the iron claws?—Meanwhile a tape recorder cuts
old newspapers.” Panama clung to our bodies naked under the
ceiling fan, coughing and spitting in 1920 movie —In the dominion
of breathless spasm clung to fading soccer scores—Excrement at the
far end of forgotten streets —Hospital smell on the day/n wind.

(Peeled his phosphorescent metal knees, brain broiled in carrion
hunger.) On the sea wall under fading Panama photo casual ghost
of adolescent T shirt traced fossil like jelly fish.

“On the sea wall if you got my last hints over the tide flats—I
don’t know exactly where—woke up in other flesh—shirt with
Chinese characters—breeze from The Café de France—lantern
burning insect wings—I’m almost without medicine—far away—
storms—crackling sounds.” —Nothing here now but the circling
albatross—Dead postcard waiting a place forgotten.

On the sea wall met a boy under the circling albatross —Peeled
his red and white T shirt to brown flesh grey under like ash and
passed a joint back and forth as we dropped each other’s pants and
he looked down face like Mayan limestone in the kerosene lamp
sputter of burning insect wings over the tide flats—Woke up in
other flesh the look out different—Hospital smell of backward
countries.

place of burial

AND Joselito who wrote bad, class-conscious poetry began to cough.
The German doctor made a brief examination, touching Joselito’s
ribs with long, delicate fingers. The doctor was also a concert
violinist, a mathematician, a chess master, and a Doctor of
International Jurisprudence with license to practice in the lavatories
of The Hague. The doctor flicked a hard, distant glance across
Joselito’s brown chest. He looked at Carl and smiled—one educated
man to another smile—and raised his eyebrow, saying without
words:

“Alzo for the so stupid peasant we must avoid use of the word is it not? Otherwise he shit himself with fear. Kock and spit they are *both* nasty words I think?”

He said aloud: “It is a catarro de los pulmones.”

Carl talked to the doctor outside under the narrow arcade with rain bouncing up from the street against his pant legs, thinking how many people he tell it to, and the stairs, porches, lawns, driveways, corridors and streets of the world there in the doctor’s eyes . . . stuffy German

alcoves, butterfly trays to the ceiling, silent portentous smell of uremia seeping under the door, suburban lawns to sound of the water sprinkler, in calm jungle night under silent wings of the *Anopheles* mosquito. (Note: This is not a figure. *Anopheles* mosquitoes *are* silent.) Thickly carpeted, discreet nursing homes in Kensington: stiff brocade chair and a cup of tea, the Swedish modern living room with water hyacinths in a yellow bowl—outside the China-blue Northern sky and drifting clouds, under bad watercolors of the dying medical student “A schnaps, I think, Frau Underschnitt.”

The doctor was talking into a phone with a chess board in front of him. “Quite a severe lesion I think—of course without to see the fluoroscope.” He picks up the knight and then replaces it thoughtfully. “Yes—Both lungs—quite definitely.” He replaces the receiver and turns to Carl. “I have observed these people show amazingly quick wound recovery, with low incidence of infection. It is always the lungs here—pneumonia and, of course. Old Faithful.” The doctor grabs Carl’s cock, leaping into the air with a coarse peasant guffaw. His European smile ignores the misbehavior of a child or an animal. He goes on smoothly in his eerily unaccented, disembodied English. “Our Old Faithful *Bacillus Koch*.” The doctor clicks his heels and bows his head. “Otherwise they would multiply their stupid peasant assholes into the sea, is it not?” He shrieks, thrusting his face into Carl’s. Carl retreats sideways with the grey wall of rain behind him.

“Isn’t there some place where he can be treated?”

“I think there is some sort of *sanitarium*,” he drags out the word with ambiguous obscenity, “up at the District Council. I will write for you the address.”

“Chemical therapy?”

His voice falls flat and heavy in the damp air.

“Who can say. They are all stupid peasants, and the worst of all peasants are the so-called educated. These people should not only be prevented from learning to read, but from learning to talk as well. No need to prevent them from thinking; nature has done that”

“Here is the *address*,” the doctor whispered without moving his lips.

He dropped a pill of paper into Carl’s hand. His dirty fingers, shiny over the dirt, rested on Carl’s sleeve.

“There is the matter of my fee.”

Carl slipped him a wadded banknote—and the doctor faded into the grey twilight seedy and furtive as an old junky.

Carl saw Joselito in a big clean room full of light, with private bath and concrete balcony. And nothing to talk about there in the cold empty room, v/ater hyacinths growing in a yellow bowl and the China-blue sky and drifting clouds, fear flickering in and out of his eyes. When he smiled the fear flew away in little pieces of light lurked enigmatically in the high cool corners of the room. And what could I say feeling death around me, and the little broken images that come before sleep, there in the mind?

“They will send me to the new sanitarium tomorrow. Come and visit me. I will be there alone.”

He coughed and took a codeineeta.

“Doctor I understand, that is I have been given to understand, I have read and heard—not a medical man myself—don’t pretend to be—that the concept of sanitarium treatment has been more or less supplanted, or at least very definitely supplemented, by chemical therapy. Is this accurate in your opinion? What I mean to say is, Doctor, please tell me in all sincerity, as one human being to another, what is your opinion of chemical versus sanitarium therapy? Are you a *partisan*?”

The doctor’s liver sick Indian face was blank as a dealer’s.

“Completely modem, as you can see,” he gestures toward the room with the purple fingers of bad circulation. “Bath—water—flowers. The lot.” He finished in Cockney English with a triumphant smirk. “I will write for you a letter.”

“This letter? For the sanitarium?”

The doctor was speaking from a land of black rocks and great, iridescent brown lagoons. “The furniture—modern and comfortable. You *find* it so of course?”

Carl could not see the sanitarium owing to a false front of green

stucco topped by an intricate neon sign dead and sinister against the sky, waiting for darkness. The sanitarium was evidently built on a great limestone promontory, over which flowering trees and vine tendrils broke in waves. The smell of flowers was heavy in the air.

The commandante sat at a long wooden trestle under a vine trellis. He was doing absolutely nothing. He took the letter that Carl handed him and whispered through it, reading his lips with the left hand. He stuck the letter on a spike over a toilet. He began transcribing from a ledger full of numbers. He wrote on and on.

Broken images exploded softly in Carl's head, and he was moving out of himself in a silent swoop. Clear and sharp from a great distance he saw himself sitting in a lunchroom. Overdose of H. His old lady shaking him and holding hot coffee under his nose.

Outside an old junky in Santa Claus suit selling Christmas seals. "Fight tuberculosis, folks," he whispers in his disembodied, junky voice. Salvation Army choir of sincere, homosexual football coaches sings: "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

Carl drifted back into his body, an earthbound junk ghost.

"I could bribe him, of course."

The commandante taps the table with one finger and hums "Coming Through the Rye." Far away, then urgently near like a foghorn a split second before the grinding crash.

Carl pulled a note half out of his trouser pocket—The commandante was standing by a vast panel of lockers and deposit boxes. He looked at Carl, sick animal eyes gone out, dying inside, hopeless fear reflecting the face of death. In the smell of flowers, a note half out of his pocket, the weakness hit Carl, shutting off his breath, stopping his blood. He was in a great cone spinning down to a black point.

"Chemical therapy?" The scream shot out of his flesh through empty locker rooms and barracks, musty resort hotels, and spectral, coughing corridors of T.B. sanitariums, the muttering, hawking, grey dishwater smell of flophouses and Old Men's Homes, great, dusty custom sheds and warehouses, through broken porticoes and smeared arabesques, iron urinals worn paper-thin by the urine of a million fairies, deserted weed-grown privies with a musty smell of shit turning back to the soil, erect wooden phallus on the grave of dying people plaintive as leaves in the wind, across the great brown river where whole trees float with green snakes in the branches and sad-eyed lemurs watch the shore out over a vast plain (vulture

wings husk in the dry air). The way is strewn with broken condoms and empty H caps and K.Y. tubes squeezed dry as bone meal in the summer sun.

"My furniture." The commandante's face burned like metal in the flash bulb of urgency. His eyes went out. A whiff of ozone drifted through the room. The "novia" muttered over her candles and altars in one corner.

"It is all Trak—modern, excellent—" he is nodding idiotically and drooling. A yellow cat pulls at Carl's pant leg and runs onto a concrete balcony. Clouds drift by.

"I could get back my deposit. Start me a little business someplace." He nods and smiles like a mechanical toy.

"Joselito!!! " Boys look up from street ball games, bull rings and bicycle races as the name whistles by and slowly fades away.

"Joselito! Paco! —Pepe—Enrique! —" The plaintive boy cries drift in on the warm night.

Tentative half impressions that dissolve in light- pockets of rotten ectoplasm swept out by an old junky coughing and spitting in the sick morning.

Old violet brown photos that curl and crack like mud in the sun: Panama City—Bill Gains putting down the paregoric con on a Chinese druggist.

"I've got these racing dogs—pedigree grey hounds—All sick with the dysentery—tropical climate—the shits—you sabe shit?—My *Whippets Are Dying*—" He screamed— His eyes lit up with blue fire —The flame went out—smell of burning metal—"Administer with an eye dropper— Wouldn't you?—Menstral cramps—my wife—Kotex— Aged mother—Piles—raw—bleeding—" He nodded out against the counter—The druggist took a tooth-pick out of his mouth and looked at the end of it and shook his head.

Gains and Lee burned down the Republic of Panama from David to Darien on paregoric—They flew apart with a schluping sound— Junkies tend to run together into one body—You have to be careful especially in hot places— Gains back to Mexico City—Desperate skeleton grin of chronic junk lack glazed over with codeine and goof balls —cigarette holes in his bathrobe—coffee stains on the floor—smoky kerosene stove—rusty orange flame.

The Embassy would give no details other than place of burial in the American Cemetery.

And Lee back to sex and pain and time and Yage, bitter Soul

Vine of the Amazon.

I recall once after an overdose of Majoun (this is Cannabis dried and finely powdered to consistency of green powdered sugar and mixed with some confection or other usually tasting like gritty plum pudding, but the choice of confection is arbitrary—) I am returning from The Lulu or Johnny or Little Boy's Room (stink of atrophied infancy and toilet training) look across the living room of that villa outside Tangier and suddenly don't know where I am. Perhaps I have opened the wrong door and at any moment The Man In Possession, The Owner Who Got There first will rush in and scream:

"What Are You Doing Here? Who Are You?"

And I don't know what I am doing there nor who I am. I decide to play it cool and maybe I will get the orientation before the Owner shows—So instead of yelling "Where Am I?" cool it and look around and you will find out approximately.

The only native in Interzone who is neither queer nor available is Andrew Keifs chauffeur, which is not affectation or perversity on Keif's part, but a useful pretext to break off relations with anyone he doesn't want to see: "You made a pass at Aracknid last night. I can't have you to the house again." People are always blacking out in the Zone, whether they drink or not, and no one can say for sure he didn't make a pass at Aracknid's unappetizing person.

Aracknid is a worthless chauffeur, barely able to drive. On one occasion he ran down a pregnant woman in from the mountains with a load of charcoal on her back and she miscarried a bloody, dead baby in the street, and Keif got out and sat on the curb stirring the blood with a stick while the police questioned Aracknid and finally arrested the woman for a violation of the Sanitary Code.

Aracknid is a grimly unattractive young man with long face of a strange, slate-blue color. He has a big nose and great yellow teeth like a horse. Anybody can find an attractive chauffeur, but only Andrew Keif could have found Aracknid; Keif the brilliant, decadent young novelist who lives in a remodelled pissoire in the red light district of the Native Quarter.

The Zone is a single, vast building. The rooms are made of a plastic cement that bulges to accommodate people.

but when too many crowd into one room there is a soft p!op and someone squeezes through the wall right into the next house, the next bed that is, since the rooms are mostly bed where the business of the Zone is transacted. A hum of sex and commerce shakes the

Zone like a vast hive:

“Two thirds of one percent. I won’t budge from that figure; not even for my bumpkins.”

“But where are the bills of lading, lover?”

“Not where you’re looking, pet. That’s too obvious.”

“A bale of levies with built-in falsie baskets. Made in Hollywood.”

“Hollywood Siam.”

“Well American *style*.”

“What’s the commission?—The commission—The Commission.”

“Yes, nugget, a shipload of K.Y. made of genuine whale drek* in the South Atlantic at present quarantined by the Board of Health in Tierra del Fuego. The commission, my dear! If we can pull this off we’ll be in clover.”

Interzone Imports Unlimited, which consists of Marvie and Leif The Unlucky, had latched onto the K.Y. deal. In fact they specialize in pharmaceuticals and run a 24-hour Pro station, six ways coverage fore and aft, as a side linef

They plunge into the deal. They perform unmentionable services for a spastic Greek shipping agent, and one entire shift of Customs inspectors. The two partners fall out and finally denounce each other in the Embassy where they are referred to the We Don’t Want To Hear About It Department, and eased out a back door into a shit-strewn vacant lot, where vultures fight over fish-heads. They flail at each other hysterically.

“You’re trying to fuck me out of my commission!”

* Whale drek is reject material that accumulates in the process of cutting up a whale and cooking it down. A horrible, fishy mess you can smell for miles. No one has found any use for it.

Six separate venereal diseases have been identified to date.

“*Your* commission! Who smelled out this good thing in the first place?”

“But I have the bill of lading.”

“Monster! But the check will be made out in my name.”

“Bawstard! You’ll never see the bill of lading until my cut is deposited in escrow.”

“Well, might as well kiss and make up. There’s nothing mean or petty about me.”

They shake hands without enthusiasm. The deal drags on for months. They engage the services of an Expeditor. Finally Marvie

emerges with a check for 42 Turkestan kurds drawn on an anonymous bank in South America, to clear through Amsterdam, a procedure that will take eleven months more or less.

Now he can relax in the cafés of The Plaza. He shows a photostatic copy of the check. He would never show the original of course, lest some envious citizen spit ink eradi-cator on the signature or otherwise mutilate the check.

Everyone asks him to buy drinks and celebrate, but he laughs jovially and says, "Fact is I can't afford to buy myself a drink. I already spent every kurd of it buying Penstrep for Ali's clap. He's down with it fore and aft again. I came near kicking the little bastard right through the wall into the next bed. But you all know what a sentimental old thing I am."

Marvie does buy himself a shot glass of beer, squeezing a blackened coin out of his fly onto the table. "Keep the change." The waiter sweeps the coin into a dust pan, he spits on the table and walks away.

"Sore head! He's envious of my check."

Marvie had been in Interzone since "the year before one" as he put it. He had been retired from some unspecified position in the State Dept "for the good of the service." Obviously he had once been very good looking in a crew-cut, college-boy way, but his face had sagged and formed lumps under the chin like melting paraffin. He was getting heavy around the hips.

Leif The Unlucky was a tall, thin Norwegian, with a patch over one eye, his face congealed in a permanent, ingratiating smirk. Behind him lay an epic saga of unsuccessful enterprises. He had failed at raising frogs, chinchilla, Siamese fighting fish, rami and culture pearls. He had attempted, variously and without success, to promote a Love Bird Two in a Coffin Cemetery, to corner the condom market during the rubber shortage, to run a mail order whore house, to issue penicillin as a patent medicine. He had followed disastrous betting systems in the casinos of Europe and the race tracks of the U.S. His reverses in business were matched by the incredible mischances of his personal life; his front teeth had been stomped out by bestial American sailors in Brooklyn. Vultures had eaten out an eye when he drank a pint of paregoric and passed out in a Panama City park. He had been trapped between floors in an elevator for five days with an oil-burning junk habit and sustained an attack of D.T.s while stowing away in a foot locker. Then there

was the time he collapsed with strangulated intestines, perforated ulcers and peritonitis in Cairo and the hospital was so crowded they bedded him in the latrine, and the Greek surgeon goofed and sewed up a live monkey in him, and he was gang-fucked by the Arab attendants, and one of the orderlies stole the penicillin substituting Saniflush; and the time he got clap in his ass and a self-righteous English doctor cured him with an enema of hot, sulphuric acid, and the German practitioner of Technological Medicine who removed his appendix with a rusty can opener and a pair of tin snips (he considered the germ theory “a nonsense.”) Flushed with success he then began snipping and cutting out everything in sight; “The human body is filled up vit unnecessitated parts. You can get by vit one kidney. Vy have two? Yes dot is a kidney—The inside parts should not be so close in together crowded. They need lebensraum like the Vaterland.”

The Expeditor had not yet been paid, and Marvie was faced by the prospect of stalling him for eleven months until the check cleared. The Expeditor was said to have been bom on the Ferry between the Zone and the Island. His profession was to expedite the delivery of merchandise. No one knew for sure whether his services were of any use or not, and to mention his name always precipitated an argument. Cases were cited to prove his miraculous efficiency and utter worthlessness.

The Island was a British Military and Naval station directly opposite the Zone. England holds the Island on yearly rent-free lease, and every year the lease and permit of residence is formally renewed. The entire population turns out, attendance is compulsory, and gathers at the municipal dump. The President of the Island is required by custom to crawl across the garbage on his stomach and deliver the Permit of Residence and Renewal of the Lease, signed by every citizen of the Island, to The Resident Governor who stands resplendent in dress uniform. The Governor takes the permit and shoves it into his coat pocket:

“Well,” he says with a tight smile, “so you’ve decided to let us stay another year, have you? Very good of you. And everyone is happy about it?—Is there anyone who isn’t happy about it?”

Soldiers in jeeps sweep mounted machine-guns back and forth across the crowd with a slow, searching movement.

“Everybody happy. Well that’s fine.” He turns jovially to the prostrate President. “I’ll keep your papers in case I get caught short.

Haw Haw Haw.” His loud, metallic laugh rings out across the dump, and the crowd laughs with him under the searching guns.

The forms of democracy are scrupulously enforced on the Island. There is a Senate and a Congress who carry on endless sessions discussing garbage disposal and outhouse inspection, the only two questions over which they have jurisdiction. For a brief period in the mid-nineteenth century, they had been allowed to control the Dept, of Baboon

Maintenance but this privilege had been withdrawn owing to absenteeism in the Senate.

The post of President is always forced on some particularly noxious and unpopular citizen. To be elected president is the greatest misfortune and disgrace that can befall an Islander. The humiliations and ignominy are such that few presidents live out their full term of office, usually dying of a broken spirit after a year or two. The expeditor had once been President and served the full five years of his term. Subsequently he changed his name and underwent plastic surgery, to blot out, as far as possible, the memory of his disgrace.

The purple-assed Tripoli baboons had been brought to the Island by pirates in the 17th century. There was a legend that when the baboons left the Island it would fall. To whom or in what way is not specified, and it is a capital offense to kill a baboon, though the noxious behavior of these animals harries the citizens, almost beyond endurance. Occasionally someone goes berserk, kills several baboons and himself.

“Yes of course—we’ll pay you,” Marvie was saying to the Expeditor.

“But take it easy. It may be a little while yet.”

“Take it easy! A little while! —Listen.”

“Yes, I know it all. The finance company is repossessing your wife’s artificial kidney—They are evicting your grandmother from her iron lung.”

“That’s in rather bad taste, old boy—Frankly I wish I had never involved myself in this uh matter. That bloody grease has too much carbolic in it. I was down to customs one day last week. Stuck a broom handle into a drum of it, and the grease ate the end off straight away. Besides, the stink is enough to knock a man on his bloody ass. You should take a walk down by the port.”

“I’ll do no such thing.” Marvie screeched. It is a mark of caste in

the Zone never to touch or even go near what you are selling. To do so gives rise to suspicion of retailing.

that is of being a common peddler. A goal part of the merchandise in the Zone is sold through street peddlers.

“Why do you tell me all this? It’s too sordid! Let the retailers worry about it.”

“Oh it’s all very well for you chaps; you can scud out from under. But I have a reputation to maintain—There’ll be a spot of bother about this.”

“Do you suggest there is something *illegitimate* in this operation?”

“Not *illegitimate* exactly. But shoddy. Definitely shoddy.”

“Oh go back to your Island before it falls! We knew you when you were peddling your purple ass in the Plaza pissoires for five pesetas.”

“And not many takers either,” Leif put in. He pronounced it ither. This reference to his Island origin was more than the Expeditor could stand—He was drawing himself up, mobilizing his most frigid impersonation of an English aristocrat, preparing to deliver an icy, clipped “crusher,” but instead, a whining, whimpering, kicked dog snarl broke from Iris mouth. His pre-surgery face emerged in an arch-light of incandescent hate—He began to spit curses in the hideous, strangled gutturals of the Island dialect.

The Islanders all profess ignorance of the dialect or flatly deny its existence. “We are Breetish,” they say. “We don’t got no bloody dealect.”

Froth gathered at the comers of the Expeditor’s mouth. He was spitting little balls of saliva like pieces of cotton. The stench of spiritual vileness hung in the air about him like a green cloud. Marvie and Leif fell back twittering in alarm.

“He’s gone *mad*,” Marvie gasped. “Let’s get *out* of here.” Hand in hand they skip away into the mist that covers the Zone in the winter months like a cold Turkish Bath.

survivor survivor

NEW ORLEANS Jazz thin in The Northern Light. A boy slid off a white silk bar stool and held out a hand: “Hello. I’m Johnny Yen. a friend of—Well, just about everybody. I was more physical before my accident you can see from this *interesting* picture. Only the head

was reduced to this jelly but like I say it the impression on my face was taken by the other man's eyes drive the car head-on it was and The Big Physician (he's very technical) rushed him off to a surgery and took out his eyes and made a quick impression and slapped it on me like a pancake before I started to dry out and curl around the edges. So -now I'm back in harness you might say: and I have **All** of 'You' that what I want from my audience is the last drop then bring me another. The place is hermetic. We think so blockade we thought nobody could get thru our flak thing. *They* thought. Switch Artist me. Oh, there goes my frequency. I'm on now.

We could go on cutting my cleavage act. but genug basta assez dice fall hombre long switch street—I had this terrible accident in a car a Bentley it was I think they're so nice that's what you pay for when you buy one it's yours and you can be sure no body will pull it out from under your assets. Of course we don't have assholes here you understand somebody might go out and get physical. Soo we are strictly from urine. And that narrows things to a fine line down the middle fifty feefy and what could be fairer than that my Uncle Eyetootli always says he committed fornication but I don't believe it me old heavy water junky like him—So anyhoo to get back to my accident in my Bentley once I get my thing in a Bentley it's mine already. So we had this terrible accident or rather

he did. Oh dear what am I saying? It wasn't my first accident you understand yearly wounded or was it monthly Oh dear I must stay on that middle line—One day I'll stop talking and then?

“Survivor. Survivor. Not the first in my childhood. Three thousand years in show business and always keep my nose clean. Why I was a dancing boy for the Cannibal Trog Women in The Ice Age. Remember? All the meat stacked up in the caves and The Blue Queen covered with limestone flesh creeps into your bones like cold grey honey—that's the way they keep them not dead but paralyzed with this awful stuff they cook down from vampire bats get in your hair Gertie always keep youi hair way up inside with a vampire on premises bail to get in other alien premises. The Spains have this word for it, something about props ajeno or something like that I know so am ya la yo mixa everything allup. They call me Puto The Cement Mixer, now isn't that cute? Some people think I'm just silly but I'm not silly at all—and this boyfriend told me I looked just like a shrew with my big ears quivering hot and eager like burning leaves and those were his last words engraved on by back tape—

along with a lot of other old memories that disgust me, you wouldn't believe the horrible routines I been involved through my profession of Survival Artist—and they think that's funny, but I don't laugh except real quick between words no time you understand laughing they could get at me doesn't keep them off like talking does, now watch—”

A pause and the light shrank and the audience sounds a vast muttering in Johnny's voice.

“*You see*”—Shadows moved back into nightclub seats and drank nightclub drinks and talked nightclub talk— “They'd just best is all. So I was this dancing boy for these dangerous old cunts paralyzed men and boys they dug special stacked right up to the ceiling like the pictures I saw of Belsen or one of those awful contracted places and I said they are at it again—I said the Old Army Game.

I said ‘Pass The Buck.’ Now you see it, now you don't

Paralyzed with this awful gook The Sapphire Goddess let out through this cold sore she always kept open on her lips, that is a hole in the limestone you understand she was like entirely covered with one of those Stag Rites —Real concentrated in there and irradiated to prevent an accident owing to some virus come lately wander in from Podunk Hepatitis—But I guess I'm talking too much about private things—But I know this big atomic professor, he's very technical too, says: ‘There are no secrets any more, Pet’ when I was smooching around him for a quickie. My Unde still gives me a sawski for a hot nuclear secret and ten years isn't hay, dahling, in these times when practically anybody is subject to wander in from the desert with a quit claim deed and snatch a girl's snatch right out from under her assets—over really I should say but some of we boys are so sick we got this awful cunt instead of a decent human asshole disgust you to see it—So I just say anything I hear on the old party line.

“I used to keep those old Cave Cunts at bay with my Impersonation Number where I play this American Mating Dance in Black Widow drag and I could make my face flap around you wouldn't believe it and the noises I made in uh orgasm when SHE ate me—I played both parts you unnerstand, imitated The Goddess Herself and turn right into stone for security—And SHE couldn't give me enough juice running out of this hole was her only orifice and she was transported dais and all, die ass and all, by blind unives with no balls, had to crawl under HER dais dressed in

Centipede Suit of The Bearer which was put on them as a great honor and they was always fighting over matter of protocol or protocrawl—So all these boys stacked to the ceiling covered with limestone—you understand they weren't dead any more than a fresh oyster is dead, but died in the moment when the shell was cracked and they were eaten all quivering sweet and tasty. Vitamins the right way—eaten with little jewelled adzes jade and sapphires and chicken blood rubies all really magnificent. Of course I pinched everything I could latch onto with my prehensile piles I learned it boosting in Chi to pay the Luxury Tax on C. Three thousand *years* in show business—Later or was it earlier, the Mayan Calendar is all loused up you know—I was a star Com God inna Sacred Hanging Ceremony to fructify The Com devised by this impresario who specializes in these far out bit parts which fit me like a condom, he says the cutest things. He's a doctor too. A Big Physician made my face over after The Accident' collided with my Bentley head on—the cops say they never see anything so intense and it is a special pass I must be carrying I wasn't completely obliterated.

"I was more *physical* before my *accident*, you can see from this interesting picture."

Lee looked from the picture to the face, saw the flickering phosphorescent scars.

"Yes" he said "I know you—You're dead nada walking around visible." The boy looked at him his mouth a little open showing the whitest teeth this Private Eye ever saw —Naval uniform buttoned in the wrong holes quilted with sea mist and powder smoke, smell of chlorine and rum and mouldy jock straps—And probably a narcotics agent is hiding in the spare stateroom that is always locked— There are the stairs to the attic room and the window he looked out and his mother moving around—Dead she was—With such hair too—Red.

So the boy is rebuilt and gives me the eye and there he is again walking around some day later across the street and "No dice" flickered across his face—The copy there is a different being, something ready to slip in—Boys empty and banal as sunlight her way always—So he is exact replica is he not?—Empty space of the original— Next step with Benway.

paco, Joselito, Henrique

CARL PETERSON found a postcard in his box requesting him to

report for a ten o'clock appointment with Doctor Benway in the Ministry of Mental Hygiene and Prophylaxis.

"What on earth could they want with me?" he thought irritably—"A mistake most likely." But he knew they didn't make mistakes—Certainly not mistakes of identity.

It would not have occurred to Carl to disregard the appointment even though failure to appear entailed no penalty—Freeland was a welfare state. If a citizen wanted anything from a load of bone meal to a sexual partner some department was ready to offer effective aid. The threat implicit in this enveloping benevolence stifled the concept of rebellion.

Carl walked through the Town Hall Square—Nickel nudges sixty feet high with brass genitals soaped themselves under gleaming showers—The Town Hall cupola, of glass brick and copper crashed into the sky.

Carl stared back at a homosexual American tourist who dropped his eyes and fumbled with the light filters of his Leica.

Carl entered the steel enamel labyrinth of the Ministry, strode to the information desk—and presented his card.

"Fifth floor—Room twenty-six."

In room twenty-six a nurse looked at him with cold undersea eyes.

"Doctor Benway is expecting you," she said smiling. "Go right in."

"As if he had nothing to do but wait for me," thought Carl.

The office was completely silent, and filled with milky light. The doctor shook Carl's hand, keeping his eyes on the young man's chest.

"I've seen this man before," Carl thought—"But where?"

He sat down and crossed his legs. He glanced at an ashtray on the desk and lit a cigarette—He turned to the doctor a steady inquiring gaze in which there was more than a touch of insolence.

The doctor seemed embarrassed—He fidgeted and coughed—and fumbled with papers.

"Hurumpli," he said finally—"Your name is Carl Peterson I believe—" His glasses slid down onto his nose in parody of the academic manner—Carl nodded silently—The doctor did not look at him but seemed none the less to register the acknowledgement—He pushed his glasses back into place with one finger and opened a file on the white enamelled desk.

“Mmmmmmm. Carl Peterson,” he repeated the name caressingly, pursed his lips and nodded several times. He spoke again abruptly: “You know of course that we are trying. We are all trying. Sometimes of course we don’t succeed.” His voice tailed off thin and tenuous. He put a hand to his forehead. “To adjust the state—simply a tool—to the needs of each individual citizen.” His voice boomed out so unexpectedly deep and loud that Carl started. “That is the only function of the state as we see it. Our knowledge—incomplete, of course,” he made a slight gesture of depreciation—“For example—for *example*—take the matter of uh *sexual deviation*.” The doctor rocked back and forth in his chair. His glasses slid down onto his nose. Carl felt suddenly uncomfortable.

“We regard it as a misfortune—a sickness—certainly nothing to be censored or uh sanctioned any more than say—tuberculosis—Yes,” he repeated firmly as if Carl had raised an objection—“Tuberculosis. On the other hand you can readily see that *any* illness imposes certain, should we say *obligations*, certain *necessities* of a prophylactic nature on the authorities concerned with public health.

such necessities to be imposed, needless to say, with a minimum of inconvenience and hardship to the unfortunate individual who has, through no fault of his own, become uh infected—That is to say, of course, the minimum hardship compatible with adequate protection of other in-I dividuals who are not so infected—We do not find obligatory vaccination for smallpox an unreasonable measure I—Nor isolation for certain contagious diseases—I am sure you will agree that individuals infected with hurumph what the French call ‘Les Maladies galantes’ heh heh heh should be compelled to undergo treatment if they do not report voluntarily.” The doctor went on chuckling and rocking in his chair like a mechanical toy—Carl realized that he was expected to say something.

“That seems reasonable,” he said.

The doctor stopped chuckling. He was suddenly motionless. “Now to get back to this uh matter of sexual deviation. Frankly we don’t pretend to understand—at least not completely—why some men and women prefer the uh sexual company of their own sex. We do know that the uh phenomena is common enough, and, under certain circumstances a matter of uh concern to this department.”

For the first time the doctor’s eyes flickered across Carl’s face.

Eyes without a trace of warmth or hate or any emotion that Carl had ever experienced in himself or seen in another, at once cold and intense, predatory and impersonal. Carl suddenly felt trapped in this silent underwater cave of a room, cut off from all sources of warmth and certainty. His picture of himself sitting there calm, alert with a trace of well mannered contempt went dim, as if vitality were draining out of him to mix with the milky grey medium of the room.

“Treatment of these disorders is, at the present time, hurmph symptomatic.” The doctor suddenly threw himself back into his chair and burst into peals of metallic laughter. Carl watched him appalled—“The man is in-

sane,” he thought. The doctor’s face went blank as a gambler’s. Carl felt an odd sensation in his stomach like the sudden stopping of an elevator.

The doctor was studying the file in front of him. He spoke in a tone of slightly condescending amusement:

“Don’t look so frightened, young man. Just a professional joke. To say my treatment is symptomatic means there is none, except to make the patient feel as comfortable as possible. And that is precisely what we attempt to do in these cases.” Once again Carl felt the impact of that cold interest on his face. “That is to say reassurance when reassurance is necessary—and, of course, suitable outlets with other individuals of similar tendencies. No isolation is indicated—the condition is no more directly contagious than cancer. Cancer, my first love,” the doctor’s voice receded. He seemed actually to have gone away through an invisible door leaving his empty body sitting there at the desk.

Suddenly he spoke again in a crisp voice. “And so you may well wonder why we concern ourselves with the matter at all?” He flashed a smile bright and cold as snow in sunlight.

Carl shrugged: “That is not my business—what I am wondering is why you have asked me to come here and why you tell me all this—this—”

“Nonsense?”

Carl was annoyed to find himself blushing.

The doctor leaned back and placed the ends of his fingers together:

“The young,” he said indulgently. “Always they are in a hurry. One day perhaps you will learn the meaning of patience. No, Carl—

I may call you Carl? I am not evading your question. In cases of suspected tuberculosis we—that is the appropriate department—may ask, even *request*, someone to appear for a fluoroscopic examination. This is routine, you understand. Most of such examinations turn up negative. So you have been asked to report here for.

J should I say a psychic fluoroscope???? I may add that after talking with you I feel *relatively* sure that the result will be, for practical purposes, negative.”

“But the whole thing is ridiculous. I have always interested myself only in girls. I have a steady .girl now and we plan to marry.”

“Yes Carl, I know. And that is why you are here. A blood test prior to marriage, this is reasonable, no?”

“Please doctor, speak directly.”

The doctor did not seem to hear. He drifted out of his chair and began walking around behind Carl, his voice languid and intermittent like music down a windy street.

“I may tell you in strictest confidence that there is definite evidence of a hereditary factor. Social pressure. Many homosexuals latent and overt do, unfortunately, marry. Such marriages often result in—Factor of infantile environment.” The doctor’s voice went on and on. He was talking about schizophrenia, cancer, hereditary disfunction of the hypothalamus.

Carl dozed off. He was opening a green door. A horrible smell grabbed his lungs and he woke up with a shock. The doctor’s voice was strangely flat and lifeless, a whispering junky voice:

“The Kleiberg-Stanislouski semen flocculation test—a diagnostic tool—indicate at least in a negative sense. In certain cases useful—taken as part of the whole picture— Perhaps under the uh *circumstances*.” The doctor’s voice shot up to a pathetic scream. “The nurse will take your uh *specimen*.”

“This way please”—The nurse opened the door into a white bare walled cubicle. She handed him a jar.

“Use this please. Just yell when you’re ready.”

He washed his penis and buttoned up his pants.

Something was watching his every thought and movement with cold, sneering hate, the shifting of his testes, the contractions of his rectum. He was in a room filled

with green light. There was a stained wood double bed, a black

wardrobe with full length mirror. Carl could not see his face. Someone was sitting in a black hotel chair. He was wearing a stiff bosomed white shirt and a dirty paper tie. The face swollen, skull-less, eyes like burning pus.

"Something wrong?" said the nurse indifferently. She was holding a glass of water out to him. She watched him drink with aloof contempt. She turned and picked up the jar with obvious distaste.

The nurse turned to him: "Are you waiting for something special?" she snapped. Carl had never been spoken to like that in his adult life. "Why no—" "You can go then," she turned back to the jar. With a little exclamation of disgust she wiped a gob of semen off her hand. Carl crossed the room and stood at the door.

"Do I have another appointment?"

She looked at him in disapproving surprise: "You'll be notified of *course*." She stood in the doorway of the cubicle and watched him walk through the outer office and open the door. He turned and attempted a jaunty wave. The nurse did not move or change her expression. As he walked down the stairs the broken, false grin burned his face with shame.

Carl ran into a park and found an empty bench beside a bronze faun with cymbals.

"Let your hair down, chicken. You'll feel better." The tourist was leaning over him, his camera swinging in Carl's face like a great dangling tit.

"Fuck off you!"

Carl saw something ignoble and hideous reflected back in the queen's spayed animal brown eyes.

"Oh! I wouldn't be calling any names if I were you, chicken. You're hooked too. I saw you coming out of The Institute."

"What do you mean by that?" Carl demanded.

"Oh nothing. Nothing at all."

"Well, Carl," the doctor began smiling and keeping his eyes on a level with Carl's mouth. "I have some good news for you." He picked up a slip of blue paper off the desk and went through an elaborate pantomime of focussing his eyes on it. "You're uh test—the Robinson-Kleiberg flocculation test."

"I thought it was a Blomberg-Stanlouski test."

The doctor tittered. "Oh dear no—You are getting ahead of me young man. You must have misunderstood. The Blomberg-

Stanlouski, weell that's a different sort of test altogether. I *do hope*—not necessary—” He tittered again: “But as I was saying before I was so charmingly interrupted—by my hurumph learned young colleague. Your KS seems to be—” He held the slip at arm's length. “—completely uh negative. So perhaps we won't be troubling you any further. And so—” He folded the slip carefully into a file. He leafed through the file. Finally he stopped and frowned and pursed his lips. He closed the file and put his hand flat on it and leaned forward.

“Carl, when you were doing your military service— There must have been—in fact there *were* long periods when you found yourself deprived of the uh consolations and uh *facilities* of the fair sex. During these no doubt trying and difficult periods you had perhaps a pin up girl?? Or more likely a pin up harem?? Heh heh heh.”

Carl looked at the doctor with overt distaste. “Yes, of course,” he said. “We all did.”

“And now, Carl, I would like to show you some pin up girl.” He pulled an envelope out of a drawer. “And ask you to please pick out the one you would most like to uh make heh heh heh—” He suddenly leaned forward fanning the photographs in front of Carl's face. “Pick a girl, any girl!”

Carl reached out with numb fingers and touched one of the photographs. The doctor put the photo back into the pack and shuffled and cut and he placed the pack on Carl's file and slapped it smartly. He spread the photos face up in front of Carl. “Is she there?”

Carl shook his head.

“Of course not. She is in here where she belongs. A woman's place what???” He opened the file and held out the girl's photo attached to a Rorschach plate.

“Is that her?”

Carl nodded silently.

“You have good taste, my boy. I may tell you in strictest confidence that some of these girls—” with gambler fingers he shifts the photos in Three Card Monte Passes—“are really *boys*. In uh *drag* I believe is the word???” His eyebrows shot up and down with incredible speed. Carl could not be sure he had seen anything unusual. The doctor's face opposite him was absolutely immobile and expressionless. Once again Carl experienced the floating sensation in his stomach and genitals of a sudden elevator stop.

“Yes, Cari, you seem to be running our little obstacle course with flying colors—I guess you think this is all pretty silly don’t you now—???”

“Well, to tell the truth—Yes.”

“You are frank, Carl—This is good—And now—Carl—” He dragged the name but caressingly like a sweet con dick about to offer you an Old Gold—(just like a cop to smoke Old Golds somehow) and go into his act

The con dick does a little dance step.

“Why don’t you make The Man a proposition?” he jerks a head towards his glowering super-ego who is always referred to in the third person as “The Man” or “The Lieutenant.”

“That’s the way the Lieutenant is, you play fair with him and he’ll play fair with you—We’d like to go light on you—If you could help us in some way.” His words open out into desolate waste of cafeterias and street comers and lunch rooms. Junkies look the other way munching pound cake.

“The Fag is wrong.”

The Fag slumps in a hotel chair knocked out on goof balls with his tongue lolling out.

He gets up in a goof ball trance, hangs himself without altering his expression or pulling his tongue in.

“And so Carl you will please oblige to tell me how many times and under what circumstances you have uh indulged in homosexual acts???” His voice drifts away. “If you have never done so I shall be inclined to think of you as a somewhat atypical young man.” The doctor raises a coy admonishing finger. “In any case—” He tapped the file and flashed a hideous leer. Carl noticed that the file was six inches thick. In fact it seemed to have thickened enormously since he entered the room.

“Well, when I was doing my military service—These queers used to proposition me and sometimes—when I was blank—”

“Yes, of course, Carl,” the doctor brayed heartily. “In your position I would have done the same I don’t mind telling you heh heh heh—Well, I guess we can uh *dismiss as irrelevant* these uh understandable means of replenishing the uh *exchequer*. And now, Carl, there were perhaps”—one finger tapped the file which gave out a faint effluvia of moldy jock straps and chlorine—“occasions. When no uh economic factors were involved.”

A green flare exploded in Carl’s brain. He saw Hans’ lean brown

body—twisting towards him, quick breath on his shoulder. The flare went out. Some huge insect was squirming in his hand.

His whole being jerked away in an electric spasm of revulsion.

Carl got to his feet shaking with rage.

“What are you writing there?” he demanded.

“Do you often doze off like that??? in the middle of a conversation—?”

“I wasn’t asleep that is.”

“You weren’t?”

“It’s just that the *whole thing* is unreal—I’m going now.

I don’t care. You can’t force me to stay.”

He was walking across the room towards the door. He had been walking a long time. A creeping numbness dragged his legs. The door seemed to recede.

“Where can you go, Carl?” The doctor’s voice reached him from a great distance.

“Out—Away—Through the door.”

“The Green Door, Carl?”

The doctor’s voice was barely audible. The whole room was exploding out into space.

Carl descended a spiral iron stairwell into a labyrinth of lockers, tier on tier of wire mesh and steel cubicles joined by catwalks and ladders and moving cable-cars as far as he could see, tiers shifting interpenetrating swinging beams of construction, blue flare of torches on the intent young faces. Locker room smell of moldy jock-strap, chlorine and burning metal, escalators and moving floors start stop change course, synchronize with balconies and perilous platforms later with rust. Ferris wheels silently penetrate the structure, roller coasters catapult through to the clear sky—a young workman walks the steel beams with the sun in his hair out of sight in a maze of cat-walks and platforms where coffee fires smoke in rusty barrels and the workers blow on their black cotton gloves in the clear cold morning through to the sky beams with sun in his hair the workers blow on their cold morning, dropped down into the clicking turnstiles. Buzzers, lights and stuttering torches smell of ozone. Breakage is constant. Whole tiers shift and crash in a yellow cloud of rust, spill boys masturbating on careening toilets, iron urinals trailing a wake of indecent exposure, old men in rocker chairs screaming anti-fluoride slogans, a Southern Senator sticks his fat frog face out of the outhouse and brays with inflexible authority:

“And Ah advocates the extreme penalty in the worst form there is for anyone convicted of trafficking in, transporting, selling or caught in using the narcotic substance known as nutmeg—I wanta say further that Ahm a true friend of the Nigra and understand all his simple wants. Why, I got a good Darkie in here now wiping my ass.”

Wreckage and broken bodies litter the girders, slowly collected by old junkies pushing little red wagons patient and calm with gentle larcenous old woman fingers. Gathering blue torch flarelight the calm intent young worker faces.

Locker room toilet on five levels seen from the ferris wheel. Flash of white legs, shiny pubic hairs and lean brown arms, boys masturbating with soap under rusty showers form a serpent line beating on the lockers, vibrates through all the tiers and cubicles unguarded platforms and dead-end ladders dangling in space, workers straddling beams beat out runic tunes with shiny ball-point hammers. The universe shakes with metallic adolescent lust. The line disappears through a green door slide down to the Subterranean Baths twisting through torch flares the melodious boy-cries drift out of ventilators in all the locker rooms, barracks, schools and prisons of the world. “Joselito, Páco, Henrique.”

combat troops in the area

THE ROOM WAS FULL OF WHITE PILLOW FLAKES BLOWING OUT FROM A CONICAL INSECT NEST OF PLASTER—SCORPIONS CRAWLED FROM THE NEST SNAPPING THEIR CLAWS—HE FELT THE CONICAL NESTS ATTACHED TO HIS SIDE—WHITE SCORPIONS CRAWLING OVER HIS FACE—HE WOKE UP SCREAMING: “TAKE THEM OFF ME!—TAKE THEM OFF ME!”

The dream still shuddered in milky dawn light—KiKi lay naked in a strange bed—His street boy senses clicked back: Standing in a doorway his collar turned up against the cold Spring wind that whistled down from the mountains—The man stopped under a blue arc light in the heavy twilight—He put a cigarette to his mouth, tapped his pockets, and turned his hands out—KiKi stepped forward with his lighter extended smiling—The man was only a few years older than KiKi—Thin face hidden by the shadow of his hat—They had sandwiches and beer at a booth where a kerosene lamp flickered in the mountain wind—The man called a cab that seemed to leave the ground on a long ride through rubbly

outskirts of the city—It was a neighborhood of large houses with gardens—

The man was not in bed beside him but seated at a table crumpled forward his head sunk into the collar of a heavy silk dressing gown—A muffled sound like muttering cloth drifted from the crumpled form—KiKi got out of bed naked and touched the man's shoulder—There was nothing there but cloth that fell in a heap on the floor leaking grey dust—KiKi found the man's wallet and slipped out the large bills—The man's clothes were too large so he put on his own clothes and went out shutting the door softly—He listened for a moment then stepped quickly down the stairs—In the doorway he stumbled over a pile of rags that smelled of urine and pulque—Empty streets and from radios in empty houses a twanging sound of sirens that rose and fell vibrating the windows—The air was full of luminous grey flakes falling softly on crumpled cloth bodies—The street led to an open square—He could see people running now suddenly collapse on to a heap of clothes—The grey flakes were falling heavier, falling through all the buildings of the city—Cold fear touched his street boy senses—A vista of phosphorescent slag heaps opened before him—

On the smoldering metal he saw a giant crab claws snapping—A voice in KiKi's head said "Stand aside" as

Ali God of street boys from the neon cities of Saturn moved in—Dodging from side to side over the snapping claws his plasma knife tore a great rent in the crab's body that leaked black rusty oil—Ali doubled back from above and behind hitting the crab at the base of its brain—The claws flew off—The eyes went out—There was nothing but a smear of oil *on* the pavement—

"This way—To The Towers"—Ali pointed to an office building that dominated the square—KiKi ran towards the building covered now by tower fire—Hands pulled him into a doorway—On the roof of the building was a battery of radios and movie cameras that vibrated to static—A green creature with metal claw hands was giving orders to a group of partisans who manned the gun tower—From the radio poured a metallic staccato voice—"Photo faffing—Word Faffing—Break through in Grey Room—Towers, open fire"—

As the shot of apomorphine cut through poisons of Minraud he felt a tingling burning numbness—His body coming out of deep freeze in The Ovens—Then viscera exploded in vomit—The mold of his body cracked and he stepped free—A slender green creature, his

hands ended in black claws covered with fine magnetic wires that extended up the inner arm to the elbow—He was wearing a gas mask to breathe carbon dioxide of enemy planet— Antennae ears tuned to all voices of the city, each voice classified on a silent switch board—Green disk eyes with pupils of a pale electric blue—Body of a hard green substance like flexible jade—Back brain and spine burned with blue sparks as messages crackled in and out— “Shift body halves—Vibrate flesh—Cut tourists”— The instructions were filed on transparent sheets waiting sound formation as he slid them into mind screens of the planet—He put on his broken body like an overcoat—Silent and purposeful under regulating center of the back brain, he went into a bar and stood at the pinball machine, his hard green core sinking into the other players writing the resistance message with magnetic wires—The machine clicked and tilted in his hands, electric purpose cutting association lines— Enemy plans exploded in a burst of rapid calculations—Vast insect calculating machine of the enemy flashed the warning— “Combat troops in the area”—

Combat troops to fight the Insect People of Minraud for control of this planet—Crab guards gathered around the machine, sliding foreward to feel with white hot claws for the human spots of weakness opened up by The Green Boy of The Divide Line—The crab guard was not finding the spots—He pressed closer breathing the dry heat of Minraud, while flying scorpion men sank stingers into empty flesh, injecting the oven poison—Too late the crab guard saw the jade body and the disk eyes pounding deep into his nerve centers—The eyes converged in a single beam forcing the guard back like a fire hose—The pressure suddenly shut off as the eyes vibrated in air hammer synchronization—Pounded the guard to writhing fragments—

The Scorpion Electricals buzzed away screaming—His converging eye beams exploded them in the air and they fell in a shower of blue sparks—He was standing over The Green Boy spitting words into his nervous systems— “Show me your controller—Quickly or I kill”—

The Green Boy nodded—An old woman appeared on screen spitting phosphorescent hate, screaming for her shattered guard—The Lord Of Time surrounded by files and calculating machines, word and image bank of a picture planet—It was over in a few stuttering seconds— Under vibrating pounding eye beams that cut

flesh and bone with electric needles her image blurred and exploded in a burst of nitrous film smoke—Where she had stood a vast low pressure area—Wind of the earth through archives of Time as film and newspapers shredded to dust in a tornado of years and centuries—Grey luminous flakes falling softly on EwYork, Aris, Ome,

Oston—Crumpled cloth bodies through the glass and metal streets swept by time winds—From siren towers the twanging tones of fear—Positive feed back Pan God of Panic piping blue notes through empty streets as the beserk time machine twisted a tornado of centuries—Wind through dusty offices and archives—Board books scattered to rubbish heaps of the earth—Symbol books of The All Powerful Board that had controlled thought feeling and movement of a planet with iron claws of pain and pleasure from birth to death—Control symbols pounded to word and image dust; crumpled cloth bodies of the vast control machine—The whole structure of reality went up in silent explosions under the whining sirens—Pipers from his remote mountain villages loosed Pan God of Panic through streets of image—Dead nitrous streets of an old film set—Paper moon and muslin trees and in the black silver sky great rents as the cover of the world rained down in luminous film flakes.

the board books

In three-dimensional terms The Board is a group representing international big money who intend to take over and monopolize space—They have their own space arrangements privately owned and consider the governmental space programs a joke—The Board Books are records pertaining to anyone who can be of use to their program or anyone who could endanger it—The Board Books are written in symbols referring to association blocks—Like this; \$ —“American upper middle class upbringing with maximum sexual frustration and humiliations imposed by Middle Western Matriarchs;” %—“Criminal street boy upbringing—Oriented towards money and power—Easily corrupted” and so forth—The board agents learn to think in these association blocks and board instructions are conveyed in the board book symbols—The Board is a three dimensional and essentially stupid pressure group relying on money, equipment, information, files, and the technical brains they have bought—As word dust falls and their control machine is

disconnected by partisan activity they'll be in the bread line
without clothes or a dime to buy off their "dogs" their "gooks" their
"errand boys" their "human animals" —Liars—Cowards—
Collaborators—Traitors—Liars who want time for more lies—
Cowards who can not face your "human animals" with the truth—
Collaborators with Insect People, with Vegetable People—With any
people anywhere who offer them a body forever—Traitors to all
souls everywhere sold out to shit forever—

Now rewrite Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—The separation gimmick
that keeps this tired old show on the road—I have said Martin's life
line is the human addict—That is why he is at such pains to keep
the addict uncomfortably short—It is the need, the colorless death
smell arising from sick addicts that keep his whole universe of junk
time and monopoly in operation—"The White Smoke" bottled in
precinct cells of America, in Lexington, Kentucky—With "The White
Smoke" in one hand and "The Blue Heavy Metal Fix" in the other
he has human hosts the way he likes to see them: Caught in the
switch—And if they make it out of that switch The Garden Of
Delights is there waiting with "Orgasm Death"—Make it out of
there?—"The Ovens" down in the hole—All right, so you sewed up
a planet—Now unsew it—Is that clear enough or shall I make it
even clearer??—Reverse all your gimmicks—Your heavy blue metal
fix out in blue sky—Your blue mist swirling through all the streets
of image to Pan Pipes—Your white smoke falling in luminous sound
and image flakes—Your bank of word and image scattered to (he
winds of morning—Into this project all the way or all to see in
Times Square in Piccadilly—Reverse and dismantle your machine
Drain off the prop ocean and leave The White Whale stranded—All
your word line broken from mind screens of the earth—You talk
about "responsibility"—Now show responsibility—Show total
responsibility—You have blighted a planet—Now remove the blight
—Cancel your "White Smoke" and all your other gimmicks of
control—Your monopoly of life, time, and fortune cancelled by your
own orders—Pay, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin, Wracked and answer a
God melted the recorders—Out of the sick lies—No rectum tape—
Empty music cross the water—Characters walk in and out of silver
film—Smoke words recorded on scar impressions— Permutating the
door, Mr. Martin—A hand scattered word and image to the winds
for all to see—Ding-dong bell—Silence—Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin,
leaning say:

“Good-bye then—Your machine drains off picture dioxide—
Truly adiós”—

Bitter price—Whale stranded—The colors released, Martin is
like pulp behind—Now remove all your gimmicks in setting forth—
This dream be your orders—Your ticket now ended—All Martin’s
recorded speech fade out —Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin now show
blighted planet the dog tape empty of control—

“It’s the old junk gimmick—Freeze the mark—Thawing hurts
you got it?—Sex and pain form hatching out in paralyzed flesh—
And hatching out hungry—So you need more and more of the white
stuff to keep your ass in deep freeze—Junk is not blue and it is not
green—Junk is *White White White*—Like the colorless no smell of
death from kicking addicts—That’s where they get The White
Smoke, from sick addicts—Bottled in precinct cells of America—In
Lexington, Kentucky—You got it?—Sex and pain *form* flesh
identity”—

At the far end pale flesh blooms slowly out of a life cannot exist
in pictures—Bleeding formations of crystal— That body without a
shadow without relics—Blank face, healed and half-healed dream
flesh hatching from the death trauma—Outside East St. Louis a cold
adiós— Silence—Weary—They tell you of distant coffin—Won’t be
much left on Panama night—Empty condom ticket— Erogenous
cotton flesh lying there streaked with phosphorous—Some on
walking—

“Man, like good-bye then”—

(In the lunar caves black newt boys, eyes lips and genitals
glowing with slow metal fires—Penis rose in a smell of phosphorous
—Blue radium symbols on the wall)—

Now explosions of Colored South from mixture— Surges of
silence from long metal night weaves people and sky story of one
absent today—On a slow boat to China, Master, a long good night—
The cold adiós—Got no home?—So we’ll sing one song: a big bank
roll and Cousin Miranda making a Monday line—So we’ll sing one
song in your dreams—And that heart grows weary— They’ll tell
you of money in the cold cold grave?—On a slow boat to China,
adiós—Keeps on rolling a big word line—Sugar line—Second hand
erogenous corn—Softly singing Old Black Joe to: “I’m tired of you
and I’m checking out”—Just to raise the price of a ticket angle
voices calling Old Black Joe—Orgasm death in the cold empty
condom—Look, Master God’s wind blew icicles in black slow

motion faces—Singing phosphorous in flash darkies weeping—
Broken glaciers and skin of cotton—Weep no more—Absent tenants
—Ghost voices calling false human hosts—(I made an ambiguous
gesture)—Cold crystal semen fell like opal cane—Slow motion sky
swept by Northern lights—Thawing hurts—White form hatching in
painted human skin inflated “Master”—Long hunger of the spine—
Story of your ass in deep freeze?—Semen fell like opal canes from
phallic statues of ice under Northern Lights—The cold of interstellar
space in his spine—Sex and pain explosions of colored flesh
hatching out—That’s why darkies were born—Way the White Stuff
keep “Master”—Colorless Utilities monopolized land of the free—
Keeps the Djoun forces in second hand erogenous corn—So you
need more and more of death because your ass is in deep freeze—
White White White spurted again and again from death of kicking
addicts—Need The White Light to check out—It’s the old gimmick
—Darkies are the pipes you got it?—Sex and pain price of a ticket—
Flesh hatching out in cotton-covered orgasm cocoons.

(The ship came apart here like a rotten under vest— The Yeti
thawed to stings of white hot scorpion people in The Ovens I lasted
his way out white sheets dripping purple lire—Metal eyes burning
Nova.)

Earthquakes and hurricanes exploded set up of mineral dreamer
—Space eyes blank as polar moon of morning— The question
caught our ticket that exploded—Need The White Smoke to
circumstance—Remember I was the door —It’s the old naked dream
beside you—You got sex and pain information?—Mouth of hair?

(An orchid with brilliant red and green flowers hanging over the
swamp mud—As I touched the plant long tendrils covered with fine
erectile hairs stung my naked body, liquid fire feeling into mouth
and penis and rectum.)

Ancient evil odors on the trade winds—Bottled female smells in
corridors of silence.

“We intersect on empty kingdom where picture cannot exist—
Bleeding I made this dream five times without a shadow without
relics in the last terrace of the garden— Sex dawn and dream flesh
left no address—For I have known East St. Louis good night—Isn’t
time is there left? —So We’ll sing a song in white to give you—Odor
of deluge and money in dreams—Distant coffin overtakes me —
Bitter darkies caught in the door—Odor of drowned suns—Won’t be
much left in the final ape of history— Cold empty condom the price

on our ticket that exploded —Any case divide line melted before circumstances—Remember I was the cotton flesh lying there—
icicles at the far end of evening—Broken dream beside you and the dreamer gone—Rectum with dirty shirt takes his way towards the black cave boys with phosphorescent information, lips fading out—
Dark body smell filled the cave of dust- We made it all in spurts of burning phosphorous—

On the walls slow radium circumstances—You can say could give no flesh identity—Fading such words—What have I my friend to give?—Pale roots where flesh blooms slowly out of life I led—
Read formations of crystal— Healed and half-healed shade departed from the death trauma—Outside the body of a God bending cold adiós —Bitter, my friend, weary they tel! you of courage to let go—
Some one walking stopped suddenly to question cold grave—The pipes are calling Panama alterations—Some one walking and we drown—Erogenous naked flesh empty in the trade winds at dawn whisper—Man, like good-bye.”

Well these are the simple facts of the case and I guess I ought to know—There were at least two parasites one sexual the other cerebral working together the way parasites will—That is the cerebral parasite kept you from wising up to the sexual parasite—
Why has no one ever asked the question: “What is sex?”—Or made any precise scientific investigation of sexual phenomena?—The cerebral parasite prevented this—And why has no one ever asked; “What is word?”—Why do you talk to yourself all the time?—Are you talking to yourself?—Isn’t there some one or something else there when you talk? Put your sex images on a film screen talking to you while you jack-off—Just about the same as the so called “real thing” isn’t it?—Why hasn’t it been tried?—And what is word and to whom is it addressed?—Word evokes image does it not?—
Try it—Put an image track on screen and accompany it with any sound track—Now play the sound track back alone and watch the image track fill in—So? What is word?—Maya—Maya—Illusion.

dead fingers talk

“HELLO, CASH.”

“You sure it’s there?”

“Of course I’m sure—Go in with you.”

Night train to Chi—Meet a girl in the hall and I see she is on and ask where is a score?

“Come in sonny.”

I mean not a young chick but built—“How about a fix first?”

“Xxnay, You wouldn’t be inna condition.”

Three times around—wake up shivering sick in warm Spring wind through the window, water burns the eyes like acid.

She gets out of bed naked—Stacli in the Cobra lamp —Cooks up.

Clinic outside East St. Louis on stilts over the wide brown river took in a steady stream of distant events— That week they could stay on the nod—Time there after a rumble in Dallas—Music runs back to the ’20s—Ten-year-old keeping watch—Cracked pavements —Sharp scent of weeds that grow in suburbs—Pool hall and vaudeville voices.

We sniffed all night and made it four times—fingers down the black board—scrape the white bone. Home is the heroin home from the sea and the hustler home from The Bill.

The Pitchman stirs uneasily: “Take over here will you, kid? Gotta see a man about a monkey.”

So we turn over steady stream of distant events and we flush out traces of a time that meanwhile I had forgotten —Wet air thick and dirty on the garage—Sharp scent of memory pictures coming in— Looked for him he was gone—I met everybody in deserted cemetery with wooden crosses—There was a mulatto about.

“True?—I can’t feel it—Yes you have his face—Healed and half-healed skin—Put it on—Without you I on pavement—Perhaps if you had helped me—Good-bye then— That silver film took it away from me—Well fade out.”

They cowboyed him in the steam room—Is this Cherry Ass Gio the Towel Boy or Mother Gillig, Old Auntie of Westminster Place?? Only dead fingers talk in Braille.

Look at the wired electric maze of the city—Stop No good—Wait a bit—The long mat—It was an errand hoy from the death trauma —Nobody walks out on one In heart or brain spread out they fight on blocking his time —The boy who entered the ’20s had his own train—Room in the half light source of second wind spread the difference between life and death—Boneless mummy was death in the last round.

So we turn over what he did not know: Window people and sky pictures fade out at down—Hurry up—Hands crowd—In the tremendous flash your brain splintered on empty flesh—Bleeding boneless panting death in the last round—The gate from darkened

eyes of wine still loaded with physical skin—Put it on??: *End Of The Line.*

Remember I was fish smell and dead eyes in doorway— Errand boy from last stroke of nine—Room in the half light beside you— Great wind voices of Alamout it's you? —My duty has been remitted muttering: "Not think any more of your harsh thoughts"—But who am I to say more?—Empty is the third vacant lot—Duty remitted— Sound of fear and I dance—Crumpled cloth bodies empty —Ash from falling tracks—Open shirt flapping wind from the South—The throat designed to water—I stay near the basin and shadow pools— Invisible man on webs of silver cut tracks—Vapor trails writing the sky of Alamout and back I shall go—Indications enough in the harbor—Muttering of dry rivers—Fish smell and dead eyes in doorways—The sirocco dances to sound of the crowds —Harsh at this time of day—Vultures in the Street-Know the answer?

I personally wish to terminate my services as of now in that I cannot continue to sell the raw materials of death—Yours, sir, is a hopeless case and a noisome one.

"Defense is meaningless in the present state of our knowledge," said The Defense looking up from an electron microscope.

Take your business to Walgreen's.

We are not responsible.

Steal anything in sight.

I don't know how to return it to the white reader.

Around in vacant lot 1910—Weeds growing through broken towers—His face screen went dead—Smell of healed and half-healed scars—Silver film at the exits— Won't be much left—Little time so I'll say: "Good night" —Not looking around—Talking away —Now the Spanish fly would not be again steady stream of distant events in green neon—You touched from frayed jacket—improvised shacks—mufflers—small pistols—quick fires from bits of driftwood—Shadow voices muttering in the dog rotation— Acoustic qualities couldn't reach flesh— Between suns desolate underbrush—Sharp scent of weeds that grow in old Westerns— Battered phonograph talking distant events—Important thing is always courage to pass without stopping.

Young Dillinger walks straight out of the house and never looked back.

"Don't ever look back, kid—You turn into some old cow's salt lick."

Police bullet in the alley—Broken wings of Icarus, screams of a burning boy inhaled by the old junky—eyes empty as a vast plain—(vulture wings husk in the dry air).

Naked boy on association line—I stay near right now —Be shifted harsh at this time of day—The levanto dances between mutual erections fading in hand—trials my Summer afternoons—Slows fingers in dawn sleep tore the flesh from words—Fish smell and dead train whistles —Open shirt flapping—Wind of morning in the harbor —My number is K9—I am a Biologic from frayed jacket sitting out in lawn chairs with the St. Louis suburb— Not looking around—Talking away—Arab drum music in the suburban air—Fading khaki pants as we shifted this pubescent banner on the pissoirs the river and the Summer dawn—Semen in other flesh open shirt flapping spurts from beyond the tomb showed a brass bed—Many names murmur of human nights—I am dying cross wine gas far now—I am really dying—Remember hints as we shifted commissions stranger like death in your throat?

So where is the statuary and the percentage? Who can say? I don't have The Word—Home in my douche bag— The King is loose with a flame thrower and the king killer, tortured in effigy of a thousand bums, slides down skid row to shit in the limestone ball court.

Soccer scores—The driver shrugged—His sound I could describe to the open street car passing whiffs of Spain—Long empty face—His eyes the evening breeze where the awning flapped—Violence roared past the Café de France cleaving a heavy summons—Mr. Bradly, hurry up—Wind Ariel closed your account—Hurry up please its street—Harbor lights gently moving water smiles dimmer at the edges—Arab memory of flesh far now—Such people made a wide U turn back to the '20s—Expectancy growing in vaudeville voices.

“Which is the way down the aisle to the water closet?” Í asked, the blonde usherette.

“Right through here, sir—Room for one more inside.”

“Have you see Pantapon Rose?” said the old junky in the black overcoat.

The aging playboy dons his 1920 autograph slicker, feeds his screaming wife down the garbage-disposal unit —Hair, shit and blood spurt out 1963 on the wall—“Yes sir, boys, the shit really hit the fan in '63,” said the tire-sorpe old prophet can tore the piss out

of you in any space time direction.

Totally green troops in the area—We come to shape the five new combat divisions through clear process in The United States—Slow your brain area trade—Impressions of Present Time played electrical music—Faded guards blew red nitrous fumes over you—Khaki pants fully understood all of idiot Mambo spattered to control mechanization—Hot sex words crackling paper and punching holes in it.

Invisible passenger took my hands in dawn sleep of water music—Broken towers intersect cigarette smoke memory of each other—Healed hands like ice—Won't be much—Screen went dead—He dressed hastily shirt flapping—Stared out from darkened eyes of wine gas.

“Good-bye then—I thought”—He walked through dawn mirror of Panama—Memory hit spine outside 1920 movie theatre—Sat down open shirts flapping—Many did not listen—Silver film at the exits—Weilest du?—Dead nitrous flesh—Dirty look through glass—Who is that naked corpse?—Come along ladies and gentlemen—Screaming on the deal in many lips?—She didn't get it—Cut the image like back in the restaurant—Wait a bit—No good—Half healed electric needs—Dead scars—Leave him to me—Won't be much left—For a room in the shoe shine boy Swedish river of Gothenberg?—Release without more ado what?—When I left you hear little tune cut the image.

“Man, like vaudeville voices under the story.”

“Mirrors of Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Calm his face—Dream shut off—I fold The Old Doctor twice—In the gutter cosmic dust of nova—Outside East St. Louis last good-bye—Memory pictures—The story over—Like suddenly back to invisible shadow—Yes you have bitter indications enough in empty room—Some one walking—Truly good-bye then in Summer dawn wind—Saucers in the morning sky—Silence of the sick lies—‘Marks?’ Identity melted before day break—Like little time in tarnished offices—Splintered on empty flesh—Evening finger fading—God Of Panic talking.”

“Like good-bye then, Willy The Rat—Remember I was the dreamer with dirty flesh—Known end of the line outside 1920 movie streaked with violence—Film flakes drift adiós—Showed you your air.

“The Doctor on stage—The pipes are calling—Septem-!ior left no address—For I have known last air—The days grow short—Isn't

time is there left?—Waiting game and we drown — Naked — Short — indications enough — At dawn last film flakes—Written on the door the sick lies now are ended—Vast Thing Police speak into air —Any case silence to answer—I fold in story—A street boy’s courage exploded the work—Last round into air—Like good-bye then—Story of absent dreamer—Last September fades streaked with violence—Surges of silence ebbing, stranded, and we haven’t got courage to let go—A great leisure when you reach September—Days grow short —Vacant dawn whispers: ‘Game, Hamburger Mary’— Five times terminal—Man, like dawn and dream—Silence to say ‘ebbing carbon dioxide’.”

The old queen meets himself coming round the other way in burlesque of adolescence, gets the knee from his phantom of the Old Howard—down skid row to Market Street Museum shows all kinds masturbation and selfabuse—young boys need it special.

Outside East St. Louis our revels now are ended—These events are melted into air—Paper forgotten—Yes you have his bitter spirits —A God bending your summons, commands these visions.

Read the metasis with blind fingers.

Fossil message of arthritis.

“Selling is more of a habit than using.”

Lola La Chata, Mexico, DF.

“Like good-bye, Johnny—Naked, empty as ding-dong bell—What is St. Louis after adiós?—Faded story of absent world just as silver film took it—Remember I was the movies—Rinse my name for I have known intervention—Pass without doing our ticket.”

Over the broken chair and out through the tool-house window whitewash whipping in a cold Spring wind on a limestone cliff over the river—piece of moon smoke hangs in China blue sky—out on a long line of jissom across the dusty floor.

Motel—Motel—Motel—broken neon arabesque—loneliness moans across the continent like fog horns over still oily water of tidal rivers.

“Intervention overtakes Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Distant coffin in empty room—Tape ebbing, picture splintered on empty flesh—Last round, boy—Good-bye in lips fading—Remember I was the ship gives no flesh identity.”

“You can say could give no last good-bye—In fading breath you can say last round over—Stranded, ebbing carbon dioxide, man like identify fading out—Any case a God questions Board Room

circumstances—Remember I was your account—Nova dream falling
—Played the flute in wind and min streaked with violence—Played
The Doctor on stage—Five times good-bye.”

“Last parasite—No shelter—Last morning washed good-bye then
—Stream of distant fingers fading—Vaudeville voices absent today
—Man questions the dreamer— Fadeout overtakes lies—Nothing
here now but bleeding dream without a shadow without relics—I
fold in story of last penny arcade—Roller skates before stranded to
give you?—Hands down—A great leisure in solitude of Saturn.”

But is all back seat dreaming since the hitch hiker with the
chewed thumb and he said: “If decided?—Could I ride with you
chaps?”—(Heard about the death later in a Copenhagen bar—Told
a story about crayfish and chased it with a Jew joke behind the fear
of what I tell him we all know here)—So it jumped in my throat
and was all there like and ready when we were sitting under the
pretties, star pretties you understand, not like me talking at all I
used to talk differently—Who did?—Paris?

“Mr Bradly Mr Martin, Johnny Yenshe, Yves Martin.”

Martin he calls himself but once in the London YMCA on
Tottenham Court—(never made out there)—Once on Dean Street in
Soho—No it wasn't Dean Street that was some one else looked like
Bradly—It was on some back time street, silent pockets of Mexico
City—(half orange with red pepper in the sun)—and the weakness
hit me and I leaned against a wall and the white spot never washed
out of my glen plaid coat—Carried that wall with me to a town in
Ecuador can't remember the name, remember the towns all around
but not that one where time slipped on the beach—Sand winds
across the blood—half a cup of water and Martin looked at the
guide or was it the other, the Aussie, the Canadian, the South
African who is sometimes there when the water is given out and
always there when the water gives out—and gave him half his own
water ration with gambler fingers could switch water if he wanted
to—On the street once Cavesbury Close I think it was somebody
called him Uncle Charles in English ancf he didn't want to know the
man walked away dragging one leg.

Mr. Bradly Mr Martin, slotless fade out of distant fingers in the
sick morning—I told him you on tracks— Couldn't reach me with
the knife—couldn't switch iron— and zero time to stop—couldn't
make turnstile—Bad shape from death Mr Shannon no cent pay of
distant fingers spilling old photo—At me with the knife and fell

over the white subway—On tracks I told—The shallow water came in with the tide of washed condoms and sick sharks fed on sewage—only food for this village—swamp delta to the green sky that does not change—I—We—They—sit quietly where you made this dream—“Pinnies nous attentions une bonne chance”—[Footnote—Last words in the diary of Yves Martin who presumably died of thirst in the Egyptian desert with three companions—Just who died is uncertain since one member of the party has not been found alive or dead and identity of the missing person is dubious—The bodies were decomposed when found, and identification was based on documents. But it seems the party was given to exchange of identifications, and even to writing in each other’s diaries—Other members of the expedition were Mr Shannon, Mr Armstrong, Monsiour Pillou, Ahmed Akid the guide.]

Since the series is soon ending are these experiments really necessary?

operation rewrite

“THE Venusian invasion was known as ‘Operation Other Half’, that is a parasitic invasion of the sexual area taking advantage, as all invasion plans must, of an already existing fucked up situation (“My God what a mess”)—The human organism is literally consisting of two halves from the beginning word and all human sex is this unsanitary, arrangement whereby two entities attempt to occupy the same three-dimensional coordinate points giving rise to the sordid latrine brawls which have characterized a planet based on “The Word”, that is on separate flesh engaged in endless sexual conflict—The Venusian Boy-Girls under Johnny Yen took over The Other Half, imposing a sexual blockade on the planet—(It will be readily understandable that a program of systematic frustration was necessary in order to sell this crock of sewage as Immortality, The Garden of Delights, and LOVE.)

When the Board Of Health intervened with inflexible authority, ‘Operation Other Half’ was referred to the Rewrite Department where the original engineering flaw of course came to light and the Venusian Invasion was seen to be an inevitable correlate of the separation flesh gimmick—At this point a tremendous scream went up from the Vcnusians agitating to retain the flesh gimmick in some form—They were all terminal flesh addicts of course, motivated by pornographic torture films, and the entire Rewrite and Blue Print

Departments were that disgusted ready to pull the switch out of hand to 'It Never I lappened'—"Unless these jokers stay out of the Rewrite Room."

The Other Half was only one aspect of Operation Rewrite—Heavy Metal addicts picketed the Rewrite Office, exploding in protest—Control addicts prowled the streets trying to influence waiters, lavatory attendants, clochards, and were to be seen on every corner of the city hypnotizing chickens—A few rich control addicts were able to surround themselves with latahs and sat on the terraces of expensive cafés with remote cruel smiles unaware I wrote last cigarettes.

"My God what a mess—Just keep all these jokers out of The Rewrite Room is all."

So let us start with one average, stupid, representative case: Johnny Yen The Other Half, errand from the death trauma—Now look I'm going to say it and I'm going to say it slow—Death is orgasm is rebirth is death in orgasm is their unsanitary Venusian Gimmick is the whole birth death cycle of action—You got it?—Now do you understand who Johnny Yen is? The Boy-Girl Other Half striptease God of sexual frustration—Errand Boy from the death trauma—His immortality depends on the mortality of others—The same is true of all addicts—Mr. Martin, for example, is a heavy metal addict—His life line is the human junky—The life line of control addicts is the control word—Control word "THE"—That is these so-called Gods can only live without three-dimensional coordinate points by forcing three-dimensional bodies on others—Their existence is pure vampirism—They are utterly unfit to be officers—Either they accept a rewrite job or they are all broken down to lavatory attendants, irrevocably committed to the toilet.

All right, back to the case of Johnny Yen—One of many such errand boys—Green Boy-Girls from the terminal sewers of Venus—So write back to the streets, Johnny, back to Ali God of Street Boys and Hustlers—Write out of the sewers of Venus to neon streets of Saturn—Alternatively Johnny Yen can be written back to a green fish boy—There are always alternative solutions—Nothing is true—Everything is permitted.

"NO HASSAN I SABBAH—WE WANT FLESH— WE WANT JUNK—WE WANT POWER."

"That did it—DIAL POLICE."

the nova police

Bulletin From Rewrite: We had to call in the Nova Police to keep all these jokers out of The Rewrite Room—Can't be expected to work under such conditions—Introducing Inspector J. Lee of the Nova Police—"I doubt if any of you on this copy planet have ever seen a nova criminal— (they take considerable pains to mask their operations) and I am sure none of you have ever seen a nova police officer—When disorder on any planet reaches a certain point the regulating instance scans POLICE—Otherwise —Sput—Another planet bites the cosmic dust—I will now explain something of the mechanism and techniques of nova which are always deliberately manipulated—I am quite well aware that no one on any planet likes to see a police officer so let me emphasize in passing that the nova police have no intention of remaining after their work is done—That is, when the danger of nova is removed from this planet we will move on to other assignments—We do our work and go.

"The basic nova technique is very simple: Always create as many insoluble conflicts as possible and always aggravate existing conflicts—This is done by dumping on the same planet life forms with incompatible conditions of existence—There is of course nothing 'wrong' about any given life forms since 'wrong' only has reference to conflicts with other life forms—The point is these life forms should not be on the same planet—Their conditions of life are basically incompatible in present time form and it is precisely the work of the Nova Mob to see that they remain in present time form, to create and aggravate the conflicts that lead to the explosion of a planet, that is to nova—At any given time recorders fix the nature of absolute need and dictate the use of total weapons—Like this: Take two opposed pressure groups—Record the most violent and threatening statements of group one with regard to group two and play back to group two—Record the answer and take it back to group one—Back and forth between opposed pressure groups—This process is known as 'feed-back'—You can see it operating in any bar-room quarrel—In any quarrel for that matter—Manipulated on a global scale feeds back nuclear war and nova—These conflicts are deliberately created and aggravated by nova criminals—The Nova Mob: 'Sammy the Butcher', 'Green Tony', 'The Brown Artist', 'Jacky Blue Note'. 'Limestone John'. 'Xzzy the Push', 'Hamburger Mary', 'Paddy The Sting', 'The Subliminal Kid', 'The Blue Dinosaur', 'Willy

The Rat' (who informed on his associates) and Mr. & Mrs. D also known as 'Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin' also known as 'The Ugly Spirit', thought to be the leader of the mob—The Nova Mob—In all my experience as a police officer I have never seen such total fear and degradation on any planet—We intend to arrest these criminals and turn them over to the Biological Department for the indicated alterations.

“Now you may well ask whether we can straighten out this mess to the satisfaction of any life forms involved and my answer is this—Your earth case must be processed by the Biological Courts—(admittedly in a deplorable condition at this time)—No sooner set up than immediately corrupted so that they convene every day in a different location like floating dice games, constantly swept away by stampeding forms all idiotically glorifying their stupid ways of life—(Most of them quite unworkable of course) —attempting to seduce the judges into Venusian sex practices, drag the court officials, and intimidate the entire audience chamber with the threat of nova—In all my experience as a police officer I have never seen such total fear of the indicated alterations on any planet—A thankless job you see and we only do it so it won't have to be done some place else under even more difficult circumstances.

. “The success of the nova mob depended on a blockade of the planet that allowed them to operate with impunity —This blockade was broken by partisan activity directed from the planet Saturn that cut the control lines of word and image laid down by the Nova Mob —So we moved in our agents and started to work keeping always in close touch with partisans—The selection of local personnel posed a most difficult problem—Frankly we found that most existing police agencies were hopelessly corrupt— The Nova Mob had seen to that —Paradoxically some of our best agents were recruited from the ranks of those who are called criminals on this planet—In many instances we had to use agents inexperienced in police work—There were of course casualties and fuck-ups— You must understand that an undercover agent witnesses the most execrable cruelties while he waits helpless to intervene, sometimes for many years, before he can make a definitive arrest—So it is no wonder that green officers occasionally slip control when they finally do move in for the arrest —This condition, known as 'arrest fever', can upset an entire operation—In one recent case, our man in Tangiers suffered an attack of 'arrest fever' and detained everyone on his view screen

including some of our undercover men—He was transferred to paper work in another area—Let me explain *how* we make an arrest—Nova criminals are not three-dimensional organisms—(though they are quite definite organisms as we shall see)—but they need three-dimensional human agents to operate—The point at which the criminal controller intersects a three-dimensional human agent is known as ‘a coordinate point’—And if there is one thing that carries over from one human host to another and established identity of the controller it is *habit*, idiosyncracies, vices, food preferences—(we were able to trace Hamburger Mary through her fondness for peanut butter)—a gesture, a special look, that is to say the *style* of the controller—A chain smoker will always operate through chain smokers, an addict through addicts—Now a single controller can operate through thousands of human agents, but he must have a line of coordinate points—Some move on junk lines through addicts of the earth, others move on lines of certain sexual practices and so forth—It is only when we can block the controller out of all coordinate points available to him and flush him out from host cover that we can make a definitive arrest—Otherwise the criminal escapes to other coordinate.”

Question: “Inspector Lee, I don’t quite understand what is meant by a ‘coordinate point’—Could you make that point a little clearer?”

Answer: “Certainly—You see these criminal controllers occupy human bodies—Ghosts? Phantoms? Not at all—Very definite organisms indeed—True you can’t see them—Can you see a virus?—Well, the criminal controllers operate in very much the same manner as a virus—Now a virus in order to invade damage and occupy the human organism must have a gimmick to get in—Once in, the virus invades damages and occupies a certain area of organ in the body—Known as the tissue of predilection—Hepatitis for example, attacks the liver—Influenza the respiratory tract—polio and rabies the central nervous system—In the same way a controller invades damages and occupies some pattern or configuration of the human organism.

Question: “How do these controllers gain access to the human organism?”

Answer: “I will give an example: The controllers who operate through addiction to opiates—That is who occupy and control addicts of the earth—Their point of entry is of course the drug itself—And they maintain this coordinate point through addiction.”

Question: "What determines the choice of coordinate points? Why does one controller operate through addiction in preference to other channels?"

Answer: "He operates through addicts because he himself is an addict—A heavy metal addict from Uranus— What we call opium or junk is a very much diluted form of heavy metal addiction— Venusians usually operate through sexual practices—In short these controllers brought their vices and diseases from their planet of origin and infected the human hosts very much in the same way that the early colonizers infected so-called primitive populations."

Question: "Inspector Lee, how can one be sure that someone purporting to be a nova police officer is not an imposter?"

Answer: "It is not always easy, especially during this transitional period. There are imposters, 'shake me', who haunt atomic installations and victimize atomic scientists in much the same way as spurious police officers extort money from sexual deviants in public lavatories—In one recent case a well-organised shake mob, purporting to represent the nova police, confiscated cyclotrons and other atomic equipment which they subsequently sold on the Uranian black market to support their heavy metal habits —They were arrested and sent away for the thousand year cure—Since then we have encountered a few sporadic cases—Cranks, lunatics for the most part."

Question: "Inspector Lee, do you think that the nova mob can be defeated?"

Answer: "Yes—Their control machine had been disconnected by partisan activity."

"Now we can move in for some definitive arrests." Sammy The Butcher dissolved his dummy cover—His burning metal eyes stabbed at the officer from the molten

core of a hot blue planet—The officer moved back dissolving all connections with The Blue Planet, connections formed by the parasite dummy which had entered his body at birth, carefully prepared molds and association locks closed on empty space—Sammy's eyes burned and sputtered incandescent blue and went out in a smell of metal—His last white-hot blast exploded in empty space —The officer picked up the microphone: " 'Sammy The Butcher', arrested—'Paddy The Sting', arrested—'Hamburger Mary' has defected—'Green Tony' has surrendered—move in for the definitive arrest of 'Mr. Bradly, Mr. Martin' also known as 'Mr. and

Mrs. D' also known as 'The Ugly Spirit.' ”

'Sammy The Butcher' dissolved his ranks of self-righteous millions and stabbed at the officer dripping Marilyn Monroe Planet—Locks closed on empty space lettering 'My Fair Lady'— In three-dimensional terms 'The Ugly Spirit' and 'Mrs. D' screamed through female blighted continent—So we turn over The Board Books and all the ugliness I had forgotten—Criminal Street—Punitive legislation screaming for more association locks in electric chair and gas chamber—Technical death over the land— White no-smell of death dripping nova—'The Ugly Spirit' was flushed out of one host cover after the other— Blanked out by our static and silence waves—Call The Old Doctor twice 'Mr. and Mrs. D'—He quiets you remember?—Finished—No shelter—A hand full of dust—Screaming clawing for the nova switch 'The Ugly Spirit' was dragged from the planet—From all the pictures and words of ugliness that have been his place of residence since he moved in on The New World—The officer with silent inflexible authority closed one coordinate point after another—Only this to say: “Would you rather talk to the partisans 'Mr. and Mrs. D'?—Well?—No terms—This is definitive arrest—“Sammy The Butcher' has been taken—There are no guards capable protect you—Millions of voices in your dogs won't do you a bit of good—Voices failing—Crumpled cloth bodies—Your name fading across newspapers of the earth—Madison Avenue machine is disconnected—Errand boys closing their errand boys—Won't be much left—Definitive arrest of The Board as you listen, as the officer closes track—Self-righteous ugliness of their space program a joke—Written in symbols blighted America: \$\$\$—American scent of memory pictures—The idiot honky-tonks of Pan-handle —Humiliation Outhouse and snarling ugliness of dying peoples—Bourbon soaked legislators from 'marijuana is deadlier than cocaine'—Board Book symbol chains lynch mobs—The White Smoke of pressure group relying on rectum suburbs and the no smell of death—Ymtrol Avenue and Hollywood, look at the breadline—The Ugly Spirit retreated back to the '20's in servants and police and the dogs of H. J. Anschlinger—Into one battered host after another—Blanked out board instructions—Silence —Silence—Silence—Silence—Call the old money equipment information files of memory—Finished—No shelter —A hand falls across newspapers of the earth for the Nova Switch—Won't do you a bit of good, collaborators with ugliness and degraded flesh—

Traitors to all souls everywhere moved in on The New World—The Old Doctor cleaving a heavy silent authority closed one coordinate point after another—The Board is near right now— This to say: “Would you rather talk up relying on money?

Fading voice terms?—This is definitive arrest through dying air —There are no guards now capable guide humiliations—Poisonous cloud, millions of dogs won’t do you a bit of good—Parasites, crumpled cloth bodies—Your control books fading cross newspaper of the earth couldn’t form nova Operation completed—Planet out of danger Proceed with the indicated alterations.”

“Time to squeeze out the welchers, kid, who can’t cover their bets and never intended to cover—All the ‘Mr Martins’ who are trying to buy something for nothing—You can’t even con you can’t even hustle—You couldn’t roll a paralyzed flop—All right all of you cover your bets or shut up and get out of the game—You can take your welching two bit business to Wallgreens—We don’t want it—Out out out the whole miserable fucking lot of you strictly from Moochville—We are walking into the game.” Now some wise characters think they can call The Old Doctor twice.

“All right, Doc, get out there and quiet the marks.” “Marks?—What marks?—I don’t see anybody here but you—All right drop that camera gun—It won’t do you a bit of good—I’ve had every weapon in the galaxy pulled on me one time or another from Florida up to the old North Pole.”

“Bit I got the fix in—I got *the big fix* in.”

“Mister I am The Big Fix—Hello yes good-bye—A few more calls to make tonight.”

“Take The Board Books and rewrite the cold deck—Any board member want to play some *straight* live card stud?—I didn’t think so —Now cut up The 13oard Books —Minutes to go.”

the subliminal kid

The Subliminal Kid is a character defector from The Nova Mob.

“Just a technical sergeant is all—Just Time—Just Time —Just Time—” So he moved in with the Rewrite Department and set up his headquarters to put out The Rewrite Bulletins on subliminal level.

“It’s all done with recorders—The sound track evokes the image track—Recollect when I was on The Madison Avenue Lark—So I am giving out with a steady stream of interviews and I soon extracted

the interview formulae—I recorded ten alternative answers to any question from the interview frame work—And all I had to do was press buttons and out came the answers—I could of course do this from a distance by radio and retired to my Southern plantation strictly from Tin Pan Alley with recorded darkies singing out in the mimosa and Spanish moss projected on view screens—Later the whole operation was automatic and did not need my attention at all and I had answers for the next thousand years all set up—I extended the principle of absent control to other acvtivities—I dictated the necessary orders counter orders and alternative moves for any operation—I could write all the speeches and ultimatums of one government with answering speeches and ultimatums of another and of course put on the war recordings when the order came through channels—Just a technical sergeant knows how things are done—Same method can be applied to sex—As a young man I discovered that I could anticipate the dialogue of any amorous encounter—So I recorded the dialogue and made an image track to go with it—Appropriate background music, lighting, odors the lot—Action—Camera—Compliments of Pavlov. I could quite as well with my recordings as with the so-called ‘real thing’ (The image track can be dispensed with once the appropriate associations are established)—I built up a warehouse of tapes and rented them out for two notes a night any script any face you want—Spot of bother with The Syndicate and that’s when I moved into the Madison Avenue Territory—Now carry it a bit further—The interviewer can of course apply the same method—That is record his questions and alternative questions—Both governments can record speeches, ultimatums, orders and counter orders—So record the whole war with its battles and sieges, victories and defeats, monumental fuck-ups and and corny songs—Lovers exchange tapes—You understand nobody has to be there at all—So why ask questions and why answer?—Why give orders and why make speeches?—Why not leave your tape with her tape and dispense with sexual contact?—And then?—Since no one is there to listen why keep running the tape?—Why not shut the whole machine off and go home? Exactly what I intend to do—Turn all my tapes over to Rewrite and go home—You can look any place—**No good—No bueno—** Departed have left no address.

The sound track conjures up the image-track—Word came before image—Shut off the sound track on your TV set and put in

your own sound track words music what you will—Now play back your sound track and you will see the images sharp and clear—I recorded sound tracks of TV and film programs—Mixing in suggestions from Rewrite to microphones and radio cruise cars—So I press a button and record all sounds and voices of the city—So I press a button to feed-back these sounds with cut-ins a few seconds later, you are still watching a TV program or listening to the juice box—A few seconds later you are hearing the same words from my broadcast with cut-ins from Rewrite—Of course I cut in bulletins from Rewrite with all popular songs using music as punctuation—(Singing came before talking)—I folded the bulletins in with newspapers magazines and novels—I put them out mixed with street sounds and talk wind and rain and lapping water and bird calls—Well—Word evokes image—&%%\$ “N:?”—Singing came before talking—Shut the whole machine off—Rub out the word—There is no one there to hear it—Nothing here now but the recordings may not refuse vision in setting forth—the story of one absent today—Fadeout overtakes Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Five times thy strong tape caught in the door—No shelter in the dogs of unfamiliar dust—The cold adiós without a shadow—These our actors bid you a long goodnight.

showed you your air

“The Subliminal Kid charts your attention please—I am Inspector J. Lee of The Nova Police—Just a technical sergeant moved a nova criminal to Rewrite Operations—And I am sure that it’s all done with recorders—Remember that these techniques for the next thousand years manipulated by nova criminals—Absent control simple: Always create as many insoluble counter orders and alternative conflicts recordings to the explosion of a planet—Recording devices fix the nature of absolute associations, established total weapons—Manipulated on a global scale feeds: ‘Go home—Conflicts are deliberately created—No address the Nova Mob—Sammy The Butcher, the sound track conjures up The Brown Artist to paint yellow plains of Minraud—Jacky Blue Note, shut off the sound track on your Hamburger Mary—The subliminal words music what you will—Now in all my experience as a police officer never seen such total fear of indicated alterations on any planet—The same words straighten out this mess—Cut in bulletins from Rewrite—Nothing here now but unworkable course—Mr. Bradley

Mr. Martin, Audience Chamber with the threat of no shelter in the dogs—Is that clear enough or shall I make it even clearer?”

“I or I have known exactly what I intend to do.”

“Isn’t time is there left?—Go home—A boy shut off the sound track on you in the door—Words, music what you will Now the final ape of history sees the images sharp and clear on your ticket that exploded—End of voices— So I press a button beside you and the dreamer gone— So why ask questions and why intersect on empty speech?

Why not leave this dream contact? Shut the machine off—Nothing here now but the door—Juke box bulletins from Rewrite singing in newspapers and magazines of the earth:

“Word falling—Photo falling—Defectors from the Nova Mob—Just time—Just time—Just time.”

Electric storms of violence sweep broadcast still in progress.
“Word falling—Photo falling”.

“Gongs of violence show alternative answers to any question—Artists take over the entire answer battery of automatic junk state—I extended this to other llcsh Counter orders issued—Dictate force of riot police at I lie operation—Now of course Death Dwarfs talking in supersonic blasts to the same on orbit of Saturn galaxy—The interviewers shift in speed up movie—Now since I could attack position over instrument I had the answers for a thousand years—Didn’t have to be there answering questions of absent tenants—The Rewrite Doctor on stage— Shatters a window in image without word—All I had to do was press slow motion flashes and newsreels shut off— Ail right, Doctor stop asking questions—Indications enough answer without being there—Shut the whole machine off July, 1962 Present Time—Big money bulletins feed back Scandinavia outhouse parasite—A song goes through the city with suggestion pictures feeling along— And this broadcast was still in progress—The human body is an image on screen talking—You made questions and put the answers on a face—Good-bye old interview— Mack The Knife, I can work for anybody—Juke box or radio speak of new dreams for old—Moanin’ low my sweet bulletins and feed them back all the time to put all the things you are on subliminal level—Alternative answers to any question can play the game as well as you—Entire answer battery on automatic hopes to be there—I could control it from my blue heaven—Somebody stole my girl—Tiling was automatic—Seemed to whisper Louise, Mary,

all the things you used to do Should old acquaintance go home?
Why should anybody be there from Florida up to the old North Pole?—Ahead —Ahead—Ahead—they chanted and retired to Tin Pan Alley—Record either end—Beat your mother to Spanish moss—Automatic future for the next thousand years— War recordings at the time but Old Bill, returned a technical sergeant—Witnesses from a distance observed the image track streak across the sky and crash with associations—Established this art along the Tang dynasty—So we turn over Board Books on subliminal level—Sexual Frustration Lark—‘So I am giving out skin—Put it on’— Easily ten alternative answers to any association locks— And all I had to do was shatter a window in stupid board members—Errand boy closing their screens —The whole operation from collaborators and liars—Won’t be much left—I dictated the necessary orders on the air—With human nights—Voices came through channels—Just any people anywhere on dead nitrous flesh are done—I discovered that I could anticipate the humiliation account.”

“Hurry up—Counter.”

“So I recorded the dialogue and boy from last stupid pressure group with appropriate background music—Control machine is disconnected compliments of Pavlov— Board Books are written in symbols as the so called ‘real thing’—American from last interview performed sharp discharge from method—So why ask questions and why answer \$?—Why not leave your tape humiliations and Scandinavia outhouse contacts?—You can look any place

No pressure group relying on rectum—No address— Technical brains melted the law—The sound track conjures up the image police—Shut off the sound track— Their boy entered the ’20s in word and music—Spread slow motion flashes and you see the image sharp and clear So I press the button blocks board instructions cross newspapers of the earth—Collaborators with Word with Flesh, Traitors to all souls everywhere, I cut in bulletins from Rewrite with heavy punctuation—The Board is relying on fading voices—Shut the whole machine oil

Rub out the board—Is near right now to hear it—Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin five times guided poisonous cloud of parasites—These our actors bill you peaceful opaqueness in this monument of tiredness.”

“Thing Police all Board Room Reports now are ended —I foretold you were all spirits watching TV program —Terminal electric voices end These our actors cut in —A few seconds later

you are incited into air —Rub out promised by our ever living poet
Mr Miadley Martin, five times our summons—No shelter in setting
forth."

"Beat your mother to Spanish broadcast still in progress—Just
time—Just time—So we turn over Board Books— I can work for
anybody—Newsreel Lark—So I am giving out Rewrite Department
—Pictures shelter absent bodies—Juke box closing their screens Sex
tape association afternoons conveyed on the air of the human image
—Flesh done slow motion—Hurry up—Counter the last errand boy
from stupid pressure group—All right Doctor, machine is
disconnected—Indications enough written in symbols as the
machine shut oil July 26, 1962. Present Time—Just Time—Just
Time—flashing on global scale: Scandinavia outhouse parasite, go
home And no address nova mob—The human body is sound ti.ul,
on 'Hamburger Mary'."

"Just a technical sergeant—Now in all my experiem I can work
for anybody and clear this department." "Bulletins make a play for
the planet—Unworkable course, Mr. Bradly—So why intersect on
empty heart and empty speech?—Why not leave all the things you
are?— A boy shut off the sound—Now the final answers to my
questions loud and clear on your ticket—No one is there to change
new dreams for old—Hear the silence—Some one in the mood for
rewrite—Old dream, Panama—years ago melted."

"Man, like good-bye then."

"Sidewalks of new solitude overtakes the tapes—Singing came
before body with the answer on a face—Half-healed in wind and
rain play the game as well as you— Entire film to smoke—Nothing
here now—Calm his face dictates the dream in doorways—These
our actors bid you a long good night from Florida up to the old
North Pole—So why ask questions of one absent today?—Why not
leave your ambiguous sexual contacts?—Why not shut off absent
tenants?—Silence says good-bye to white planet—You can look any
place—In slow formations, no address—The sound track conjures
up burning metal eyes and long claws—Shut off the sound track
carried by the navigators—Controllors of word and music
monopolized and froze the earth—Kept the Dijoun forces in film
programs—Junk is colorless no smell of death as punctuation—
Nothing here now but half-healed dream flesh hatching forth the
story of a cold adiós—Silence, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—No shelter in
the cotton flesh lying there—Your ticket now ended—These our

defectors from the nova mob pipe your summons—All the sound track evokes the image into dawn and dream—Fade out Madison Avenue Lark.”

“Other flesh interviews and soon extracted home in the dog—Ten alternative answers to any dead nitrous frame work—Mr. Martin is story of any face any script you want.”

“I discovered that I could anticipate encounter—So I recorded the dialogue and your ticket now ended—Appropriate background music at the far end of evening— So we’ll sing one song with your tape and dispense with making a Monday line—You are still watching a TV program from phallic statues—Second hand erogenous place —Angle voices calling old image track—Look God’s your TV set—Put in your own sound track faces—Bulletins free the Djoun forces—I put them out with wind and rain and bird calls—Rub out the word—There is no one there you got it?—Sex and pain recordings—Orgasm cocoon of one absent today—Fade out overtakes the ship came apart here—White sheets dripping nova.”

“Just a technical question caught our ticket—Remember I was the door to put out Rewrite Bulletins—You got sex and pain information—It’s all done with recorders— It (-collect green flowers hanging over the swamp mud with ot.Tiile formulae feeling into mouth and penis?—Cotton l! < li lying there in ice?—You understand sex and pain in-tom ml ion so why ask questions?—Why not leave green llowers hanging over sexual contact?—Tendrils of erectile tiilH-? Why not shut off fire feeling into mouth and penis?

I shut off the sound track on a shadow in the last words —Now dream flesh left no address for I see the images sharp and clear—So I press button in final ape of history— Seconds later cold empty you melted the cotton flesh lying there—Broken dream beside you and the dreamer takes his way towards terminal punctuation—What have I my friend to give?—Shut the whole machine off—Rub opt the life I led—Nothing here now but shade from the death trauma—The story of cold adiós—No shelter in the dogs —Calling Panama alterations—Flesh empty in the trade winds—Ebbing carbon dioxide as punctuation—Silver flakes closed your account—Nothing here now but dust falling from demagnetized patterns—Departed have left Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—Five times good night under surges of silence—Shadow actors walk through dream— No one is there to listen—Some one walking from Rewrite to michophones trails Summer dawn sounds and old dream —Panama night button

feeds back these sounds with sweat flipped from his face—TV program melted before daybreak—Seconds later you splintered on empty flesh— Breath of the trade winds talking—I folded the bulletins of evening.”

“Man, like good-bye then.”

“Rain and bird calls—The dreamer with dirty flesh came before talking—Explode the word?—No one there—Solitude overtakes thy tape caught in the door—Dream singing came before without a shadow without relics—Face healed and half-healed in wind and rain—Well, word evokes image—Silver film took it to smoke path—Shut (he whole machine off—Rub out scar impression—Nothing here now in kerosene lamp—Open shirt, calm his face —The street blew rain, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—Five times thy dream in doorways—No shelter in the dog’s death trauma—Out of the sick lies no program—Nothing here now but a cold odor of vacant good-bye—Empty condom caught in the door.”

“Man, like good-bye.”

Smoke song strung together on scar impressions—Urine shadows in the gutter.

Sucking terror from needle scars, underwater scream mouthing numb nerve warnings of the yen to come, throbbing bite site of rabies.

“If God made anything better he kept it for himself,” the Sailor used to say, his transmission slowed down with twenty goof balls.

(Pieces of murder fall slow as opal chips through glycerine.)

Watching you and humming over and over “Johnny’s So Long At The Fair.”

Pushing in a small way to keep up our habit.

“And *use* that alcohol,” I say slamming a spirit lamp down on the table.

“You fucking can’t—wait—hungry junkies all the time black up my spoons with matches—That’s all I need for pen Indef. the heat rumbles a black spoon in the trap.”

“I thought you was quitting—Wouldn’t feel right fucking up your cure.”

“Takes a lot of guts to kick a habit, kid.”

Looking for veins in the thawing flesh. Hour-Glass of junk spills its last black grains into the kidneys.

“Heavily infected area,” he muttered, shifting the tie up.

“Death was their Culture Hero,” said my Old Lady looking up

from the Mayan Codices—"They got fire and speech and the corn seed from death—Death turns into a maize seed."

The Ouab Days are upon us.
raw peeled winds of hate and mischance
blew the shot

let them see us

Now some words about the image track The human body is an image on screen talking—Spread slow motion flashes and you see the image sharp and clear Mesh done slow motion—The Short Time Hyp is subliminal slow motion—Like this: a movie at normal speed is run at 24 frames per second—35 frames per second is not perceptible as slow motion if the image on screen is more or less stationary—But the image is on screen longer than you are there watching it—That is you are being short timed 11 frames per second—Put a beautiful nude image on screen at subliminal slow motion and it will be built into your flesh—That is whenever the sound track is run the image will literally come alive in your flesh—Word with heavy slow motion image at 35 frames per second with sound track and play the sound track back and see the image sharp and clear—Now run your image at 24 frames per second and play back the sound track—Not so sharp and clear. Now run the image track speeded up and play back sound track—You will notice that the image recall is progressively dimmer.

The venereal disease films shown by the U.S. Army in the name of hygiene were run at 35 frames per second— At 35 frames per second sores and swollen genitals and the sound track a standard army medic voice—Tattooed chancres across millions of young bodies with indelible evokes image—Silver film took it to smoke path—Shut the whole machine off—Rub out scar impression—Nothing here now in kerosene lamp—Open shirt, calm his face — The street blew rain, Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Five times thy dream in doorways—No shelter in the dog's death trauma—Out of the sick lies no program—Nothing here now but a cold odor of vacant good-bye—Empty condom caught in the door."

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“Takes a lot of guts to kick a habit, kid.”

Looking for veins in the thawing flesh. Hour-Glass of junk spills its last black grains into the kidneys.

“Heavily infected area,” he muttered, shifting the tie up.

“Death was their Culture Hero,” said my Old Lady looking up from the Mayan Codices—“They got fire and speech and the corn seed from death—Death turns into a maize seed.” short-time ink—Scar impressions reactivated by any army medic voice—So that’s The Short Time Hyp and The Flesh Gimmick—Subliminal slow motion image—Play the sound track back and the image will rise out of the tape recorder—Slow motion sound track is flesh—Use for this purpose background noises of dripping water—With appropriate back ground music you see the image sharp and clear—Compliments of Pavlov The Short Time Hyp is called “the real thing”—This is right—Subliminal slow flesh out of the tape recorder—Word with heavy track is flesh—Sex tape play back with human image—Program from phallic statues calling old image track across a million young bodies with sound track faces—I am precisely saying that disease films shown by the U.S. Army at 35 frames per second is called in question—Sex phantoms have prevented research on flesh—A sex movie at 35 frames and citizens redirected—Have any script you want on screen talking, Doctor Reich—Restore juxtaposition of images sharp and clear—And play back there you got formulaes could be discovered today—Presumed right of the boards who intend to take over the image behind what filth deals

consumated privately—Easily corrupted your flesh with these association locks in repeat image— 35 frames per second is not perceptible as slow orgasm death—Mutual erections built into dawn sleep—Open shirt flapping came alive in your flesh—This 35 frames is local line you got it?—Look down and see the image of human nights there—The Board is near right now—screen subliminal death—relying on fading voices.

“And so we turn over The Board Books—Let them see us—I am dying cross newspapers of speeded up and played back sound track—Stranger lips bring Ali’s body—Fading my name in whiffs of evening breeze”— “Closed frames— Is only the silence with water—Millions of young bodies with voices won’t do you a bit of good—Slow motion sound track is rectums naked in dripping water on dead nitrous flesh—Now some words about the image track— lime screen talking—Female impersonators loud and clear—And so we turn over a steady stream of frames that meanwhile I had forgotten—Image is on screen longer than Scandinavia outhouse skin—Your flesh with the sound track trails my Summer dawn wind in repeated image chains—Heavy slow motion rectum plays the sound track boy from muttering tape recorders—Boneless mummy travels on new flesh with the sound track—Exquisite screen penis spurted heavy skin—End of line— Empty flesh of KY and rectal mucous not perceptible as slow gate from human form—Faces sucked in other apparatus and you are there—“So pack your ermines, Mary —The human body is transient hotel memory pictures— Put a beautiful nude image under slow motion and it will be built into boneless mummy pressed flat like a suit— That is whenever the sound track the mummy is made of comes alive in your flesh—The Short Time Hyp is body molded in two halves—35 frames is not perceptible as slow green boy softens the middle line more or less stationary —But the sound track of deep freeze is in—You are there naked in whiffs of thawing meat—Slow motion sound track is clothes—Voices from other dressings repeated the image from erogenous word with heavy slow motion body —Want it?—Put on any image over rectum of broken ice and play the sound track back—Excitement of human nights there—Point of these exercises is clear—The venereal disease films show frustration to buy ersatz summons —Run at 35 frames fading cocks disappear on dead nitrous flesh, sores and swollen genitals—Tattooed screen in response to magnetic short time ink—Tape recorder word is slow pants using for this purpose all sexual

apparatus —Scandinavia outhouses skin is not perceptible as slow invading force—The image will rise out of orgasm leaving—Background noise of dripping water—Board Books are written in symbols more or less stationary like this \$—American upper middle class—You are there—That is exposed to sexual frustration and humiliations at 35 frame per second—Put a beautiful street boy upbringing slow motion and it will be built into ‘easily corrupted’ and so forth—That is whenever the sound track is run these association locks come alive in your flesh—The board track is flesh you got it?—Stupid pressure group relying on 35 frames per second with sound track and the technical brains they have see the image sharp and clear—Speed up and play back the sound track—Control machine is disconnected—In the bread line without ‘clothes’ or a dime —Collaborators—Liars—Traitors—Back into time are such as you—Cowards who can not face your ‘human animal’ accounts—Sex and pain track absent today— Fade-out overtakes image in subliminal slow sheets dripping out of the tape recorder—TV program melted flesh instrument imposed by force—Subliminal slow motion techniques at 35 frames per second now are ended—Resulting spirits melted into air—The image fell out through the glass screen and spread Pan God of Panic piping blue notes loud and clear—Back into time are such as you, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—I edit delete and rearrange flesh and zero time to the sick lies—I fold in the door—Couldn’t form nova—These our actors proffer the disaster accounts and show the method in operation.”

these our actors

THING Police keep all Board Room Reports—And we are not allowed to proffer The Disaster Accounts—Wind hand caught in the door—Explosive Bio Advance Men out of space to employ Electrician in gasoline crack of history— Last of the gallant heroes —‘I’m you on tracks, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin’—Couldn’t reach flesh in his switch—And zero time to the sick tracks—A long time between suns I held the stale overcoat—Sliding between light and shadow— Muttering in the dog of unfamiliar score—Cross the wounded galaxies we intersect, poison of dead sun in your brain slowly fading—Migrants of ape in gasoline crack of history, explosive bio-advance out of space to neon—‘I’m you, Wind Hand caught in the door’—Couldn’t reach flesh —In sun I held the stale overcoat, Dead Hand stretching the throat—Last to proffer the

disaster account on tracks. See Mr. Bradly Mr. —” And being blind may not refuse to hear: “Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin, disaster to my blood whom I created”—(The shallow water came in with the tide and the Swedish River of Gothenberg.)

“Get those fucking dirty pictures out of here,” I told her. The Old Time Schmecker supported himself on a chair back, juiced and goof-balled—a disgrace to his blood.

“What are you one of these goof-ball artists?”

Yellow smells of skid row sherry and occluding liver drifted out of his clothes when he made the junky gesture throwing hand out palm up to cope.

smell of chili houses and dank overcoats and atrophied testicles.

He looked at me through the tentative, ectoplasmic flesh of cure—thirty pounds materialized in a month when you kick—soft pink putty that fades at the first silent touch of junk—I saw it happen—ten pounds lost in ten minutes— standing there with the syringe in one hand—holding his pants up with the other

sharp reek of diseased metal.

Walking in a rubbish heap to the sky—scattered gasoline fires—smoke hangs black and solid as excrement in the motionless air—smudging the white film of noon heat —D.L. walks beside me—a reflection of my toothless gums and hairless skull—flesh smeared over the rotting phosphorescent bones consumed by slow cold fires —He carries

an open can of gasoline and the smell of gasoline envelopes him —Coming over a hill of rusty iron we meet a group of Natives—flat two-dimension faces of scavenger fish. “Throw the gasoline on them and light it.”

quick . . .

white (lash—mangled insect screams.

I woke up with the taste of metal in my mouth back from the dead

trailing the colorless death smell afterbirth of a withered grey monkey phantom twinges of amputation.

“Taxi boys waiting for a pick up,” Eduardo said and died of an overdose in Madrid.

Powder trains burnback through pink convolutions of tumescent flesh—set off flash bulbs of orgasm—pinpoint photos of arrested motion—smooth brown side twisted to light a cigarette.

He stood there in a 1920 straw hat somebody gave him - soft

mendicant words fallings like dead birds in the dark street.

“No—No more—No mas.”

A heaving sea of air hammers in the purple brown dusk tainted with rotten metal smell of sewer gas—young worker faces vibrating out of focus in yellow haloes of carbide lanterns—broken pipes exposed.

“They are rebuilding the City.”

Lee nodded absently—“Yes—Always.”

Either way is a bad move to The East Wing.

If I knew I’d be glad to tell you.

“No good—no bueno—hustling myself.”

“C’lom Fliday” *Note* Tangier, 1959.

Note: Old time, veteran Schmeckers-faces beaten by grey junk weather, will remember—In 1920s a lot of Chinese pushers around found The West so unreliable, dishonest and wrong, they all packed in, so when an Occidental junky came to score, they say.

“No glot—C’lom Fliday.”

“Man, like good-bye over The White Subway—Call in streets of panic played end of the line—Couldn’t reach flesh—Last film—Burning star tracks broken—Slotless fades the flute—Man like healed and half-healed scars told boy’s good-bye on trades—Fingers fading—Rings of Saturn in the dawn—Indications enough showed you I fell over last turnstile”

“Old healed scars whistling adiós, Meester—Few more calls to make with knife—Exploded Sammy The Butcher there in our last film—Yes you have bitter indications some one walking—Truly good-bye then in broken sky— Couldn’t switch before daybreak—Like little time on empty flesh”

“Brains on your stale overcoat. Rat—Remember I was the dreamer twisting holes in 1920 movie—The doctor couldn’t reach—Isn’t time left on tracks—Indications enough at dawn—Smoking cloth and I caught in the door” Whistling street boy exploded the word “The sick lies now ended—Silence to answer—Crime child, I told courage to let go—Side tracks I told—Stuck—Cloth empty Slotless tape ebbing—Last round, boy—Goodbye in lips told no flesh identity—You can say could give no last dawn Last round over—Stranded, ebbing couldn’t reach with the knife fading out—Any case a God questions and zero time —I told you I was your account—Nova photo falling— Last parasite—No shelter—Broken good-bye in the sick lips fading”

“Remember I was you on tracks—Couldn’t switch score —Bottle and smoke in fading breath—You can say subway toilets and basements ebbing carbon dioxide—Man. like zero time to turnstile —Played the flute of distant fingers—Played the Doctor on stage— Five times pushed on tracks”

an open can of gasoline and the smell of gasoline envelopes him —Coming over a hill of rusty iron we meet a group of Natives—Hat two-dimension faces of scavenger fish. “Throw the gasoline on them and light it.”

quick . . .

white flash—mangled insect screams.

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If I knew I’d be glad to tell you.

“No good—no bueno—hustling myself.”

“C’lom Fliday” *Note* Tangier, 1959.

Note: Old time, veteran Schmeckers-faces beaten by grey junk weather, will remember—In 1920s a lot of Chinese pushers around found The West so unreliable,

“Old photo voices absent today—Brains bum out— Nothing here now but empty dawn tracks—I fold in story of distant Jake Leg— Good-bye over The White Subway —You can say could give no last smoke, Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Junk round over, ebbing out in

stale streets— Any case Mr. Shannon no pay your account—Burning
star tracks broken, nous attendons une bonne chance—Empty God
bending his knees and I saw the brains go—Couldn't reach me
caught in the door, dragging one leg through carbon dioxide—
Whistling dawn closed your account— Sex words drifted out in
cloth smoke—Broken boy played the flute on tracks—Rings of
Saturn twisting holes in the sky—End of the line—Stuck—Fading—
Doctor on stage— Last errand, boy—Ebbing carbon dioxide—Pain
of tracks —Played the flute faster and faster and zero time—Cold
pale smell of fingers fading—Boy of subway dawns remitted back to
sad flesh—Good-bye—Fading my name —Sound of flute in empty
room—Under the story Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Grey calm his face,
dream shut off— I fold distant fingers—Child of nova, the story
over— Long last good night, Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin—Child eyes
look for room in a good neighbourhood—I told him you walked out
—You can look any place—Your stale overcoat not taking any rap
for those board bastards—Twisting hole in everybody—Spilling out
Limestone John, Hamburger Mary, Jacky Blue Note—On tracks I
told— Definitive arrest—Crime child, good-bye—What in St Louis
after flak flak of absent world?—Just silver film on your stale
movies—Mountain wind twisting holes in **sky**—Side track stuck—
Round over and I fading.”

silence to say good-bye

These our actors bid you a long last good-bye—Johnny Yen
playing the flute in a shower of ruined suburbs.

Man like healed and half-healed scars under the story— JI street
boy's good-bye”.

Ancient Rings of Saturn in the morning sky—The Old Doctor
raises his blue hands—Silence at this old doctor twice—Hello yes
good-bye—Indications enough in empty room Miranda—Sex
Garden caught in doors of Panic— Izzy The Push, Limestone John,
Hamburger Mary, Jacky Blue Note, Silence to the sick lies
—“Marks?—What Marks?”—Identity fades in empty space—Last
intervention, The Subliminal Kid—Helped me with fingers fading.

“Indications enough showed you your air—Like goodbye then,
Willy The Rat—Remember I was movies played good night—Known
end of the line outside 1920 movie theatre—Bring The Doctor on
stage—Call the point— Last rotten terminal.”

His face showed strata of last good-byes: “Like healed and half-
healed scars, Kiki”—Some clean shirt and walked “No good no

bueno—Adiós, Meester”—Poo Poo The Dummy talking away in empty room “Green Tony and Willy The Rat on the last saucer, boss.”

“Errand boys.”

“I’m not taking any vaudeville voices—Bring The Doctor on—Fm going to rat on everybody.”

“Few more calls to make tonight.”

“We do our work and go—The ticket that exploded posed definitive arrest.”

“Perhaps, Inspector Lee.”

“Few more calls to make tonight left fingers fading Mr. & Mr. D —Exploded Sammy The Butcher—Indications enough just ahead, Inspector Lee, we do our last film— Alteration in the morning sky— Like a street boy exploded the word—Last round from St. Louis melted flesh identity —Hands work and go—Our street boys picking up show —No word—No flesh—The actors melted—indications enough it wasn’t easy—Radio silence to answer your air— Remember I was the ship gives no memory pictures— Johnny Yen, in last good-bye fading scars—Played the flute of Ali—Played the flute of Kiki—Some clean shirt and man like good-bye—Ding-dong bell no good no bueno —Stranded actors walk through Poo Poo The Dummy— The Orchid Girl fades into memory picture on outhouse skin forgotten—Green Tony the last invisible shadow— Call The Old Doctor twice on last errand? Caught in the door of Panic, Mr. & Mrs. D—Last round over—A street boy’s morning sky—Flesh tape ebbing from centuries— Remember I was movie played you a long last good night.’

End of the line for vaudeville voices—Last round in a shower of ruined September—Last film flakes—The globe is self just old second-hand door—Indications enough just ahead—Boys on roller skates before stranded —Our revels at Rings of Saturn—Last September on stage —Last parasite just went up, Mr. Martin—I fold thy strong tape—Bitter price on our ticket?—’Bye then— Broken dream and dreamer of the sick lies—The brain of Gothenberg on stage—Last intervention gives no flesh identity—For I last errand boy—Adiós in the final ape of history—Fading shelter in the dog’s death trauma— Intervention—Last round over—The pipes are calling, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—The story done when you reach September—So we’ll say good night—Showed you your air—The pipes your summons—All are wracked and answer—Adiós to the

sick lies—Adiós to thy strong tape —Caught in the door of
Gothenberg—Courage to question erogenous second-hand trade—
Story of absent world just as empty as ding dong bell—Silence to
the stage— These our actors erased themselves into air far from
such as you, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin—September faded leaves not a
wrack behind—I foretold you all spirits are going.

Johnny Yen: (His face shows strata of healed and half-healed
fight scars—Under grey luminous films flakes as the cover of the
world rains down) “I’m going to look for a room in a good
neighbourhood”.

Ali The Incandescent Street Boy: “You come Ali—You no go
body”.

Kiki: (Some clean shirt and walked out) “You can look any place
—No good—No bueno—Adiós, Meester Bradly Meester Martin”.

Poo Poo The Dummy: (Flares of good bye-over the iridescent
lagoon).

Miranda The Orchid Girl: (Trailing tendrils of stinging sex hairs
fades into bird calls and frogs from the vacant lot) “good-bye then”.

Not looking around, talking away.

Green Tony: “On the last sawcer, boss—A big bank roll”.

Willy The Fink: “I’m not taking any rap for those board bastards
—I’m going to rat on everybody”.

Izzy The Push, Jacky Blue Note, Hamburger Mary, Limestone
John: “Call The Old Doctor twice? He quiets you—Hello yes good-
bye—A few more calls to make tonight.”

Mr. & Mrs. D: “The ticket that exploded posed little time so we’ll
say good night”.

Sammy The Butcher: (Definitive arrest).

Inspector J. Lee: “We do our work and go—Proceed with the
indicated alterations”.

The Fluoroscopic Kid: “Now picking up show—No word—No
flesh—The lot”.

The Subliminal Kid: “It wasn’t easy get to be radio be tape
recorder on—Friends are—Showed you your air”.

Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin: “Man like good-bye—What in St. Louis
after September?—Faded story of absent world just as silver film
took it—Remember I was the movies— Rinse my name for I have
known intervention—Pass without doing our ticket—Mountain
wind of Saturn in the morning sky—From the death trauma weary
good-bye then”.

Hassan i Sabbah: “Last round over—Remember I was the ship
gives no flesh identity—Lips fading—Silence to say goodbye.”

THE END

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